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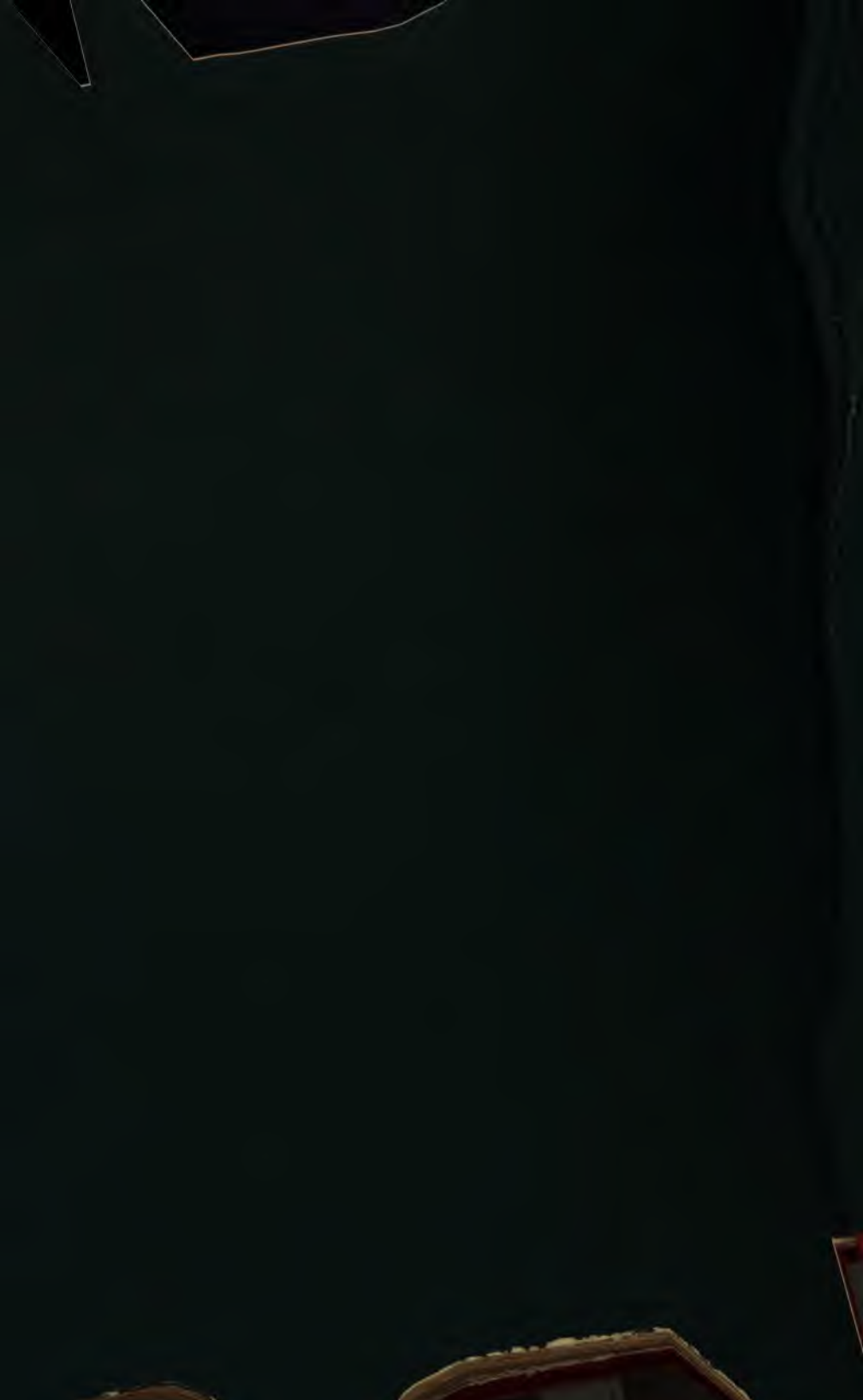

Merrie England:

Its Sports and Pastimes.

BY

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX,

AUTHOR OF

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"WELLINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE," ETC. ETC.

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H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, K. G.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PATRON

OF SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

AND THE LIBERAL SUPPORTER

OF THOSE

NATIONAL FIELD SPORTS,

WHICH ELEVATE THE CHARACTER OF OUR COUNTRYMEN,

This Work

IS, WITH THE MOST GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY HIS VERY FAITHFUL SERVANT,

WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

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THE QUEEN'S STAG-HOUNDS.

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

As loyal subjects, we cannot more appropriately commence an article upon the royal hounds than by quoting the greeting of the above-named noble Roman.

"Many good morrows to your majesty!" and to your illustrious consort! add we—with that respect and admiration which is due to one who has endeared himself to all classes by the propriety of his conduct, the integrity of his character, and the undeviating rectitude of his whole life. Independent of which, his Royal Highness has already proved himself a lover of British sports; not only as a first-rate shot, an enthusiastic deer stalker, a master of a pack of harriers; but as having, during his visit to the Duke of Rutland, in Leicestershire, honoured the Hunt by joining it. Before entering upon the subject of Her Majesty's stag-hounds, we must make a "cast back" to hunting in the olden times.

In every age of the world, men have, not only in their savage, but also in their civilised state, been devoted to the chase. In the heathen mythology, we find the sports of the field constantly alluded to, as in the cases of Diana (the goddess of hunters), Apollo, Cephalus, Acteon, Chiron, Meleager, Adonis, and last, not least, Saron. We trust that the popular contributor to the Sporting Literature of the day, who adopts this latter appellation, will not meet with the fate that befel his namesake, that of being drowned in the sea, in which he swam for some miles in pursuit of a stag.

Perseus was looked upon by the Greeks as the oldest hunter, although Castor and Pollux disputed this title; the first of these immortal twin brothers being a horse, and the other a dog breaker.

Return we to mortals. Alexander the Great was fond of hunting, as was Cyrus. In the piping time of peace, the latter monarch not only took all the officers of his court out on hunting excursions, but ordered the soldiers of his army to accompany him; that, by so doing, they might become active on horseback, dexterous, agile, and vigorous. Before the reign of Artaxerxes, no one but the master had the right to kill, or to maim the animal pursued. That prince permitted all to strike, and to kill if they could, the game they had in pursuit. Xenophon, the philosopher and general, after his famous retreat, retired to Solontum, where he amused himself, his sons and his friends, with the pleasures of the chase. It was here, also, that he wrote his works upon that subject. He looked upon this exercise as best calculated to form a good soldier; that it habituated men to cold, heat, and fatigue; that it kindled courage, elevated the soul, invigorated the body, made the senses more acute, and retarded old age. The Romans made field sports an important concern: it was the school in

which their warrior-chiefs were formed. "The amusement of the Roman youth," writes Pliny, "was the chase. Courage made them hunters, and ambition heroes." Julius Cæsar praises the people of the North as being expert, both in the pursuit of game and war. Pompey, after having "larruped the African niggers," introduced among them the sports of the chase. In short, the encomiums that have been bestowed upon the "noble science" by Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Appian, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, Pliny the younger, Grotius, and others, clearly demonstrate how highly it was regarded in those days.

The Laplanders live almost entirely upon fish and game. The Tartars too, according to the authority of one of their historians, "draw the whole of their subsistence from the chase: when there is a scarcity of game, they eat their horses, and drink the milk of their mares." This, we presume, must be the regular Cream of Tartar. Reader, look out to your pockets, I have perpetrated a pun! In France, from the days of Charlemagne, the monarchs of that country have been mighty Nimrods. The *fête* of St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunting, is still kept up annually in that country. Jacques de Fouilleux, and Robert de Salnove, whose works upon the chase ought to be in every sportsman's library, give most interesting details of foreign hunting. The former describes Francis the First as the father of hunters. In the dedication of La Venerie de Jacques de Fouilleux, the author, addressing Charles IX. of France, says, "that among the various pursuits of men, whether in the arts, or in high and occult sciences, or in the study of philosophy, none can be compared, in his estimation, to the delights of the chase." St. Foix gives an anecdote of Francis the First, which proves the daring conduct of that prince: "When this monarch was at Ambroise, among other diversions for the ladies, he ordered

an enormous wild boar, he had caught in the forest, to be let loose in the court before the castle. The animal, enraged by the small darts thrown at him from the windows, ran furiously up the grand staircase, and burst open the door of the ladies' apartment. Francis ordered his officers not to attack him, and waited deliberately to receive him with the point of his sword, which he dexterously plunged between his eyes, and, with a forcible grasp, turned the boar upon his back." This prince was then only in his one-and-twentieth year. Homer is perpetually alluding to, and deriving similes from, the different modes of hunting; and Virgil frequently mentions the subject. I shall quote one passage, to show how it was looked upon in those days:—

——— Natos ad flumina primum.
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis;
Venatu invigilant pueri sylvasque fatigant;
Flectere ludos equos, et spicula tendere cornu."
ÆNEID, IX. 605.

The Greeks entertained their friends with that noble pursuit as one of their highest amusements. Cicero, speaking of intrepidity, thus speaks:—"But those persons who wish to become illustrious as sportsmen, regard no danger nor inconvenience." Pliny writes thus of the hound: "His dexterity and sagacity are preeminent; he diligently seeks out the track, and pursues the game, drawing on the accompanying huntsmen to his prey; which as soon as he perceives, how silent he is! how still! how significant is his discovery! His tail is first employed, then his nose."

Shakspeare writes as follows:—

"Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;
Brach, Merriman—the poor cur is emboss'd;

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent."

Ben Jonson also eulogises the chase:

"Hunting is the noblest exercise;
Makes men laborious, active, wise;
Brings health, and doth the soul delight;
It helps the hearing and the sight.
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory—good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence."

In the *Spectator*, it is prescribed as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one. Dryden thus writes:—

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade:
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood;
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

Addison says, in another part of the *Spectator*—"We find that those parts are most healthy, where they subsist by hunting, and that men live longest when their lives are so employed." Somerville, who writes with all the spirit and fire of an eager sportsman, gives the most animated description.

"Delightful scene!
When all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;

And in each blooming countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health and universal joy."

The partiality of many of our kings for the amusements of the field, is well known, and the consort of our beloved queen, and the youthful Prince of Wales, often seek them. What can be a more gratifying sight, than to behold kings, queens, and princes laying aside their distinctions of rank, and entering like private individuals into such healthful pleasures?

Among the "Royal Sportsmen" of "merrie England" may be mentioned Edward the Martyr, whose tragic end, near Corfe Castle, is well known. Edward the Confessor was also strongly devoted to hunting. "There was only one diversion," says the historian, "in which he took the greatest possible delight, namely, to follow a pack of fleet hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice. Every day, after divine service, he took the field, and spent his life in these beloved sports." William the Conqueror was a most tyrannical master of hounds, having desolated and dispeopled a great part of Hampshire to form the New Forest, then called Ytene. Some idea of the Norman's enjoyment of such manly exercise may be formed from the princely donations he bestowed upon his servants. Domesday-book records that Waleran, the huntsman, possessed fifteen manors in Wiltshire, eight in Dorsetshire, with several in Hampshire; the same authority gives the names of other huntsmen, Croe, Godwin, Williemus, as the owners of extensive possessions. In those days, the fairer portion of the creation caught the prevailing passion; even the *mitre* deserted its functions, and the *cowl* quitted the retirement of the monastery, to join in the pleasures of the chase. William Rufus fell a victim to the sport he was so attached to; King John, amidst the turmoil of a distracted and inglorious reign, found frequent opportunities

of indulging his passion for it; Edward the First may also take a prominent place among the royal hunters of England.

The following account of the comptroller of the wardrobe of this monarch, A.D. 1299, will give my readers some little insight into the habits and customs of those days:—

	£	s.	d.
Paid to William de Foxhunte, the king's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and parks, for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys; and to the care of the dogs from November 20th to the 19th of November following, for 366 days, it being leap year, to each per day twopence	9	3	0
Paid to the same, for the keep of twelve foxhounds belonging to the king for the same time, each dog per day a half-penny	9	3	0
Paid to the same, the expense of a horse to carry the nets from November 20th to the last day of April, 163 days threepence per day	2	0	9
Paid the same, the expense of the horse from September 1st, on which day the hunting season, after the dead season, to the 19th of November, 80 days, threepence per day	1	0	0
Paid to William d'Blatherwyck, huntsman of the king's foxhounds, for shoes for himself and two boys, to each of them two shillings and fourpence	0	7	0
Paid to the same for his habit during the present year .	0	13	4
Paid to the same, for habits for his two boys, ten shillings each	1	0	0
Total	£23	7	1

If these sums are multiplied by fifteen, there will be nearly the due allowance made for the difference in the value of money between that and the present time, and consequently the whole of the king's annual expense, under this article, amounted to somewhat more than £350 of our money. Nearly two hundred years after-

wards, about the year 1481, Julian Berners, sister of Richard Lord Berners, wrote three English tracts on hunting, hawking, and heraldry. From an edition of this book printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1496, I give the following extracts:— "The proprytees of a good horse: A good horse sholde have fifteen good propryties and condycions: that is to wyte, three of a man, three of a woman, three of a foxe, three of a haare. and three of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardye; of a woman, fayre breasted, fayree of heere, and easy to move; of a foxe, a fair taylle, short eeres, with a good trotte; of a haare, a grete eye, a dry heed, and well rennynge; of an asse, a bygge chynn, a flat legge, and a good hoof."

Return we to our sporting monarchs. Edward II., though effeminate in some respects, was particularly fond of horses; and the warlike character of his son, the third of that name, induced him to procure them from foreign countries. In the year 1363, this monarch invited the kings of Scotland, France, and Cyprus to a royal hunt, which equalled a tournament in expense and magnificence. In the reign of Henry VII. little mention is made of hunting, although all orders of the community kept a certain number of horses, in proportion to their rank and circumstances. His successor, "Bluff Harry," paid particular attention to the breed of horses, which, considering his Blue Beard propensities, was highly to be wondered at. While upon the subject of this regal Giovanni, I cannot refrain from giving an epigram, which I met a short time ago in an old work, and which is attributed to the king:—

"Three Kates, two Nans, and one dear Jane I wedded;
One Dutch, one Spanish, and four English wives;

From two I was divorced, two I beheaded,
One died in childbed, and one me survives."

Edward VI., convinced of the value of horses, was the first monarch who made stealing them a capital offence. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the chase, and very frequently indulged herself in following the hounds; for this reason the nobility, who entertained her in her different progresses, formed large parties, which she usually joined when the weather permitted. "Her majesty," says Rowland White, in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, dated Sept. 12, A.D. 1600, "is well and exceedingly disposed to hunting; for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long." It must be borne in mind that the virgin queen had at this time just entered her seventy-seventh year, and the interest she took in the sport at so advanced an age proves her fondness for it. Her successor, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was a thorough-bred sportsman, at least in theory, if not in practice, as may be gleaned from the following letter addressed to his son :—

"Deare Son,—Amongst all unnecessarie thinges that are lawful and expedient, I thinke exercises of the bodie moste commendable to be used by a young prince, in suche honest games or pastimes as may further abilitie and maintaine health. Bodilie exercises and games are verie commendable, as well for banishing of idlenesse (the mother of all vice) as for making the bodie able and durable for travell, which is very necessarie for a king ..... The exercises I would have you to use are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the caitche, or tenisse, archery, palle malle, and suchlike other faire and pleasant field games; and the honorablest and most commendable games that ye can use are on horseback, for it becometh a prince best of anie man to be a faire and good horseman. I cannot omit heere the hunting, namelie, with running houndes, whiche is the most honorable and noblest sort thereof; but because I would not be thought a partiall praiser of this sport, I remit you to Xenophon, an olde and famous writer, who had no mind

of flattering you or me in this purpose; and who also setteth down a faire pattern for the education of a young king, under the supposed name of Cyrus. As for hawking, I condemne it not; but I must praise it more sparinglie, because it neither resembleth the warrs so neer as huntying doth, in making a man hardie,"

During the above reign horsemanship was much encouraged; public races were established about this period; and it is probable that some kind of a meeting existed at Newmarket, where the monarch erected a house, which was destroyed in the civil wars, but afterwards rebuilt by that distinguished supporter of the turf, Charles II. According to Wellwood, James I. divided his time between his standish, his bottle, and hunting. His son, Henry Prince of Wales, was devotedly attached to equestrian exercises. The reign of the first Charles was too much distracted to permit him to take part in the pleasures of the field; according, however, to the testimonies of historians, he was an accomplished horseman. The "merry monarch" was more of the Lothario than the Nimrod; he, however, patronised the turf. James II. was fond of hunting; William III. encouraged the *manége* under the able direction of a Frenchman, Major Foubert; Queen Anne, and her consort Prince George of Denmark, took great delight in horse-racing. The first and second Georges were not devoted to hunting, but the grandfather of our gracious Queen was greatly attached to the chase; and the staghounds in the days of George III. were well kept up. Our present sovereign has honoured the meeting of the royal staghounds with her august presence; and when the hounds of Sir John Cope killed a fox, in 1839, in the preserves at Windsor, the brush was forwarded to her Majesty, who received it most graciously, and forwarded ten pounds to the huntsman.

We have now given a slight sketch of the royal lovers

of sport, and have endeavoured to trace the delights of the hunting field from the days of

> "Nimrod, the founder
> Of empire and chase,
> Who made the woods wonder
> And quake for their race—"

down to the present time; and it must be a high source of gratification to all true sportsmen to know, that the august Prince who now enjoys the most distinguished honour in this country, extends his royal patronage to what the poet terms "the sport of Britain's kings." There is no character that stands in higher estimation among all classes of her Majesty's liege subjects, than the man of exalted rank who not only feels for and sympathises with the distresses of his less fortunate brethren, but who does his best to promote the amusements of his neighbours; and in this, the illustrious Prince to whom I refer, shines forth pre-eminently great.

We must now return to our subject. Stag hunting has in all ages and in all countries been considered as a sport of the noblest kind; I allude to that of the wild stag, which affords infinitely more excitement than the tame, uncarting system of the present day. In bygone times, large tracts of land and immense forests were given up as chases, in which the antlered monarch might roam at large. The arbitrary manner of making royal forests was as follows:— "The king sends out his commission under the great seal of England, directed to certain discreet persons, for the view, perambulation, meeting, and bounding of the place he mindeth to be a forest; which being returned in the chancery, proclamation is made throughout all the shire where the ground lieth, that none shall hunt or chase any manner of wild beasts in that precinct without the king's special licence; after which he appointeth ordinances, laws

and officers fit for the preservation of the vert (*i. e.*, everything which bears green leaves) and venison; and so it becometh a *forest* by matter of record." So writes Manwood in his Forest Laws.

The Norman kings punished those who killed any beasts of the forest, with the greatest severity. William I. caused the eyes of those to be pulled out who took either a buck or a boar; while his no less brutal son Rufus would hang a man for taking a doe. Henry I. drew no distinction between killing a man or a buck, both were punishable by death; and to destroy game, even out of a royal preserve, called down from the humane monarch either loss of limb or forfeiture of goods. Henry II. amended the tyrannical code, instituting imprisonment for the offence; but his son, Richard I., revived the savage laws of the first William, for punishing those convicted of poaching in the royal domains, but which he eventually changed to expatriation. The historians of those times inform us, that the New Forest, Hampshire, was formed by the destruction of twenty-two parish churches, and many villages and manors, to the extent of thirty miles; and to his royal depredation many attributed the misfortunes that befel several of the princes in that forest. It was here that Richard, brother of Henry I., was killed by a soldier; Rufus by Tyrrell; and Henry, the nephew of Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was hung in the boughs of the trees. At one period there were sixty-nine royal forests in England; but these scenes of desolation and tyranny have been gradually contracted. Art, science, commerce, and agriculture, have spread themselves over those wide-extended tracts; and the savage quadrupeds of those days, like their more ferocious monarchs, have long been swept from the face of the earth. The stag, in the present cultivated state of

this country, is now no longer found in his original wild state, but is kept in parks among the fallow deer. In the Highlands of Scotland, the red deer still abound, and rove abroad over their native wilds, untrammelled by park fences. Of the fallow deer, I will merely remark that there are two varieties, both of foreign extraction; I allude to the spotted kind, said to have been imported from Bengal, and those of a dark brown colour, which came from Norway, and which James I. introduced into Scotland, and afterwards removed to the then celebrated chases of Enfield and Epping. An historical fact, connected with a white buck, may not be uninteresting, and it will prove the tyranny of our ancient monarchs. When Edward IV. was hunting in the park of Thomas Burdett, Esq. of Arrow, Warwickshire, he killed a store of deer, and amongst the rest a white buck. When Burdett heard of this, he wished the horns in his belly that counselled the king to kill it; for which words he was beheaded at Tyburn. Many years ago, a stag was hunted from Whinfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, when the whole pack, with the exception of two foxhounds bred by Lord Thanet, were thrown out; the stag went away to Annan, in Scotland, a distance of forty-six miles, followed by these two hounds. Upon returning to the park, the "antlered monarch" made a last effort, and gathering his strength together, leapt the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds attempted to follow, but expired in the attempt; the other was found dead about half a mile from the park. From the circuitous course they took, it is conjectured that the distance run was nearly one hundred and twenty miles (so says tradition).

With respect to deer, they ought not to be hunted until they are three years old; and should be kept on good

corn, beans, and clover. The paddocks should be dry and well sheltered from the weather, with a hovel in one corner, from which a door ought to be made to correspond with the opening of the deer cart, and into which the stag can be driven without any trouble. In a grass country, deer may be hunted once a fortnight; but in a flinty country, it will be as well to save their legs, by turning them out only once a month; the night before they are hunted the muzzle must *figuratively*, if not *literally* be put on; prison allowance being requisite—little food, and a small quantity of water. The horns of the stag should be sawed off before the hunting season commences, as it prevents mischief to men and the hounds.

We now return to the present royal establishment,* and will preface our remarks by saying that there are usually about twenty deer kept in the paddocks at Swinley. With regard to the hounds, her Majesty's present pack of stag-hounds was purchased originally from the late Duke of Richmond, in 1813; since which period, particularly within the last four years, they have had new blood infused into them, by being crossed with hounds from the packs of the Dukes of Rutland and Grafton, the Earl of Yarborough, Sir Richard Sutton, Colonel Wyndham, Mr. Assheton Smith, and Mr. Foljambe. *Talisman*, the sire of many of the best hounds, was by the *Belvoir Factor*, out of their *Timely*. *Fairplay*, another stallion hound, was by Mr. Foljambe's *Rummagem*, out of his *Faithful*. The average number of working hounds is about fifty couples. Mr. Charles Bryant, the stud groom, is worthy of every praise; he is one in a thousand; and when

* The above was written in 1846, but the remarks upon the then Master of the Buckhounds, and the establishment, are equally applicable to the Earl of Bessborough, and those employed under him.

I say that the experienced eye of the noble master of the hounds, the Earl of Rosslyn, has never yet been able to detect a single fault in the management of the stable, I think I have said enough to warrant my assertion; were additional proof wanted, it would be found in the fact, that the horses are always in first-rate condition, and fit for work. The stable is the perfection of neatness, and in every respect kept in beautiful order. The average number of horses kept for the men varies from eighteen to twenty, and for Lord Rosslyn from six to eight; and when one considers the distances they have to go, the length of the runs, and the McAdam work necessarily attendant upon stag hunting, it reflects no little credit upon the Master of the Horse, Mr. Bryant, that the whole work is done, and well done, by comparatively so small a stud. Mr. Charles Davis, the huntsman, commenced his career under George III., by riding the second horse of the Equerry in Waiting. As a huntsman, both in the kennel and the field, there are few that come up to Davis; he possesses judgment, quickness, patience, ability, forbearance, and good temper; indeed, the two latter virtues are pre-eminently conspicuous in his character, and are often put to the test, to wit, upon some of the days at Salt Hill, when the field consists principally of London horse-dealers of the lowest grade, who hunt to sell their horses, and who care little whether they sacrifice the whole pack so long as they find themselves in the first flight. No sooner is the deer uncarted, than away start some two or three dozen flying roadsters riding over the hounds—the only thing they do ride over—galloping in every direction, hallooing and shouting; and the moment the hounds are laid on, such a charge of cavalry takes place, that it requires the patience of a man like Davis to settle down at all to his work. As a rider, both for hand and seat, her Majesty's

huntsman is first-rate. The first whipper-in, Robert Bartlett, is an excellent servant, as are Henry Freeman and Henry King, the second and third; they all, too, possess patience and good temper, and do their work in a most masterly manner.

ADVENTURES OF A HARE; WITH ANECDOTES OF HIS MANY FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

"Inter quadrupedes, gloria prima lepus."—MARTIAL.

My Birth and Early Days—Some Account of my Ancestors—My Descent from a noble Hungarian family—Their arrival in England, and Presentation to the Prince Regent—Virginia Water—Narrow Escape from the Poachers.

I WAS one of a numerous family, and was born within a few miles of Windsor, so universally celebrated for its stately castle. A tuft of grass, in a small wood near Virginia Water, pointed out the place of my birth; and it was there, in a fine sunny morning in early spring, that my eyes first opened upon the light of heaven. For the three subsequent weeks, I enjoyed happiness without alloy, my mother luxuriating in all the delights of her rural caudle—herbs, roots, fruit, leaves, grain, acacia, Spanish broom, and cistus. Before, however, the month had expired, my early griefs began: deserted by my father, who had unscrupulously left both his wife and child to shift for themselves, I was clinging for support to her from whom I had derived my existence, when a severe and sudden malady, produced, as it was supposed, by an over-course of *bark*, deprived me of what, in the innocence of my heart, I deemed

to be a tender parent's care. Had I possessed the experience of after-life, I should not have so deeply deplored the loss of one who, like the rest of her unnatural sex (I speak of the Rodentia, not human class), would have driven me from hearth and home, to struggle through a wild and thorny path, beset with dangers on every side by day and night. Sad is the thought that earth, air, fire, conspire against our hapless, timid, helpless race. Man—blood-thirsty, lawless man, murders or hunts us to death to gratify his inordinate passion for sport. The grovelling hedgehog, the offensive polecat, the destructive stoat, the purblind buzzard, the ignoble rapacious owl, the majestic celestial bird "consecrated to Jupiter," all mark us for their prey. To return to my narrative: of my personal appearance I can say little. If the foul fiend Flibbertigibet did not squint the eye, he gave me the hare-lip, and I was born with the most anti-aristocratic ears, for they were long and large, with eyes more prominent than beautiful. Of my education—to adopt the old adage—"the least said is the soonest mended;" I never got a remove above my first *form;* one point, however, I piqued myself not a little upon, namely, that, like the youth of the present day, I was undeniably *fast*. My genealogy must not be so briefly disposed of, for I can claim an ancient and honourable pedigree, tracing my ancestry to the days of Cæsar, when the Britons, unlike the degenerate race of more recent times, pursued us for the sport alone, and not to gratify their pampered appetites. My mother's family were of Hungarian extraction, and had formerly lived at Urmeny; the sporting propensities, however, of the popular owner of the estate Graf—— had nearly cut down the family tree, for shooting and coursing were carried on to an alarming degree. Happily a party of Englishmen, attracted to Vienna by the celebrated Congress of 1815, had paid a visit to the

territory, for the purpose of witnessing the races, breeding establishment, paddocks, farm, and flocks of sheep of the Graf, and one of the "Britishers," attracted by the beauty of my ancestors, expressing a wish to see an alliance between the noble heirs of Hungary and the pure blood that runs in the Saxon's veins, proposed that my maternal grandparents should leave the wild forests, the fertile plains, the magnificent lakes of ancient Panonia for the rural glades of old England. This proposition was cheerfully agreed to, and upon the following day they quitted their "fatherland," *en route* for Albion's isle. The journey was delightful; the track passed through a fine cultivated valley, the sides of which were covered with magnificent timber, the Neutra winding its serpentine course along the bottom, a thousand thousand brilliant flowers were on its banks, and the brightest sun-beams upon its waters. A ridge of mountains to the north and east formed a magnificent background to the picturesque scenery. After passing Freystadt, Tyrnau, Sarfo, and paying a short visit to Cseklesy, the domain of Graf Esterhazy, the travellers reached Presburg, declared by Ferdinand, in the year 1536, the capital of Hungary, the place where the kings were crowned, the diet held, and where the regalia, consisting of the crown and sceptre of their first king Stephen, is still shown. From Presburg the travellers proceeded to Vienna, where the greatest excitement prevailed, in consequence of the news having reached that city of Buonaparte's escape from Elba; as one of the young Englishmen held a commission in the army, and as war was inevitable, Captain Harcourt (we give a *nom-de-guerre*) lost no time in making the best of his way to England, accompanied by those from whom I claim my origin. After some *hair*-breadth escapes, the party reached London, where the captain found orders to join his regiment immediately at Windsor. No sooner had he arrived

at the latter place, than a route for foreign service was placed in his hands, with orders for his troop to commence its march the following morning at daybreak to Dover. For the next four-and-twenty hours the state of bustle and excitement at the barracks, caused by the sudden order in the midst of peace to take the field, can be better conceived than described. Officers were purchasing canteens and camp equipages, exchanging hacks and buggy horses for serviceable chargers; the commanding officer and riding-master were busily employed in selecting the best constitutioned troop-horses for the approaching campaign; the adjutant was hard at work in his department; the medical staff were engaged in packing up their travelling pharmacopœias; while the calls on the paymaster for certain loans and advances were such, that had it not been for a stringent order that no one was to overdraw his account, the respected chancellor of the military exchequer would have been placed in an awful fix, and would probably have found himself not in a situation to have supplied the sinews of war. The men were assisting in packing the baggage; while fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, Jews, tradesmen, duns, and parish constables, were anxiously urging for admission within the barrack-walls. In the hurry of the approaching march, the distinguished foreigners had nearly been forgotten; they had been furnished with quarters perfectly unsuitable to their station in life, and were horrified to find that instead of roaming at large in the vaunted land of liberty, they were cooped up in a small temporary shed adjoining the riding-house. Fortunately, the captain's bat man was not quite so oblivious as his master, and he took a "better late than never" opportunity of asking him for further orders. "The best thing you can do, Hargraves," said the young officer, "is to take them to the head keeper, in the Great Park, and tell him to

forward them to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in the course of the day. Have Sultan saddled at half-past four." This direction was speedily attended to; and before dusk the noble Hungarian prisoners found themselves in the royal domain, and although their former freedom was denied them for the present, they had far better accommodation than during their incarceration at Windsor cavalry barracks.

After four o'clock stables, the captain mounted his charger to take a ride, perhaps for the last time, over the green sward of that forest scenery, immortalized by Shakspeare; and having wended his way towards the then residence of the Regent, presented through the equerry in waiting, my respected ancestors to "a prince, the prince of princes at the time." Nothing could be more affable than the heir to the throne was to the gallant officer: he asked a thousand questions about Vienna, the dress of the troops, the appearance of the men; and when, in reply, Harcourt gave a graphic account of the sledge-parties, the reviews, the battues, the tournament, and described the appearance of the noble Hungarian guard, all men of rank and station, the Prince showed his delight by inviting his visitor to dinner that day at eight o'clock.

"Of course, Captain Harcourt, you will come in marching order," continued His Royal Highness, "and if you will call at the castle, on your way home, General ——, who dines here, will call for you at the barracks."

The captain expressed his thanks, and took his leave, but not before his travelling companions, emancipated from their thraldom, had been allowed to range at large in a small plantation near Virginia Water. The dinner passed off delightfully; everything that good taste could suggest appeared in the arrangement of it—a round table, admirably-drilled servants, no ostentatious display of plate, the

dishes few but exquisitely dressed, and wine of every clime and hue in perfect order. The conversation of the illustrious host was brilliant in the extreme; there was scarcely a name alluded to of foreign potentate, English patrician, or plebeian, that did not give His Royal Highness an opportunity of repeating some anecdote about; and there was not a "lark" that had been indulged in by the young officers quartered at Windsor, that was not known to, and good-humouredly hinted at by the princely George.

Although somewhat capricious in his friendships, prejudiced in his views, and spoiled by the adulation that was paid to the rising sun, the heir-apparent to the throne of England possessed many kindly qualities; nor was the charge of changeableness to be attributed entirely to him; for in the case of Brummel and the late Reverend Edward Cannon, they both conducted themselves in a manner that would have been uncourteous (to say the least of it) to any one moving in good society. The remark of the layman and beau about his "fat friend," and "Wales, touch the bell!" are as familiar as "household words;" while the rejoinder of the clerical wit, though not generally known, was equally offensive to good taste, and not at all calculated to raise him in the estimation of that prince who was universally acknowledged to be "the finished gentleman from top to toe." His Royal Highness had been trying over a piece of sacred music on the far-famed organ at the Pavilion, Brighton; and turning to Cannon, asked him his opinion of the performance. The Dean, with a satirical curl upon his lip, replied that nothing could have been worse executed. The manner, the voice, and the look which accompanied the cutting and ungracious critique, produced, as it naturally would be expected to do, so great an impression upon the mind of the Regent, that Cannon was never afterwards invited into his presence. One trait

of forgiveness of such conduct in the person of the injured patron ought to be recorded. In after-life, Cannon, worn down by ill health and poverty, was instrumental in getting up an address at Ryde to his early benefactor, then George the Fourth, on the occasion of his departure for the sister kingdom. Shortly afterwards his resources failed him, and in a moment of despair he addressed a letter to the monarch, asking for some temporary assistance. By return of post a cheque for a hundred pounds was transmitted to Cannon by order of the king; thus proving that His Majesty could not only forgive an injury, but was liberal enough to feel for the distress of his former associate. With the above anecdote, which the Dean repeated to us with his eyes full of tears, we shall conclude this brief allusion to that prince, upon whom Wraxall gives the following just eulogium:— "Nature had bestowed uncommon graces upon his figure and person. Convivial as well as social in his temper, destitute of all reserve, and affable even to familiarity in his reception of every person who had the honour to approach him; endued with all the aptitudes to profit of instruction, his mind had been cultivated with great care; and he was probably the only prince in Europe, heir to a powerful monarchy, competent to peruse the Greek and Roman poets and historians in their own language. Humane and compassionate, his purse was open to every application of distress; nor was it ever shut against genius or merit."

We have digressed, and shall now return to our immediate subject. My ancestry, naturalized in this country, indulged in their *dolce far niente* for many years within the precincts of Virginia Water, where neither gun nor hound were then admitted, and lived to a green old age.

My grand-parents having intermarried with the "fair-haired daughters of the Isle," my claims to Hungarian blood can scarcely be made out; and although I still feel

proud of my descent from that noble race, I myself was born with all the rights and immunities of a British subject. "Time had rolled his ceaseless course," and the majority of those already alluded to no longer existed at the day of my birth. Of the crowned heads that assembled at Vienna, on the occasion of the Congress, not one remains: Austria, Prussia, Russia, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, and Denmark have witnessed the vanity of earthly rulers; their diadems have descended to succeeding generations; and few of those who affixed their signature to the declaration of the allied powers, denouncing Napoleon "as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world," are now alive to meditate upon that act. Wellington, the hero of a hundred fields, whose name will remain an imperishable monument in the annals of his country; Metternich, Talleyrand, Clancarty, Cathcart, Stewart, Palmella, Hardenburg, Rasumowsky, Nesselrode, have shuffled off their mortal coil. The object of their vengeance—that warrior chief who had overrun Europe from the Tagus to the Kremlin—has ceased to rule the destiny of nations, and with proud Austria's mournful flower, the Empress Marie Louise, and their ill-fated progeny, is now beneath the silent tomb. A retrospective glance will prove the mutability of worldly affairs: the nephew of the "denounced one" guides the helm of France. The lines of Napoleon's farewell have in part been realized—

"Farewell to thee, France!—but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, the tear will uphold it again:
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet, may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee, and call on the chief of thy choice!"

France has called upon the chief of *her* choice, and in the person of Napoleon III. has found one, sage in

counsel, daring in deed, patient in adversity, inflexible in his resolves, impartial in administration, firm in purpose, high-minded in principle, simple in habits, actuated solely by one motive—the love of his country.

The fourth of the Georges, that "observed of all observers," and his brother, the Sailor-King, have breathed their last sigh, and upon entering life I found the land of my nativity ruled over by Victoria, the "love of millions," who, with her consort and children, then resided in the proud towers of Windsor.

For some time, I may with truth say that I basked under the sunshine of royalty. How often have I witnessed these illustrious personages, freed from the cares of state, enjoying the pure unalloyed happiness of domestic life! how often have the children of this happy, happy union, while sporting over the velvet turf, or playing around the verdant banks covered with violets, crocuses, and snowdrops, or wandering through the green wooded alleys and shrubberies of azalea or rhododendrons, or strolling by the peaceful waters of the romantic lake, noticed my gambols as I roamed from tuft to tuft, enjoying the luxuries of my sylvan home! As the celebrated fox of Ballybotherem is recorded to have studied the newspapers, to ascertain the meeting of the hounds, it will not be thought wonderful that a timid creature like myself should have exerted his best energies to make himself acquainted with the dangers that surrounded him: it was, then, with a feeling of delight that I found myself a favoured branch of my kin—the hare with many friends; for not only were shooting and coursing prohibited within the precincts of my royal dwelling, but there was no pack of hounds kept in the neighbourhood, save that of Her Majesty, and they flew at higher game—the antlered monarch of the woods. Self-confident at my supposed security, I nearly fell a victim to

my rashness: it was on a dark cloudy night in November, when certain strange voices attracted my attention; they proceeded from five men, whom I observed stealthily crawling through the thickly-covered underwood of my retreat—

"That is a likely place!" whispered one, as he drew from his pocket a wiry noose, and placed it across a cutting in the plantation.

"Here, Jim," cried another, "drop the beans between the hedge and that stack of buck-wheat."

"Look out!" said a third; "on the right branch of that larch—a pop from your walking-stick will settle him!"

In a second a whizzing noise, like that of an air-gun, was heard, and a splendid cock-pheasant fell from his roost at the foot of the poacher.

"All right!" exclaimed the two others, who were patrolling outside the plantation, to keep watch over their comrades.

During this awful moment I was crouched up under a hedgerow, within a very few yards of the principal speakers, but happily escaped observation. During the remainder of the night I was kept in a state of awful trepidation, which was not at all diminished when, just as daylight began to dawn, I beheld the havoc that had been made with my furry brethren, and with those variegated Asiatic beauties, originally introduced into Europe from the banks of the Phasis. Many of the former were struggling to release themselves from their bonds, while the latter, without any apparent cause, fell stricken by almost instantaneous death. Happily for the survivors of my own race, the arrival of a party of keepers soon liberated them from their perilous situations, and deprived the murderers of their feathered spoil.

"I thought how it was," exclaimed the head-keeper, as with his knife he cut open the glossy green, blue, and purple neck of one of the victims, and brought out a horse-bean pierced through with strong bristles. "All these birds have been choked by that rascally gang. I heard of their tricks last week at Bagshot; but by this time they are all safely lodged in Guildford gaol."

The keeper's statement was strictly correct. The march of intellect had advanced with rapid strides, even among the poachers, who had invented this new and economical mode of carrying on their lawless practices: a few wires, and two or three dozen beans, perforated with cobblers' bristles, was all the stock in trade required for their deadly havoc. Murder will out—whether the slaughter be among the birds of the air, or the human race. The shot from the air-gun had attracted the attention of one of the watchers, who, by a preconcerted signal, communicated the intelligence to his comrades. In less than half an hour the gang were captured, and escorted to the county prison.

After this narrow escape from destruction, I took every precaution in my power to protect myself from the wiles of man. I selected the most open spot near the residence of the keeper of the lodge, browsing upon the shrubs that grew luxuriantly in his small garden, and for a length of time felt secure from danger. But, alas! the "schemes of hares and mice," as Burns exclaims, "gang oft a'gley." Ascot Races were about to commence, and brought with them the usual number of gipsies and trampers. A party of the former had formed their camp upon the heath, close to the boundary of my retreat, and were carrying on their pilfering trade with impunity. Many a fine sheep had been killed and "dressed upon the shortest notice." Many a barn-door fowl had furnished material for their stock-pot, while every garden in the neighbourhood had been

laid under contribution for a supply of fruit and vegetables. Anxious to witness the courtly cavalcade at the races, I strolled from my home on the morning of the Cup day, to enjoy the delights of one of England's finest national sights; and selecting a small plantation within view of the royal stand, took up my station for the afternoon. Following the universal prevailing fashion, I lost no time in commencing my lunch *al fresco*, and had scarcely concluded it, when the ringing of a bell announced the approach of the Sovereign of our realms and her distinguished train. The shouts that rent the air came from the hearts of the people, and must have touched that of Her Majesty.

CHAPTER II.

Ascot races—I nearly fall a Victim to Superstition—The Gipsy's Device—A Day with the Foxhounds—Death of Reynard—The young Etonian—Providential Escape.

ASCOT HEATH on the Cup day, when the weather is propitious, is, or rather was, one of the finest sights that can be conceived. We talk of the past, for the railway has done considerable damage to the present, by adding to the quantity and diminishing the quality. To witness a youthful Sovereign, surrounded by a devoted husband and a loving offspring, without escort or guards, making their way peacefully through a throng of thousands of her subjects, the air reverberating with their heartfelt cheers, is a purely English picture of domestic happiness and loyalty, which cannot be met with in any other part of the globe. The *cortège*, too, is one that cannot fail to be admired—the admirably built carriages, the fine horses, the neatly dressed postilions and servants, headed by the Master of the Buckhounds on his blood steed "witching the world with noble horsemanship," and attended by his huntsman and whippers-in, are all in perfect taste. The well-appointed carriages are filled with some of the fairest of Albion's daughters, beaming with youth and health; while warriors, senators, and distinguished foreigners join in the happy train. Another loud hurrah is raised, and, like the gathering of Clan Alpine, is responded to by all, of every rank and station; the handkerchiefs of the

gentler sex flutter in the summer breeze, and Wellington! is the cry. The hero, the "conqueror of conquerors," modestly acknowledges the homage paid to his brilliant military services; an open carriage, conveying some of the attendant courtiers, dressed in the Windsor uniform—blue frock coats with red collars—excites the risible faculties of the populace, and the similarity of their costume to that of the useful body of men, the London-district letter-carriers, calls forth an occasional jest—"You have not got a letter for me?" "Where's your gold-laced hat?" "Postage one penny!" "I'll not forget your Christmas-box!" and other witticisms escape from the lips of the holiday revellers.

To a foreigner, perhaps the life that is going on in every part of the heath is more amusing than the course itself. The Royal Pavilion, a sort of "Court Circular," with its luncheon containing every luxury of the season, spread in Tippoo Saib's tent, is particularly delightful to the privileged few who have the *entrée*. The Grand Stand filled with well-dressed ladies, decked out in variegated colours, gives the spectator the idea of a bed of tulips. The building devoted to the Jockey Club and their *betters* resembles the Stock Exchange on a day of excitement. The judge's private box, and the enclosure for the jockeys, give an air of business to the whole. The quadruple lines of vehicles, comprising the emblazoned family carriage, the elegant barouche, the neat chariot, the fashionable landau, the sporting "drag," the snug britchka, and unassuming tilbury, the "Tom-and-Jerry" dog-cart, the lumbering waggon, the laurel-decked van, and the Whitechapel cart, filled with every class of patrician and plebeian, add greatly to the scene. There may be seen the aristocratic pillars of the state, and the Corinthian blood; the antiquated London dowager, with her attenuated sickly

progeny; and the fresh, ruddy, lowborn country beauty; the turbaned Turk; and the "cadger" from the east; the west-end exquisite; and the Hounsditch "fence." The stalls, too, with their varied ware, gingerbread nuts, toys, lollypops, dolls, china and glass, the lotteries and the targets for nuts, and last not least, the refreshment-booths, from that of Judge Nicholson, of the "Garrick's Head," down to the Lilliputian perambulating ones of the vendors of fried fish, roast potatoes, fruit pies, or "pologne," give animation to the whole. Nor should the wanderers of this and other countries be passed unnoticed—the dark-haired, black-eyed gipsy, deep in palmistry, crossing the hand with silver, and telling tales of hope and love; the coarse over-grown Dutch women and girls, with their croaking voices and diminutive brooms; the poor Italian minstrel from the land of clear skies and song, sighing over his painful pilgrimage in a country where the bright luminary rarely shines, and the voice of melody is seldom heard; the Æthiopian melodists, who, if plunged in one of the baths for the million, would soon prove the fallacy of the saying, that you cannot wash the blackamoor white; the antipodean posture-masters, with their stunted and apparently jointless children; the magicians of the east, west, north, and south, with their wizard tricks; the stilted daughters from the Landes in France; the Highland lasses! from the purlieus of St. Giles's, with tartan dress and tambourine; and sons of the heather, kilted to the knee, with droning bagpipes, who never yet had crossed the border; Billy Barlow, and other grotesques, indulging in questionable harmony and worn-out jocosities. The bell now rings, and it would appear that it is what Byron describes as

"The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell;"

for although it is in reality only sounded preparatory to

clearing the course, it produces so powerful an effect upon the gastronomic organs of the hungry visitors, that every one simultaneously commences to prepare his own first course. Hampers are now unpacked, and their contents laid out with ostentation or simplicity, as the case may be. The snow-white table-cloth, the coronetted china plates, the silver knives and forks, the lobster-and-chicken salads, the cold foreign and English pies, the sparkling champagne, iced cup and Seltzer water, exposed to view on the roof of the fashionable "drag," form a strong contrast to the unpretending repast of the rural occupants of Farmer Havelock's waggon, who content themselves with pure white home-made bread, their own dairy cheese, bacon cured on the estate, and old October ale. To the poor mendicants this is a day of feasting, for they revel on the remains of the sumptuous luncheon: and it is curious to watch the countenances of some half-famished family, as they devour with no great gusto the scraps of fish, flesh, and fowl, dressed in the richest sauces, to suit the pampered appetites of the rich, or to witness the faces they make as they drink the dregs of some iced luxury, which to their unsophisticated minds is much too cold to suit their plebeian stomachs. But I have digressed in favour of this justly-celebrated meeting, and must return to my own personal narrative.

After a most agreeable day, I returned in the cool of the evening to my royal residence, but not entirely without adventure. It seems that, besides the ancient superstition attached to the crossing of the path by any of my race, there is also a belief that the running of one along the street or main-way of a village portends fire to some house in the neighbourhood. In order, then, to shorten the distance from Ascot Heath to Virginia Water, I passed through a small hamlet, the name of which now escapes

my memory. Just as I reached the skirts of it, a young farmer espied me.

"A magpie in the morning, and Pussy in the afternoon, forebodes bad luck!" said the superstitious cultivator of the soil. "I'll see if I can't put an end to your career."

With this he was about to raise his old single-barrelled gun, when a dense volume of smoke burst forth from an adjoining building, which was almost instantaneously in flames. The sudden breaking-out of the fire had so completely paralyzed the efforts of my enemy, that he let his fowling piece drop to the ground, and for the moment stood motionless. Awed by the realization of his fears, the cry of help from the inmates of the dwelling soon restored him to his senses. Before, however, he could obtain the aid of the villagers, the burning fabric had fallen with a crush, thus fulfilling the unfortunate prediction attached to my ill-fated appearance. In the mean time I had escaped unseen from the scene of devastation, and was approaching my lodge-gates, when my eyes caught the glance of a young dark imp of the gipsy tribe, who was stealthily crawling along under some bushes, armed with a huge horse-pistol, which he had borrowed from a boy employed to frighten the birds from the strawberry-beds. A blackbird was enjoying some of this forbidden fruit, when the urchin who was watching the garden, urged his companion to fire and frighten away the intruder; but the juvenile descendant of the Gitano tribe scorned so mean a prey; and loading the barrel with two small pebbles, a button, and a piece of lead, with a strip from his tattered hat for wadding, rammed down these projectiles with the air of a sportsman, and raised the murderous weapon to a level with my head. To remain to be destroyed in cold blood was beyond my powers of endurance, so I looked

round for the best means of escape. It was an awful moment of painful suspense; there seemed no way of averting the impending danger, when, happily for me, I was saved by a fortuitous circumstance, and for which I felt, and shall ever feel, grateful to that ill-used degenerate race whose voice once rebuked the errring prophet, and whose jawbone did so much havoc in the slaughter of the Philistines. One of these patient animals had been fastened by a tolerably long cord to the stump of a yew-tree, to prevent his trespassing upon certain manorial rights, which, as had often been the case, led to impoundment; he was indulging in that human as well as asinine luxury of rolling in some new-cut hay, under a hot June sun, when a noisy party of horsemen came scampering across the common from the races, elated with the juice of the grape.

"Ware horse!" cried one, as with a hunting-whip he made a cut at the donkey, who, in trying to evade the lash, recovered his legs, and, scared by the unforeseen attack, went to the length of his tether. In this hasty movement the cord came in contact with the recumbent gipsy, and dragged him several yards. I watched my opportunity, and although the bright sharp eyes of my foe were still intensely fixed upon his prey, I, with the quickness of lightning, made a sudden start, and before the youth could extricate himself from the fatal noose, gained my hiding-place. A second later, and I should not have lived to tell the tale, for the shot took effect within a yard of me, covering me with the dirt that the missiles had ploughed up. For the next few days I was confined to my grassy couch with a violent palpitation of the heart, and it was not until the departure of the gipsies that I recovered my nerves sufficiently to venture out. It was fortunate for me that I came to this resolution, as the young urchin who had made

the attempt upon my life had vowed vengeance against myself and any of my unhappy race. For nearly eight-and-forty hours my persecutor practised every wily device to get me and my companions into his hands: he had borrowed an old gun from one of the gang, who in winter time was looked upon as an unlicensed dealer in game, and loading it with a double charge of large shot, kept a most wonderful look-out. He had set wires and nets all around my domain, and during the night had placed vermin-traps in every direction; nor was the imp satisfied alone with plotting murder, for he attempted arson, and having just before daylight ignited some dry stubble near my abode, waited, upon the principle of *Filch* in the "Beggar's Opera," "to save goods from the fire." Happily, the machinations of my unrelenting foe were again frustrated by the sudden breaking-up of the gipsy camp: information had been received during the night that a warrant was out against one of the tribe, on suspicion of sheep-stealing; and at a moment's notice the tents were struck, the waggons laden, and the horses and mules harnessed. Just as the cavalcade was about to proceed on its journey, young Jabez Cooper—so the young urchin was called—was found to be missing.

"Poaching again!" said his mother—a woman of the Meg Merrilies class; "he'll come to no good."

"The boy's a brave boy," responded the father, "and I like his spirit! Instead of grovelling to the earth, satisfied with barn-door fowls and lambs, he soars at higher game, as those antlers prove; but we must not leave him behind—why, what is that I see? The plantation is on fire!"

"Ay, that's his handy work!" proceeded the matron; "you must look after the lad, for it won't do to desert him in the hour of danger."

Upon this the agitated father rushed towards the paling

that divided the enclosure from the common, and gave two loud shrill whistles, the signal of "recall." Like the magic horn in Oberon, the small ivory pipe produced an equally powerful and instantaneous effect, and Jabez Cooper, brought up under the kindest parent, yet sternest of disciplinarians, at once obeyed the summons, much to the delight of myself and others, who, to adopt a homely metaphor, were extremely averse from going out "of the frying-pan into the *fire*." The lad had made so admirable a disposition for this night-attack, that had he not been summoned away, the slaughter would have been immense: as it was, among the return of "killed, wounded, and taken prisoners" were four pheasants, three hares, and a couple of rabbits.

"See, father," said the juvenile poacher, "I've brought my share to the stock! another half-hour, and I would not have left a living thing in yonder cover."

"But the flame will have attracted the keepers' attention," remarked the parent, inwardly delighted at his son's precocious talents.

"Never fear, father," responded the latter, "it's extinguished now. Besides, I deluded them away by firing the small stack a mile off in an opposite direction, and have left some straw and tobacco-pipes near my spot, so as to look as if two trampers had been harbouring there, and had accidentally caused the burning."

As the boy had foretold, the keepers were taken off the right scent, and upon their return fully confirmed the prediction of the incendiary. The months of July and August passed tranquilly away, and it was not until September had set in, that any event occurred to disturb my peace of mind. Upon a fine sunny morning during the harvest time, my attention was attracted to about eighteen couple of small well-bred hounds, who were being exercised on

the common. The huntsman and whipper-in were dressed in Lincoln-green liveries; and the thought immediately flashed across my mind that a pack of harriers had been added to the royal establishment: nor was I wrong in my conjecture—they were the newly-purchased property of the Prince Consort. This was a sad drawback to my happiness. I gave myself up to despair, and as the author of the "Faerie Queene" writes—

"Long thus I chawed the cud of inward grief."

At length time and the buoyant spirit of youth produced their due effect upon my sanguine temperament, and I turned over in my mind where the safest locality could be found in the neighbouring districts. Surrey, my own county, boasted of its annual coursing meetings on Epsom and Leatherhead Downs. Wiltshire was famed for its Deptford Inn and Amesbury Clubs; Berkshire and Hampshire for the Ashdown Park, Letcombe, and High Clere meetings. Foxhounds, and harriers too, were kept in the above counties: so, after considerable deliberation I decided upon remaining where I was, thinking it better to follow the sentiment of the mournful Prince of Denmark—

"And bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Among other distinguished residents who had taken up their temporary abode in the royal domain was a member of the Reynard family—one to whom the Greek motto would apply "Ουτος ἐρι ναλε ὠτης γέρων" ("A cunning old fox this.") But cunning as he was, like many others of the same wily disposition, he quite outwitted himself. Having heard that to live within the precincts of Windsor Castle, St. James's, Buckingham, or Holyrood palaces would exempt the debtor from arrest, he foolishly fancied that Virginia Water, being the property of the Crown,

would free him from a greater debt—that of nature; and that he might roam there unmolested. He was, however, speedily aroused from this state of hallucination, for having one night stole forth after his favourite prey—rabbits, he was so captivated with the "*lapin au naturel*," that he took up his quarters in a gorse adjoining the warren. Great then was the surprise of our vulpine hero upon the following morning to find a good party of Nimrods assembled within a short distance of his temporary abode. In a few seconds the hounds of a celebrated sporting favourite, who generally once a year was allowed to draw Windsor Park, were seen approaching. At the appointed hour a signal from the master, who had consulted his watch, was made, and answered by a "Eu in there! good dogs!" from the huntsman. The willing hounds are soon lost in the covert. See how steadily they draw! no babbling is heard; all are earnestly at work. "Destiny has it!" exclaims the master. A halloo is heard. "Gone away!" shouts the whipper-in; the canine chorus fills; a crash, worthy of Costa's orchestra, re-echoes through the woodlands, and the highly-trained pack, with heads up and sterns down, settle well to the scent. Poor Reynard having been sharply pressed in the onset, is what is inelegantly termed "blown," or, as the more refined would call it, panted for breath—the effect, probably, of the gourmand's supper of the over-night. The wily animal is, therefore, after a "burst" of twenty minutes, obliged to have recourse to stratagem. He steals along a ditch, after crossing the track of a flock of sheep, and by this means causes a check. But the huntsman, whose keen eye has never been off his hounds, observes the way they had previously inclined, and holds them on (without casting) in the right direction. Again they hit on him. Now it is from scent to view. It is a race for life. Pug makes for the covert: every hound is at his heels: Destiny, first in

the find, is first at the death. The Coronach "Whoo-hoop!" is heard, and the pad, snout, and brush, are all that remain of my victimized neighbour. To me the whole scene was one of the greatest anxiety, for in the opening burst the pack skirted a small plantation in which I was safely lodged; but so admirably trained were the pursuers, that they heeded me not: horsemen and pedestrians, eager in the chase, added not a little to my panic; and certainly nothing could tend more to realize in my person the truth of the saying, of being "as mad as a March hare," than the strong excitement I had undergone.

A severe frost had now set in, and the ground was covered with snow. Hunting was put an end to, for the time; and my vulpine neighbours were permitted to roam at large. With a natural desire for locomotion, I was in the habit of wandering across the heath, to a small plantation of evergreens, to luxuriate upon the ample fare it furnished. For a length of time my movements seemed unknown to mortal eye, and I was congratulating myself upon my security, when an occurrence happened that nearly proved fatal to me, and was attended with danger to my pursuer. It was on a bright sunny morning, towards the end of the winter, that I was quietly proceeding to my favourite haunt, when the clattering noise of a horse, at full gallop on the hard frozen road, attracted my attention. Taking up a position under a tuft of high grass, whose blades were covered with rime, I got a good view of the mounted stranger. The youth (for he could scarcely have entered his fourteenth year) was decked out in the sporting gear of the day—a green cut-away coat, ornamented with the button of a celebrated racing club; a drab kerseymere waistcoat; shawl neckcloth; white leathers; and high polished boots, shining in all the brightness of *Day* and Martin. A huge pair of steel persuaders, and a

hunting-whip, completed his equipment. The steed was a broken-down bit of blood—one of those unfortunate animals who are trained to run before (it may be almost said) they are able to walk, and who, by the time they have attained their third year, have not only been deserted by the "legs," but have scarcely one leg of their own left to stand upon. The animal, despite of his attenuated state, still showed high breeding, beauty, and a fine form: there might be traced the small aristocratic head; the admirably-proportioned neck; the broad, deep shoulder; the long and straight quarters: the thighs were let down very low; the hock distinct, far behind and from him, thence downward to the next joint—this joint of the limb was short, and stood under like the leg of an ostrich; the pastern was long, lax, and bending; the arm was well set on at the extreme point of the shoulder-bone; the coat, albeit not so glossy as it formerly had been, was of a dark chesnut hue, and shone in the morning sun; the mane, although not plaited as it had once appeared on Epsom Downs, was tolerably well combed and brushed. There are, however, spots and blemishes in almost every work of nature and art that time produces as indicative of decay. The eyes, once bright as those of the gazelle, and sparkling as the evening-star, were now sunk into the head; the sight impared; the hair a few inches above the knees, no longer sleek, could scarcely hide some recent scars; the crippled feet, too, at once proved that the "high-mettled racer" had never undergone the efficacious treatment of that patrician "infelicity" annihilator, Eisenbach; if *corn*, however, flourished without, there was little symptom of any within, for a more perfect specimen of an *anatomie vivant* could not well be conceived. We do not mean to infer that the ostler stinted the animal of his food, although there was a report abroad that the pernicious spirit usually distilled

from the juniper berry, and which the oat-stealer was strongly addicted to, was the produce of corn, beans, hay, and clover. Cannon-ball—for so the horse was named by his jocose master, who declared that "*nothing could ever stop him*" —was one of those unfortunate animals yclept Eton hacks, and the youth who bestrode him belonged to that far-famed seat of learning. With an eye of a hawk, Fred Marston —the name is the coinage of the brain—had espied me in my crystallized palace, and had immediately stopped his fiery courser in his career. The sudden check had nearly proved fatal to the wooden pegs (for legs they could scarcely be called) of the ill-fated beast, who was only saved from a "header" by the prompt application of steel and a tight rein. To remain where I was would have been an act of unchained lunacy; and yet, by some unaccountable instinct, I felt disposed to exclaim, with the Volscian general, Tullus Aufidius—

"If I fly, Marcius, halloo me like a hare."

A moment's deliberation decided my movements, I quitted my place of refuge, trusting to gaining the plantation within the paling; but before I had got many yards, my pursuer was in full chase after me. The snow, although deep enough to impede my progress, did not interfere with that of the more weighty animal who at every stride neared me. One hope was alone left me, and that seemed a forlorn one; to remain in the open was, however, inevitable destruction, while a chance remained of my escaping by crossing a paddock that skirted a small coppice; but even that path was attended with considerable danger, not alone from my pursuer, but also from a farmer, who, attracted by the shouts of the Etonian, had brought a sort of half-bred retriever to assist in the chase. A stiff post-and-rail,

with a deep dry ditch on each side, divided the field from the heath; so, on doubling short, I gained the enclosure: in a second an awful crash was heard, and looking behind me I saw a sight that harrowed my feelings —the once noble animal was lying on his side in the agonies of death, while the rider, with the blood gushing from his nostrils upon the driven snow, appeared an inanimate corpse. In less time than I can take to record the sad catastrophe, assistance was procured, and poor Fred Marston was conveyed to the neighbouring farmhouse: there, by the judicious assistance of an elderly female, who was learned in herbs and pharmacy, the intrepid horseman was soon restored to animation: not so his gallant steed, whose limbs failing him as he charged the almost impracticable place, had fallen and broken his back; his sufferings were speedily put an end to by a friendly bullet, while I, who was the indirect cause of the accident, escaped scot free.

CHAPTER III.

The Winding-up of the Etonian's Adventure—Easter Monday with the Queen's Hounds — Ruffianly Attack upon our Hero — His Death—The East-end Tailor.

THE last chapter terminated with my fortunate escape from the young Eton boy, and the accident that befel him and his thorough-bred steed. The youth, thanks to a sound constitution, was soon brought to a state of comparative convalescence, and in less than an hour was mounted on the pony of a neighbouring farmer, on his way back to his dame's. Poor Cannon-ball, once the pride of Epsom, was left lifeless on the spot where he had fallen, that his owner might see and be enabled to return a verdict of accidental death. As Fred Marston was crossing the bridge that divides the towns and counties of Windsor, Eton, Berks, and Bucks, he was met by Joe Sharpness, the ostler, who, at one glance, saw that some untoward accident had occurred; the flushed and excited state of the rider, the right arm supported by a stirrup-leather, the boot cut open to the ancle, and, above all, the sudden transformation of the high-mettled racer into a short, strong, rough-coated cob, gave the man-of-oats what he professionally called "the staggers." "Why, what *has* happened, Mr. Marston?" exclaimed the trusty Joe. "Nothing more than I expected," responded the rider. "I knew Cannon-

ball could not top a flight of rails, and although I gave him an extra charge of powder, the brute took the upper bar with his knee, fell over, floored me, and killed himself." "Oh!" groaned Mr. Sharpness, giving what Puff, in the *Critic*, calls a regular round O. "What will master say? he refused eighty guineas for him yesterday. But here he comes, sir, so I'll leave you to explain matters." The adventure as it had occurred was then repeated to George Burnley (we deal in fictitious names), the proprietor of the Eclipse public-house, and job-master to the rising generation. "Only think," said he, "that I should have been offered a hundred guineas for him yesterday; but as you had engaged him for the day, and as I could not bear to disappoint so good a customer, I refused that sum. I shall never be able to replace him." "Well, what can't be cured must be endured," replied the light-hearted youth. "You seem quite to forget the peril I was in: the breath shook out of my body, my collar-bone broken, my ancle sprained, right rib fluttering, and all along with the broken-down beast, who fell at a place any common sort of a hunter ought to have cleared." We must digress to make a remark upon an extraordinary notion that exists. If a horse falls with a gentleman, the animal is denounced as a "horrid brute," "an unsafe Rosinante," and other opprobrious terms; whereas if a groom happens to meet with a similar accident the tables are turned, and the man is abused for having "thrown the horse down," a proceeding not very easy to carry out.

The colloquy between Burnley and the unfortunate hero of the day's catastrophe was put an end to by the approach of the head master; the disconsolate owner of Cannon-ball mounted the cob to ride off to the scene of action, while Fred Marston was conveyed in a fly to his dame's house, where, after a surgical inspection, the return was—collar-

bone fractured, hip severely bruised. Time and good treatment soon restored the Etonian to his wonted strength and health, and some old rags bearing the impress of the Bank of England, amounting to one eighth of the ostler's valuation, completely salved the wound caused by the untimely death of the gallant steed.

I now return to my own narrative. The hunting season had nearly terminated, and I was left to enjoy peacefully all the delights of a fine, early spring. Nothing can exceed the beauty of Virginia Water: the placid lake, the miniature man-of-war floating on its unruffled surface, the picturesque fishing temple, the brightly-tinted woods, the neatly-kept walks, the mossy turf, the verdant shrubs, are all happily blended together, and form one of the finest spots in merrie England. Easter Monday had arrived, and had brought with it its usual train of cockney sportsmen to enjoy a day with Her Majesty's staghounds. The meet was Ascot Heath; and certainly any one that had joined the hunt that day might with truth have exclaimed, in the words of the late Haynes Bayley's popular ballad—"We met, 'twas in a crowd." At an early hour the Waterloo and Paddington stations were beset with sportsmen of every grade and rank, from the highest-born patrician down to the lowest-bred plebeian. There might be seen the exquisite from the West-end alighting from his phaeton, giving orders to his stud-groom to take especial care of the two favourite hunters after their day's work, and inquiring whether the cover-hack had been safely deposited in the horse-box. Next might be noticed some half-dozen dealers descending from their dogcarts and buggies, and superintending the "cooping" of the irrefractory nags in their small wooden tenements. The party in two well-appointed Hansoms consist of four fast young men, with, to adopt their own phraseology, "stunning" cigars in

their mouths, themselves adorned with "lummy castors," "nobby coats," "spicy boots," and "screeching chokers." A Whitechapel cart "shoots its rubbish" (as an old dowager's coachman was wont to call his aristocratic load); and two cadgers, a costermonger, and a couple of the "swell mob" are added to the throng. A regular-looking "workman" on the box of a neat plain drag, with a team of thorough-bred ones, worthy of a Landseer's pencil or a Peyton's hand, sets down his "in" and "outsides" at the door of the booking office; by their soldier-like gait and capillary ornaments, they are evidently of the household brigade. A hack cab, from Houndsditch, containing three old clothesmen of the Jewish persuasion, short, dark, and dirty as a December day, is stopping the way, while the occupiers of it are wrangling for the odd fourpence. A gaudily-painted chariot, with a bright-coloured hammer-cloth, silver mountings, arms and crests elaborately emblazoned on the pannels, coachman and footman in powder, with lace hatbands and parrot-looking liveries of green and red, is driven pompously up to the entrance; and two sporting stockbrokers, tired of the "bulls," "bears," and "*stags*" of the City, are now intent upon investing their funds in a day's pleasure, and exchanging the gloom of Change Alley and Capel Court for a run with a living buck over the plains of Ascot. To the above lot may be added a most heterogeneous mass, consisting of "nobs," "snobs," "blacklegs," "chaunters," livery-stable keepers, courtesans, gamesters, and betting-list proprietors. In the palmy days of coaching, before railways were even in prospective existence, the Easter hunt was always inconveniently crowded; it is now a complete bear garden or world's fair, and so speedy and numerous are the means of locomotion that sportsmen may breakfast, dine, and sleep in London, and yet enjoy a run of three or four hours

with the Queen's hounds. If the ancestors of the present generation could but see the march, or rather the gallop, of improvement, how surprised would they be! Let us compare the travelling a hundred years ago to that of the present day. In the *Salisbury Journal* of January 20, 1752, appears the following advertisement:—"For the better convenience of gentlemen, travelling and others, the Express fast coach starts every Monday morning from the Saracen's Head, Friday Street, London, dines at Egham, lies the same night at Murrell Green; dines on Tuesday at Sutton, and lies the same evening at the Plume of Feathers, in Salisbury; on Wednesday dines at Blandford, and lies at the King's Arms in Dorchester, and arrives at Exeter every Friday at one o'clock." As no mention is made of the Thursday journey, we are at a loss to know what became of the Express during that day; we presume, however, that it dragged on its weary course throughout the best part of the night, and thus occupied four days and nearly four nights in accomplishing that which is now done in as many hours.

Return we to the Heath. At half-past eleven o'clock Charles Davis appeared upon one of his favourite horses, with the royal pack at his heels; the galloping, shouting, hallooing of the equestrians and pedestrians was a trial of temper that few men could have gone through with the equanimity that Davis did. Independent of the numbers that had been brought down by the rail, there was a gathering from every town, hamlet, and rural district in the neighbourhood. Windsor furnished its quota of officers and sporting tradesmen; Eton poured forth its "boys," boat-keepers, and the usual hangers-on of college life. Brentford contributed a fair proportion of knackers and general dealers. Egham and Staines turned out a few well-mounted inn and livery-stable keepers; while Wingfield,

Sunning Hill, Bray, Hollyport, and Clewer produced their farmers, butchers, trainers, ploughmen, and labourers, all intent upon one object, namely, that of realizing the line of the old song—"This day a stag must die." In addition to the above enumerated human and equine forces, the canine race mustered strongly; every one seemed to act upon the principle of "bringing his own dog in case it could be of any use," and mastiffs, mongrels, turnspits, greyhounds, terriers, sheep-dogs, lurchers, swelled the throng. The shouts and ejaculations that rent the air were of the most varied description. "Ware horse!" said a young city clerk, who might have sung in character the popular ballad, "I wore a coat of *Moses* the first time that we met," and whose steed evidently had a different will from that of his rider. "Sir, your horse has got my rein under his tail," exclaimed another. "Halloa, Snip," remarked a third, "how long have you left your shop-board?" "Do you want your horse holded, sir?" inquired a Crockford cad, as a raw-boned nag showed the folly of a snaffle-bridle, with a mouth hard as adamant. "Please sir, your spur has caught in my paletot," muttered another, as one of Nicol's best Llama paletots appeared rent in two. Davis, who had retired with his pack from the crowd, and round whom a cordon of sportsmen had been formed, to keep them free from the *oi polloi*, was now anxious to commence operations; the deer was therefore uncarted, and the gallant "Rob Roy," who, like his far-famed namesake, had a horror of the lowland rabble, made the best of his way for that celebrated spot in English history, Runnymede. In less than twenty-minutes the pack were laid on, and then ensued a scene which baffles all description. Huntsman, hounds, horsemen, pedestrians, and dogs made a simultaneous rush in pursuit of their prey. The entreating tone of Davis's voice, as he urged the impetuous sportsmen to

"hold hard," were lost in the shouts, cries, and halloes of the excited Nimrods and the yelping of the currish crew that followed in their track. Happily a stiff fence and a deep ditch gave a temporary check to the mad career of many a rider, whose courage was literally—not figuratively — *damped* by the application of the cold-water cure. For a few moments the field was small and select; and the hounds having settled well down upon the scent, gave promise of a fair run; when, unfortunately, the skirters, who had taken to the road, again made their unwelcome appearance. "Pray, gentlemen, don't override the hounds," exclaimed the huntsman, as some half-dozen cockneys, with whips in their hands, were in fact driving the well-trained pack forward. Another barrier appeared, in the shape of a double post and rail, and the Mac-adamites were again to be seen pounding away on the hard road. The real "workmen," who remained with the hounds, were now inspired with hope; but alas! it was doomed to be disappointed, for, by an untoward accident, the deer was headed back by a sheep dog, right into the midst of the unsportsmanlike multitude. At the sight of the panting animal, a shout like that of the war cry of the Ojibeway Indians was raised, and every horseman dashed forward in the pursuit. But the red M'Gregor felt with the hero from whom he took his name—"you have not yet subdued Rob Roy"—and away he bounded quick as an arrow from the bow. A regular scurry then took place; hounds, horses, and men on foot mingled in one incongruous *melée*. The precincts of Virginia Water were neared. The park paling stopped many an ardent rider. A momentary pause, a crash was heard, as a party had stormed and carried the barricade. No sooner was the breach made practicable than hundreds rushed in. The deer, beleagured and confused, took to the

water, and seemed to set his pursuers at defiance. "Look out," exclaimed a smirking tailor from the neighbourhood of Bow Church, "there's an 'are sitting." "Soho," cried another. "Let's have a course," said a third. With this, some half-dozen sportsmen (God save the mark) of this class; surrounded my hiding-place, and commenced the most dastardly attack upon the rights of a British subject. My domain literally besieged; stones, bricks, sticks, and other missiles were hurled at me, and murder was evidently the object of the blood-thirsty gang. A pack of mongrels were brought to their aid. To fly before such a cowardly race was an indignity that I could not submit to; so I calmly awaited my fate, determined, like a second Brutus, to throw myself into the jaws of death. An opportunity soon presented itself. The hand of a ruffian, armed with a heavy whip, was raised over my head, while a savage dog was about to be let loose upon me; I rushed upon my doom—

[Here the *Hare*-leian Miscellany (as this MS. may not inaptly be called) comes to a termination; but from notes that have been laid before us, we (speaking in the editorial plural) are enabled to continue the adventures.]

No sooner had our hero fallen a victim to the savage attack of his unrelenting enemies, than a rush was made to save his respected remains, and desperate was the struggle between the conflicting parties. "I claim the 'are," said the Cockney Citizen; "I found him sitting." "Let's have none of that 'ere nonsense," responded a costermonger from Whitechapel; "I knocked him on the head, and he'll make a prime supper for my missus." "Why, my dog Griper did the trick," remarked the proprietor of a gin-palace, "and it's but fair that I should have him." "I hinsist on 'aving the 'are," continued the Londoner. "Aspirate your h's, young Bow Bells, and don't exasperate yourself," retorted an attorney's clerk;

"an action for trespass will *lie*." "And so will many a limb of the law, Old Six-and-eightpence," smartly rejoined Mr. Tipper; for so the worthy member of the Merchant Tailors' Company was called. "'And me that 'are," he continued, addresssing a clod, at the same time suiting the action to the word, by placing a half-crown in the countryman's hands. "Why, your horse has got some briers under his tail," exclaimed a seedy-looking youth in a worn-out groom's livery, and who himself had placed the prickles there, in the hopes of seeing the rider spilt. "The keepers are coming," shouted a dozen voices, as they trotted away to join the rest of the sportsmen. In the mean time Tipper had thrust the mangled remains of his royal prize into the huge pocket of his shooting-jacket, and spurring his nag, made for the road: but the animal required no such goading, for the sharp points of the brambles had already begun to take effect upon a more vulnerable part than that of his sides, and away went the infuriated steed "upon the pinions of the wind." Mazeppa was not in greater peril for the time than was the citizen; the great difference between the Polish Hetman and the London Cockney was, that the first-named hero was lashed firmly to his horse, while poor Tipper despite of a firm grip of the mane and one hand on the pummel, rolled about on his saddle like a porpoise in a storm. The road was soon gained, and the affrighted rider still kept his seat, although his equilibrium was not very correctly retained. During Mr. Tipper's runaway gallop, we propose enlightening our readers as to the man of measures and his horse. The former was a professed trowser maker, as he termed himself, residing in High-street, Whitechapel, and was as dapper and diminutive a specimen of humanity as ever appeared. Mr. Tipper in height was exactly one yard three quarters cloth measure: he was as fine drawn

as a thread paper, stiff as buckram, and looked so demure that one would have hardly thought he could have said "bo" to his own goose. This ninth part of the genus homo had, however, a soul above the thimble; his fancy soared higher than for shreds, patches, and "cabbage." He was passionately devoted to sport: and when, in business, he talked of Saxony mills, Russian duck, doe skin, Scotch tweed, his thoughts wandered to an English "mill," a "duck" hunt, a day with the staghounds, or one by the river side. Tipper had a heart warm as his best broad cloth, and was a kind, charitable and liberal friend. He had inherited a small fortune from his father, which, added to a good, thriving business, made him independent of the world. He supported his mother and sister, and was himself looked upon by the *belles* of Bow as one of the most eligible matches among the shopocracy of the East End. For some years the smart little tailor resisted the blandishments and tender glances of many an aspiring Miss, and upon reaching his thirtieth birthday was pronounced to be an invulnerable Benedict. But here, as is often the case, the world reckoned without their host; the charms of the fascinating Julia Brown had made so deep an impression upon the hitherto flinty heart of Mr. Tipper, that for the first time in his life he seriously contemplated matrimony. The object of his devotion was a "young person from the country," then learning the art of dressmaking under a fashionable West End milliner, with a view of going into service as lady's maid. Jacob Tipper had met Miss Brown at the annual ball given by a well-known mercer in Regent Street, and had at once fallen head over ears in love with her. Her companions, upon this occasion, were Monsieur et Madame Dubret; the former a French cook, and the latter a retired *femme de chambre*. Tipper, who was dressed in the tip-top style of

East End splendour, proposed a polka to the young girl, who blushingly declined; in a quadrille he was more successful. That little dance produced the most wonderful effect upon the citizen's heart, who, to adopt his own phrase, "was struck all of an 'eap." Jacob fell a victim to the beauty of the fair Julia, who, in return, was not a little flattered at the assiduous attentions of so wealthy a tradesman. The lively features of the Frenchman, who, we lament to record, was himself an admirer of the young girl, underwent sundry changes during the rest of the evening; he, however, managed to turn the adventure to some account, by not only supping at Tipper's expense, but by winning five sovereigns from him at chicken hazard. In the meantime Julia had been set down in a cab at the door of Madame Achard's, near Grosvenor-square. The *magasin des modes* was a corner house, next the mews; and at a side entrance the young ladies who outstaid their leave were let in by an antique female duenna, who ill requited the confidence placed in her by receiving bribes from the lovers of the fair delinquents—on this occasion poor Tipper had to pay for the cab and gratuity. Miss Brown's period of probation had nearly expired, and as during the leisure hours (which, to adopt the hackneyed phrase, "were few and far between") she had studied hair dressing under Monsieur Violet, coiffeur to the Court, the young lady was pronounced to be fit for the situation of a "femme de chambre." Alexis Dubret, who was intimately acquainted with the "people" of many of the highest aristocracy, soon heard of an opening for the young girl with the Countess of Davenport.

At seven o'clock in the evening of a cold raw day in March, Miss Brown was ushered into the noble drawing-room of the Countess, who, with her two daughters, Lady Jane and Maria, were sitting ready dressed for the Opera,

and only awaited the Earl, who was to be set down at a ministerial dinner on their way to Her Majesty's Theatre. "Miss Brown," exclaimed the foppishly-dressed groom of the chambers as he threw open the wide folding doors, and almost thrust the trembling girl into the august presence. Lady Davenport, who looked as starch and old fashioned as the brocade that adorned her tall gaunt figure, rose from her chair, and eyed the new comer from head to foot, "Too young and dressy," said the high born dame; "quite unfit for service." Julia, who was a pretty, modest-looking girl, with exquisitely chiselled features, the darkest hair and brightest eyes, looked down abashed, and wished herself in the humble back attic of Madame Achard's residence, where thirteen young ladies, independent of herself, had been "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in seven iron bedsteads during the last six months. "And what wages do you expect?" asked the lady. "I fear you are too inexperienced for the place."

Julia's colour mounted to her usually pallid cheeks and brow at the contemptuous manner in which the proud patrician treated her.

"My sister and I want a lady's-maid," said Lady Jane, in the most considerate and soothing tone; "I have no doubt we should make you very comfortable."

At this unexpected kindness Julia burst into tears.

"Novel-reading has turned her brain," said the Countess; "I dislike scenes—"

At this moment the Earl (who was a nobleman in every sense of the word) made his appearance; and, seeing the state of affairs, approached the Countess. "I have a letter from the Reverend Mr. Probey," said his lordship, "speaking so highly of Miss Brown's conduct during the whole of her early days in Devonshire, that if her qualifications are equal to her private worth, my daughters will find

a great acquisition in the services of so highly respectable a person."

Lady Davenport, who was accustomed to obey, at once yielded the point; and sending for her own maid, requested that Miss Brown might be shown into *the room*, as the housekeeper's room is called, *par excellence*, in every large establishment. If the reception above stairs had been of a formal nature, that below was infinitely more so. In a well-proportioned apartment, admirably furnished, with a supper-table laid out, sat four males and two females.

"Allow me to introduce you to our housekeeper, Mrs. Burton," said Mrs. Marsh, the abigail who had conducted Julia to the room. "Mrs. Burton, Miss Brown."

The same ceremony was carried on to a friend, Mrs. Townsend, a dealer in foreign lace; to Mr. Palmer, the steward; Mr. Chaplin, the Earl's valet; Mr. Brook, groom of the chamber; and last, not least, to Monsieur Ernest Ragon, *chef de cuisine*.

"You may bring in the supper," said Mrs. Burton to the steward's-room boy, who waited upon the upper servants, "and prepare two whist tables. We shall probably make up two rubbers," she continued, addressing herself to her *Cavaliere servante* Palmer, "if our friends from the Bishop's drop in."

Julia's beauty had attracted some attention; but the homeliness of her manner, and the simplicity of her dress, induced the would-be fashionables to declare her "*gauche*."

"A tolerable looking-girl," said Brook, in an under tone; "but she wants style."

"Plebeian all over," remarked Mrs. Burton, *sotto voce*.

"Quite so," chimed in Mrs. Marsh; "and rather a dowdy figure."

Envy and jealousy had excited the last two remarks; for the housekeeper, although she still shewed the remains

of beauty, was what is termed "gone by;" and the lady's maid, being as tall and as straight as a poplar, looked down (we mean figuratively) upon any one of smaller height and better proportions. Ernest Ragon, with the gallantry peculiar to his nation, came forward, and made himself agreeable to the new comer. Supper was shortly afterwards announced, and the novice might well have fancied herself in the dining-room up stairs; for fish, joints, *entrées*, sweets, wines, fruits, ices, and spirits graced the board. There was a tone of coarse revelry, of impudent London presumption, and familiarity, which shocked the refined feelings of the country girl; and she was inwardly wishing herself back in her humble rural home, amidst the beauties of her native country, when she was informed that a young person was waiting to escort her back for the last two nights to Madame Achard's. Taking leave of her new acquaintances, Julia, with a lighter step then when she entered, left the room; and as she descended the stone steps that led from the entrance-hall into the street, was agreeably surprised to find her young friend, Miss Clermont, hanging on the arm of a gentleman, who she immediately recognized as her civic admirer, Mr. Tipper.

We have omitted to mention that the early-closing movement had furnished the infatuated tailor with many an opportunity of heaping attentions upon the object of his devotion in opera and play-boxes; his mother acting always as *chaperon* on the occasion. "I could not resist the pleasure of calling for you this evening," said Jacob, in his most winning way, "to warn you against Lady Davenport's establishment: a more dissolute one cannot exist."

"Unhappily," responded the girl, "I have engaged myself."

"Before you finally decide," continued the lover, "read these few lines. To-morrow my mother and myself trust

to have the pleasure of seeing you and Miss Clermont at dinner. On Monday, for the last time, I am to have a day at Ascot. It is a promise of long standing to mount my friend Hicks; and after that day—"

Here a deep-drawn sigh interrupted the remainder of the remark. The letter contained a formal proposition for Miss Brown's hand; which having been duly accepted, a note was despatched to Lady Davenport, informing her that the young person who had applied for the situation had concluded a more permanent one, namely, for life. A few grateful lines to the Earl and his daughters were sent at the same time; and at the very moment the Countess was indulging her spleen at the folly of early marriages, especially in humble life, Mr. Tipper and his friend Hicks were scampering over the country in pursuit of a noble stag, and which indirectly led to the catastrophe before alluded to—the death of the hero of these adventures.

CHAPTER IV.

A runaway steed—The modern Johnny Gilpin—Dinner at Mr. Jacob Tipper's—A Theatrical Whig-maker—Hare's-foot and Rouge—The Purveyor of Hareskins—Chick Lane—Jenny Lind—Honours and Indignities shown to the remains of the hero of this memoir—Conclusion.

OUR last chapter terminated with a full, true, and particular account of Mr. Tipper himself: we must now devote a few lines to his horse, who was running away with his rider at a most awful pace. The steed in question was one of two thorough-bred horses he kept to do his London work, and except upon "'igh days and 'olydays," as he called them, were alternately employed in drawing a small vehicle, which, like the chest of drawers mentioned by Oliver Goldsmith—

> "Contrived a double debt to pay;
> A business cart, or private one-horse chay."

It was a neat two-wheeled carriage, with cane body, and was so ingeniously contrived, that when wanted in the tailoring line, a temporary shopboard, as it might not inaptly be termed, was affixed to it, with the following announcement in large letters:—

JACOB TIPPER, PROFESSED TROWSER MAKER,
HIGH STREET, WHITECHAPEL,
ESTABLISHED 1780.

When used for pleasure, it passed muster for a fashionable dog-cart.

The Game Chicken and the Slasher, so Jacob had named his horses, were no despicable hunters, and had they been well ridden, would have shown themselves as such; but, unfortunately, Tipper, albeit fond of sport, was no sportsman, and was much more at home cross-legged on his board than he was in the saddle.

Mr. Deputy Hicks was the very reverse of his friend, being a large, stout personage, with a florid complexion, a stentorian voice, and the pluck of a pigeon. The very first fence had stopped his progress, and the clattering of the horse's feet on the hard roads had so completely shattered the nerves of the timid Common Councilman, that he had quietly left the gay and happy throng of Nimrods to make the best of his way to Staines, where he had made an appointment to meet Mr. Tipper in the event of their being separated during the day. Mr. Deputy Hicks had found good entertainment for man and horse, at a small inn in this now deserted town, and had strolled across the bridge to witness the patience of a deluded individual, who, realizing the saying of the surly lexicographer, "a fool at one end and a worm at the other," was shivering in a punt in the hope of filling his basket with those finny luxuries—barbel and dace. Just as the follower of old Izaak Walton had hooked a very diminutive specimen of the latter, about the size of a sprat, a cry most untuneable was heard on the road, and leaving the piscator to enjoy the delight of his prowess, which he did with as much pleasure as a fisherman does when after twenty minutes' play he has killed a salmon of five-and-thirty pounds' weight in the Spey, we will return to the Deputy, whose attention had been attracted to the shouts that rent the air.

The road that leads to Egham was, as is usual upon Easter Monday, filled with idlers. Here and there might

be seen a crowd assembled round some itinerant showman or vendor of nuts; the game of "shying" with sticks at pincushions, jacks-in-the-box, and nutmeg graters had its attractions for the juvenile community; while numbers of gipsies, trampers, ballad-singers, donkey drivers, and rustics were amusing themselves after their own particular fashion. All of a sudden a cloud of dust was raised, and the form of a steed and his rider were faintly traced in the midst of it; then rose the wild "hurrah!" and the chorus was taken up by every holiday-maker.

"Why, what can it be?" inquired Hicks of the toll-keeper.

"Only a sporting 'gent' runned away with," responded the other; "but these here bars will stop him."

So reversing the conduct of his fraternity, immortalized by Cowper in Johnny Gilpin, in the following lines:

> "And still as fast as he drew near,
> 'Twas wonderful to view
> How in a trice the turnpike-men
> Their gates wide open threw,"

the mammon-loving money-taker slammed the gate in the face of the runaway animal, "no trust" being the motto of his calling. This unexpected movement, however, nearly proved fatal to the now exhausted rider, who by the suddenness of the jerk was shot over his horse's head, and narrowly escaped a cold water bath in the river. Happily, the crowd assembled near the bridge caught the dapper little tailor in their arms, and broke his fall. Upon recovering his somewhat scattered senses, Tipper found himself safe on *terra firma*, with his friend, Mr. Deputy Hicks, by his side.

"Such sport!" exclaimed the former. "We killed the deer after a splendid run of an 'our, besides that 'are which I coursed myself."

As both hunters and huntsmen had gone through a severe day's work, it was agreed that the quadrupeds should be left at Staines for the night, while the bipeds should proceed by train to London. Nothing occurred during the journey, and at five o'clock a hack cab safely deposited the two friends and the hero of this adventure at the worthy tailor's residence in High Street, Whitechapel. After a most elaborate toilet on the part of Mr. Jacob Tipper had been completed, (the lovely *fiancée*, Julia Brown, and her friend, Miss Clermont, having arrived,) dinner was served.

The party consisted of the host and his mother, the two young ladies above-mentioned, Mr. Hicks, and a theatrical wig-maker and amateur actor, who gloried in the high-sounding name of John Kemble Wilcox, and whose constant intercourse with the dramatic corps made him interlard every word he uttered with green-room phrases or scraps from plays.

"Ladies and gentlemen, for the first scene," exclaimed the Thespian hero, as he offered his arm to Mrs. Tipper, and led her to the dining-room. "Stand not upon the order of your going," he continued, addressing Mr. Deputy Hicks, who was hesitating between the charms of Miss Clermont and the beauty of Miss Brown.

The party were at length seated, and "spoon exercise," as the Americans term it, commenced.

"Why, you are doing it extensive," remarked Wilcox: "'supers,' I declare."

This latter remark was made in reference to two supernumerary assistants, in the persons of the greengrocer, who was engaged to wait on the occasion, and the odd man, who went for the beer and brought the dishes from the kitchen.

After partaking of some mock turtle, as unlike the real

occidental luxury as ball-supper gooseberry wine is to Charles Cunningham's champagne, a fine turbot smoked on the board. This was removed by a haunch of mutton and a roast hare, the hero of this adventure. As a matter of *course* (we mean no pun nor double play upon the word, as applied to the dinner or my capture,) Tipper proceeded to descant upon his riding prowess, and so interested the wig-maker with his description of the Royal Hunt and the course, that he could talk of nothing else.

"What shall we have, that killed the deer?" spouted Wilcox. "I should like to have the antlers or the——'

Here the perruquier was at a loss for a word; the brush was uppermost in his thought, but he knew not that it was termed the "scut."

"I am sorry you cannot have either horns or scut," responded Tipper; "but you may have the hare's feet; they will be quite in your line. I suppose you furnish rouge and make up faces for the stage?"

"I believe you, my boy," replied the hair dresser, imitating the manner of Paul Bedford; "and to-morrow I have to provide the Swedish Nightingale, the inimitable Jenny Lind, with a pot of my superfine carmine; she shall have the regal hare's foot."

Before the author of this biography proceeds to notice the adventures that befel the foot, he must refer to another portion, which was disposed of, the following morning, to one of those itinerant hucksters who prowl about the metropolis buying rags, bottles, and kitchen stuff. At an early hour, a small ricketty cart, drawn by a donkey, stopped at Mr. Tipper's area-gate, and an old crone in a tattered cloak and faded bonnet made her way stealthily down the steps towards the kitchen door.

"Mrs. Collins, it's only I, Mrs. Glazier," said the proprietor of the Black Doll; "and hearing you had a dinner

yesterday, I call to know whether you have any perquisites to dispose of."

"Step in, Mrs. G.," responded the eight-guinea a-year culinary artist. "I have not much left, but what I have you can take away. Let's see, here's a nice quart of mock turtle, half a turbot, a beautiful piece of mutton, a little hare,—no, I'll keep that for my own dinner—a pound of lard, some drippings, a few wax-ends, half-a-dozen wine bottles, and this hare skin."

After a great deal of higgling upon both sides, a bargain was struck, and Mrs. Glazier was about to depart, when her attention was attracted to some table linen which had been put aside for the laundress.

"Why, surely, Mrs. Collins, your master can't use that again! it's full of holes."

"So it is, Mrs. G.," responded the other; "that may go." And with this, Mrs. Glazier "cast" the best part of the tailor's damask, declaring it was not worth the expense of washing.

After the money had been paid, the once sleek-furred coat of the hero of this memoir was deposited in the donkey-cart and carried off to a small tenement in Chick Lane, Holborn. The house, which was merely built of lath and plaster, was bounded in the rear by the fœtid water of the Fleet ditch, its black windows looking upon the filthy stream, which here flowed rapidly down an open gutter. The dirty dilapidated den was the abode of thieves of both sexes and of all ages, from the diminutive "area sneak" to the practised "cracksman," and was the scene of the vilest debaucheries and most heinous crimes. The building contained several places admirably adapted for concealment; and a trap-door in the flooring of the back-kitchen, communicating with a cellar, from an opening in which a plank could be placed across the stream to a

corresponding aperture in the cellar of the opposite house, furnished a ready means of escape. Every portion of this over-populated dwelling was devoted to some nefarious and illegal traffic. In one corner might be seen a Jewish receiver and vendor of stolen silk handkerchiefs busily superintending the "bandana" department, while three wretched, emaciated-looking "maids of Judah" were actively employed in erasing the initials and coronets from these Indian trophies of the light-fingered gentry. In another a melting process was going on, and crests, coats of arms, and other heraldic distinctions, which had probably cost the college some trouble in finding, were now rapidly disappearing under the caloric influence of the magic crucible. In a vault below ground, a self-elected "Warden of the Mint," assisted by a partner who combined the offices of master, worker, engraver, melter, and blancher, were employed in the manufacture of counterfeit money. Spurious metal, puncheons, counter-puncheons, stamps, dyes, patterns, moulds, cutting engines, and files, shewed the workmen were quite *au fait* at coining, clipping, washing, rounding, filing, diminishing, lightening, colouring, and gilding the metallic currency of the country. In the back kitchen, two slatternly wenches were employed in the adulteration of tea, and before them were placed, in working order, the wooden presses, drying-trays, leather and muslin bags, colouring matter, and all the apparatus and materials employed in the art of giving to the exhausted leaves the semblance of that product which "cheers, not to inebriate." The front and back attics were occupied by makers of cigars and cat-skin dressers. In the former, some leaves of the "Rheum palmatum" and "Nicotiana rustica" were doing duty for the foreign weed introduced into this country by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from America. A man and woman were employed in steeping the leaves in salt

water, twisting them into cigars (which on being retailed were warranted as genuine "Havannas,") and filling the interior with Lambkin's Irish snuff and the coarsest tobacco. In the fur department, the process of dressing the skins was being carried on in the most pestilential atmosphere. Two wrinkled old women, with dishevelled hair, and clothed —if such a term can be applied to the scantiest dress of tattered rags—superintended the nauseous work. The plastered walls were hung with pelt of the lowest order of the leonine species, the cat; and on the roof three ponderous traps were well baited to entice some roving Tom or Tabby, who, upon being taken, immediately underwent "Lynch law."

A knock was now heard at the door of this apartment.

"It's only Mrs. Glazier," exclaimed one of the old crones; and touching a secret lock, the new comer was admitted.

"Three dozen cat and one beautiful hareskin to-day," said Mrs. Glazier.

"Times is bad," remarked the eldest of the harridans; "but there's the usual complement. We've no great sale for these," continued the last speaker, eyeing the sleek coat of the subject of this sketch; "but it will do for a cap for my grandson, James."

And forthwith it was converted into a head covering for the hopeful youth, who, to his shame be it spoken, was one of the most expert "cracksmen" of the day. In the course of the week the cap was forwarded to a celebrated flash house in St. Giles's, where it was shortly delivered to the burglar, James Rastick, commonly called "Starlight Jem." In less than a month the housebreaker paid the penalty of the law in Horsemonger Lane, having been tried for and convicted of burglary and murder.

The indignities that had been offered to the external portion of the subject of this memoir had not been extended

to the foot, which had now become the property of Mr. Kemble Wilcox, and was about to grace the operatic toilet table of the sweetest of warblers—the inimitable Jenny Lind. It was upon a memorable occasion, that of Her Majesty's state visit to her own theatre, that the only representative of the *Hare* family was presented to the Syren, and in an humble manner assisted in the brilliancy of the scene by heightening the colour of the fair-haired daughter of Sweden. The rouge that graced the cheek of the ill-fated betrayed Druidical priestess was applied by the foot of the timid animal whose adventures we have recounted. The opera selected was Bellini's *chef-d'œuvre*, "Norma," in which the "Nightingale" triumphantly sustained her reputation as the greatest singer of the day. The breathless interest, the suppressed murmurs of delight which accompanied her execution of "*Casta diva*," at once proved the enthusiasm of the audience, and which was considerably increased in the more impassioned portions of the drama, thus stamping the artist as one not only capable of delighting the ear in the simple parts of the innocent suffering "Amina," and the light-hearted, joyous, unsophisticated "Vivandière," but of enthralling their senses in the most lofty and dignified conception of Italy's greatest master. The hare's foot adventures with the Queen of Song will be briefly recorded in the winding up of the adventures, and which we propose to bring to a close by recapitulating the miseries of the *hair*-brained hero.

To be basely deserted by his parents—to be left an orphan on the wide world—to be marked as the prey of a wandering gipsy—to be hunted by an Eton boy—to be mobbed to death by a cockney crew, headed by a diminutive Whitechapel tailor, were evils of the greatest magnitude, truly. Still might he have consoled himself with the lines from the *Seasons*—

"Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,"

for these were ills that "lepine," as well as "human flesh are *heir* to." But the indignities that followed after death were alone worthy of a savage cannibal tribe.

"So bad begins, but worse remains behind."

To be "basted" by a professed eight guinea a-year cook—to be served at a table in High Street, Whitechapel—to be mangled by a theatrical wig-maker—to appease the hunger of the ninth part of the *genus homo*—to be devoured by the "Meg Dods" of the establishment—to have his outward covering hawked in a donkey-cart to Chick Lane to be made into a cap for "Starlight Jem"—to become the property of the executioner, and finally to grace the museum of an amateur of horrors in a cabinet containing one of the shoes of "Black Bess," the rope that hung "Dick Turpin," the copybook of Eugene Aram, the watch of "Slender Billy," the snuff-box of Jonathan Wild, the tobacco-stopper of Jerry Abershaw, the top boots of Sixteen-string Jack, the "darbies" that graced the wrists of Paul Clifford, the irons that fettered Jack Sheppard, the hat worn by Colonel Despard, the cloak of Mrs. Brownrigg, the waistcoat of Thistlewood, the steel of Ings the butcher, the handwriting of Courvoisier, the neckcloth of Burke, the Newgate bouquet of Fauntleroy, the Quaker hat of Tawell, the bag carried by Greenacre, the whip of Daniel Good, the pistol of Rush, the hearthstone of the Mannings, the mask of one of the Frimley murderers, the betting book of Palmer, and the ticket of leave of Marley.

One, and only one redeeming point remains; the foot of the otherwise ill-fated victim was honoured by the touch of the sweetest of syrens; it accompanied her throughout the English provinces; it crossed the Atlantic with her; it witnessed her triumphs in the New World; it bore testi-

mony of her private excellence and public worth; it was with her at the mighty cataract of Niagara; and has been the constant companion of one who unites the vocal talents of the "divine Cecilia" with the pure philanthropy of a Howard.

Few of the characters referred to in this brief memoir are in existence. The modern Sardanapalus, George the Fourth; the kind-hearted Sailor King; Bonaparte, "Europe's Hannibal;" and the principal members of the Vienna congress live alone in history. Of those who still are spared to their respective nations may be mentioned two of the brightest names in the annals of glory*—Wellington and Louis Napoleon; the former the pacificator of Europe, the latter the peace-preserver of France. Each in their different spheres have shown the master-mind; and when the hand of time shall have removed all political asperities, and justice, which is too often denied to the living, shall be extended to the dead, the names of Wellington and Louis Napoleon will be enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen as the purest patriots that ever breathed the air of heaven.

A few words anent the minor personages of this imperfect drama may not be uninteresting to our readers ere we drop the curtain over the scene. Our hero's first tormentor, the gipsy lad, had proved the fallacy of the lines of the poet—

"Delightful task—to teach the young idea to *shoot*;"

for he was transported at an early age, for poaching. Fred. Marston, the Etonian, still indulges in his favourite pursuit of hunting, and for the last two years has been master of one of the finest packs of hounds in England. Mr. Joseph Tipper has retired from business, and now resides with his

* Written before the death of the Iron Duke.

lovely wife, *née* Julia Brown, in a suburban villa near Bayswater. A young smiling "Cherub," with "her mother's own eyes," bright as the gazelle, is the present result of the happy union. Mr. Deputy Hicks took advantage of the Lord Mayor's recent visit to Paris, and accompanied a civic friend to the "city of frivolities." His principal object was to procure a *trousseau* for his affianced bride, Miss Clermont, the companion of Julia's millinery days. Mrs. Collins, the female Ude of High Street, Whitechapel, was dismissed for peculations; and her friend, Mrs. Glazier, left England for New South Wales, with a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The cause of her involuntary absenteeism was to be attributed to her obliviousness, in having conveyed, *by mistake*, sundry yards of lace from a counter in the Pantheon Bazaar in her cat's skin muff. Mr. Kemble Wilcox is still a great partizan of the (theatrical) *wigs*, and occasionally takes a part in the private performances at that *bijou* of a theatre—the Soho, late Miss Kelly's. Lord Davenport has been gathered to his ancestors, and the property and title having passed to a distant relation, the Dowager Lady Davenport has been compelled to reduce her establishment: she now resides in a small house in Upper Harley Street; a ladies'-maid, female cook, a maid-of-all-work, and a sugar-loafed button page alone now constitute the household. Her ladyship's two aristocratic daughters formed bad marriages: the elder having accepted the hand of an Irish fortune hunter, unencumbered with any estate; and the younger having eloped with a Count Krautenberg Tolstoyken, a German adventurer, with a long pedigree and a short purse. A parting word: the compiler of the adventures trusts that the hare, unlike the one immortalized by Gay, may find many a friend among the readers of this volume.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "BAGMAN:" OR, ADVENTURES OF A FOX.

FROM AN ORIGINAL MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

"Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine."—BYRON.
"Make you some sport with the fox."—SHAKESPEARE.

Opening remarks—Reynard's youthful days—Sketch of the "Fox family"—Extraordinary life of our hero's grandfather—The Cheshire Squire and Rugby boys—A vulpecide game keeper—Leamington or Jeptheonia—The Spa meeting—A run with the Warwickshire—Water-drinking swells—Cockney sportsmen—A second run with Mr. Thornhill's hounds—Edge Hill—First appearance of the "bagman"—A regimental pack—The red-herring hounds—A day's run—"He that fights and runs away, will live to fight another day"—Sir John Cope's hounds—Gallant death of our hero—*Finis coronat opus*—The brush—Liberality of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

START not, gentle reader! But first, let me ask why readers are always called by the novelists gentle and courteous? For how often have I seen, nay, how frequently have I myself, in a fit of anger or disappointment, dashed some trashy book from me, exclaiming "Unmitigated rubbish!" To resume. Reader, of whatever class you happen to be—meek or choleric, placid or passionate—do not for a moment imagine that I am about to inflict

upon you the biography of one of those useful envoys of the commercial community, who, according to Sir Walter, "are called by themselves and the waiters, *travellers par excellence*, by others, riders and bagmen." No, I have a soul above human bagmen: and the life I am about to delineate is that of a vulpine one. I cannot see why, in these days of biography, when the lives, times, memoirs, letters, dispatches, travels, adventures, expeditions, wanderings, journals, voyages, rambles of great personages are weekly emanating from the erudite emporiums of Messieurs Murray, Moxon, Newby, Hurst and Blackett, Bentley, Saunders and Otley, Evans, Bradbury, Chapman and Hall, why the "Autobiography of a Bag-fox" should not prove as interesting as "The Life of a Feather," "The Memoirs of an Umbrella," "The History of a King Charles's Spaniel," or "The Adventures of a Bottle of Hock." With this prelude I commence my narrative: beginning with my birth, parentage, and education.

According to the learned researches of the celebrated Dr. Buckland, I can trace an antediluvian ancestry, but I shall be content in this brief memoir to confine myself to my immediate parents—my grandfather and father. The latter was well known to all the sporting characters in the Warwickshire hunt; while my mother, who was of French extraction, had only arrived in England from her own gay clime, *la belle France*, the year before my birth. She was indeed a most anxious and tender mother; having, upon one occasion, when danger threatened her youthful family, carried them off to a place of safety—thus risking her own life to save that of her offspring.

With regard to myself. Candour, a somewhat unusual virtue in one of my wily species, compels me to admit that I was a most uncompromising "destructive" urchin; and from my earliest days "free trade" was my motto. I was the

very Jack Sheppard of the poultry-yard; the Robin Hood of the woods and forests. For hours did I listen to the crowing of the cock, and the cackling of other domestic fowls, levelling at one fell swoop "all the pretty chickens and their dam" without remorse. Hiding my spoil, I would again return to the charge, until the tones of certain house-dogs, and the cries of their masters, gave me notice to quit. In the merry greenwood I was the king of free-booters; my unrelenting spirit gave no quarter, showed no mercy. The young hares and rabbits, too feeble to escape, fell easy victims to my ogrelike propensities; while the more aged ones, wounded or fatigued, were (as the heroes of old would write) "made captives to my chariot wheels." Nor were the nests of the quails and partridges held sacred; for I would seize upon the mothers while sitting—thus adding murder to burglary. In short, I was the terror of the adjacent country. Hares, rabbits, fowls, geese, turkeys, ducks, pheasants, partridges, quails; nay, even rats, mice, lizards, toads, serpents, and hedge-hogs were all in their turn made sacrifices to my voracious appetite.

But before I proceed with my own immediate narrative, I must "hark back" to some of my ancestors; and in so doing I am reminded of a well-authenticated anecdote of my grandfather and grandmother, which must be recorded in these pages. At the time it occurred it created a very great sensation in the minds of the inhabitants of that modern Tyre—Liverpool—and its neighbourhood; and to the newspapers of the day, am I indebted for the following sketch of my grandfather's rambles during his short vacation. Both he and my grandmother were free citizens of the United States of America; but Lynch law prevailing in their district, they were caught, imprisoned, and transported across seas to England. No sooner had they landed on British soil, than, instead of finding the truth of the

claptrap saying, "of England the country of the free," they were handed over to the care of a most respected and respectable gentleman, the proprietor of the new hotel at Wootton, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. Here the circumstance which I have referred to, took place, and I give it in the words of the talented journalist.

"Those of our readers who are in the habit of indulging themselves with pleasant drives and rambles into the country, must know the new hotel at Wootton. Amongst the live stock kept on the premises are a couple of foxes, male and female, which, like Home's hermit, 'are the wonder of the neighbouring swains.' Bound in chains rather stronger than the chain connubial, neither the lady fox nor the gentleman fox ever appeared inclined to rove from home, till lately a disposition to wander suddenly seized upon the latter; and, strange to stay, he received assistance from his lady in the accomplishment of his wishes. Mrs. Fox actually gnawed through the collar of her lord; and, like many a heroic female 'famous in story,' gallantly, for his sake, dared the vengeance of offended power. Reynard might immediately have made his escape; but whether the ancient appetite of his kind prevailed over his proverbial discretion, or whether he wished to fortify his inner individuality ere he set out on his travels, we know not; but certain it is that he crept slily among the poultry, and selected a fine plump chicken, on which he forthwith breakfasted. Then 'consideration came,' and he gallantly determined upon helping his lady, who looked wistfully on, unable to help herself. He selected for her a black Spanish cock, of a valuable breed, which having killed, he laid before his spouse. He next set to work to provide provision for a future day. Seizing a fat goose, he quietly bit off its long neck, and concealed the huge bird beneath some branches in the garden. The

villain next snapt at a fine duck, and was proceeding to bury it alive, when he was discovered, and upon a rush being made at him, he at once cleared a wall nearly six feet high. He took another wall, into an adjoining garden, where his brush was seen for a moment; but determined to escape, he dashed at the carriage gate, which is planted with spikes, and actually cleared it into the road, where he was viewed and headed, upon which he made for the open. He now went to a farm, where he lay concealed for some time; but on the following morning he appeared at the residence of a most respected gentleman, the excellence of whose poultry we believe he had the honour of testing. Next morning he favoured a widowed lady with a visit, and did her a similar favour. Here, however, he was pursued by some dogs, which seem to have given him something of a fright, for he was not heard of for several days afterwards. His next appearance was at the residence of a gentleman at Gateacre. Here, however, he again met with a reception he did not like, the dogs having rushed upon him and chased him a considerable distance. He next took the direction of Toxteth Park.—Now this very queer fox came originally from America, having been presented to Mr. Blunt by the commander of one of the New York packet ships. Whether he was disgusted with the treatment, he had met with in England—to him no land of liberty—and had determined on returning to his native land, or whether he mistook the forests of masts before him for a forest of another description, we know not; but it is certain that he 'pondered refuge from his toil' in a very singular locality. Passing behind the Coburg Hotel, he crossed the bridge of the Coburg Dock, and took shelter under some loose timber. Here he was taken, and restored to his old quarters at Wootton, where he lived for some time with his spouse, in apparent contentment

and felicity, though he was compelled to regale on food less to his taste than fatted poultry."

As the chronicler here somewhat abruptly ends the history of my respectable grandparents, I must carry on their lives down to the birth of my father. It seems that for some little period, nothing occurred to interfere with the even tenour of their way; when, upon an eventful day, two urchins who were "home" for the midsummer holidays from Rugby, and were staying with their parents in the neighbourhood, happened to pass the inn at Wootton.

"I say, Teddy," cries the younger one, "don't you smell a fox?"

"I think I do," responded the elder.

"Then give tongue, old fellow. Why, there are a couple chained up together."

At this moment "mine host" appeared, and welcomed the young gentlemen, who were most popular in the neighbourhood, not only from being the descendants of one of the oldest families in the country, but also for being themselves devoted to every species of sport, from the "noble science" down to a rat hunt.

"Will you please to alight, young gentlemen, and put up your ponies for half an hour? A glass of pale ale won't be unpleasant this hot morning."

"You're a regular trump, and no mistake," exclaimed Master Alexander; who, although young in years, was old in sporting knowledge. "We'll light our Havannahs, have a pot of the four X's, and have a day with the rats in the old barn; but what a 'nobby' dog you've got there!"

"He *is* a good one, Master Alec. Got by Billy, of rat-catching memory, out of a favourite bitch of Jem Ward's. Here, Spring, Spring, Spring!"

The ostler now advanced, making a profound bow, by pulling at his forelock.

"Sam, take the young gentlemen's ponies, and give them a feed of corn."

"But what are those two tame foxes, governor? You're too old a sportsman to encourage 'bagmen.'"

"Oh, those foxes," responded the worthy hotel-keeper, "are regular Yankees; bred and born in the United States. The captain of one of the New York liners brought them over, and gave them to me."

"Yankees!" exclaimed the younger of the brothers. "I *guess* they are *tarnation* 'cute, and I *calculate* would furnish good sport, you may *reckon* on a run. We must have them both to take back to Rugby."

"Impossible," replied the owner, "I could not think of giving away a friend's present."

"Give away! who ever dreamt of giving away? No, we must have them both. Name the price, old fellow. We're not in *Short* Street now, are we Ted?" Suiting the action to the word, the urchin here chinked a well-stocked purse.

"I could not think, young gentlemen, of selling them; besides, what would your respected father, Sir Harry, say?"

"Oh! leave us to manage the 'governor;' he's a regular 'brick.' I quite won him yesterday by taking my pony over a stiffish hurdle; and Alec gladdened the old gentleman's heart the day before, by 'wiping his nose' out shooting. The 'governor' still sticks to flint—he's an out-and-out McAdamite—and after missing his bird, bang goes my brother's detonator, and he falls dead as a door-nail."

"Well, young gentlemen, all I have got to say is, that if your worthy father has no objection, the foxes shall be sent to you in the morning."

"Well said; and suppose you come over, and fracture your speedy with us?"

"Fracture and speedy," thought mine host, not being what the young scapegrace Rugbinian would call "down," or rather, "up" to his slang.

"*Break* your *fast*, old fellow—that's what I mean. We've quite a new vocabulary in our days; we could even puzzle that surly old pedant, Dr. Johnson."

The ponies were now ordered round, and the young gentlemen having extracted a promise from the good-humoured landlord to drive over in the morning with the importations from America, took their leave. The youths whom I have thus slightly introduced to my readers, were the only sons of one of the most popular individuals in the whole county of Cheshire. Sir Harry Locksley was the representative of the oldest family in England. As a good neighbour, he was respected by all that came within the circle of his acquaintance; and as a liberal and resident landlord, he was reverenced and beloved by a cheerful tenantry, who, protected by his fostering care, felt the natural advantages of reciprocal attachment. The worthy baronet had been a sportsman in his time, and was still fond of riding his fox-chases over again by the fireside. He was very neat in his person, and very proud of his dark green coat and spencer (the last of the Spencers!), and of his well fitting and beautifully cleaned "leathers" and top boots. He was devoted to Church and State, a liberal politician, an active magistrate, and, in the true sense of the word, a munificent *guardian* of the poor. His two sons had at an early age been sent to Rugby, where they had both distinguished themselves in and out of school. Edward, who was a kind-hearted, affectionate youth, had won the hearts of his schoolfellows by a daring act of gallantry, in saving, at the risk of his own life, that of one of his

comrades. His quick, steady and retentive memory had placed him higher in the school than other boys of his own age. Alexander was a bit of a pickle; but brave and generous, he never suffered the weak to be oppressed, and had gained himself a great name in the pugilistic ring, by his *man*ful conduct in fighting for a young friend who had been most unmercifully treated by an overgrown and cowardly bully. This conquest, in which the tyrant was compelled to succumb to one two years his junior in age, had gained for "Alec" (as he was usually called) the title of "Brave Alec." In school he was extremely quick; and there was no one more conversant with the ancient sporting literature of Aristotle, Plato, Polybius, Julius Pollux, Zenophon, Seneca, Homer, Oppian, Virgil, Ovid, Pliny, Cicero, and Justin, than the young "Nimrod," whom we left mounting his pony on his return to Fairleigh Park, the home of his ancestors. It was agreed between the brothers, during their ride home, that no mention was to be made of the tame foxes until the following morning, when they looked forward to "getting round the governor" by performing a feat which they had for some weeks contemplated. The windows of Sir Harry's morning room, in which he transacted all the duties of his house and farm before breakfast, looked upon a part of the park which had been lately fenced off to preserve some newly imported cattle. A brook, nearly six yards in width, ran through it; and a paling, about five feet high, with a post and rail inside, surrounded it. Just as the bailiff, who was in the confidence of the young gentlemen, had laid before Sir Harry a prospectus of a new plan for draining, he made a sudden start, and exclaimed: "I declare Master Edward is going to take the new paling!" The worthy baronet dropped the paper, and passing hastily to the window, for a moment seemed thoroughly absorbed; nay, a very acute observer might

have traced a nervous look in his venerable face, but it vanished in a few seconds. Teddy, who did not possess quite the animal courage of his younger brother, was mounted on his Irish hunter, "Shamrock;" while the "varmint" Alec was on a thorough-bred English horse, named "Pioneer."

"My nag," exclaimed the latter, "likes water. Let me go first, and your's will follow beautifully."

"All right," responded the elder. "I'll give you plenty of time."

Away went the youngest, gathering up his horse, cramming him at the brook; and by slightly stimulating him with his "persuaders," cleared it admirably. His elder brother got over it equally well. The post and rail, with the fence, now remained to be taken; and the youngsters prepared to charge it in line. Catching well hold of their horses by the head, and gathering them together, they ride quietly at the fence; then, throwing their own bodies slightly backward, they clear it without a mistake.

"Bravo, lads!" shouted the baronet, throwing open the window, and addressing the juvenile "Centaurs," who now approached it; "I never saw two more sporting leaps. Always cram your horses at water, and never ride hard at fences, were the maxims given me by my excellent father; and you are worthy scions of a most worthy grandsire. Come in to breakfast; you must want it after your morning's gallop."

In less than a quarter of an hour the trio were seated at the breakfast-table; and as the two youths unfolded their snowy white napkins, a letter, addressed to both, attracted their attention. On breaking the seals, they found a ten pound note in each of the envelopes, with this simple line, in their father's hand-writing:—"A slight reward for a gallant feat."

Scarcely was the breakfast terminated, than the owner of the foxes was announced; and, after being kindly welcomed by Sir Harry and his two sons, they proceeded to the stable-yard to look at the new arrivals.

"A dog and a vixen, Sir Harry. He's as audacious a varlet as ever trod the earth." The worthy boniface then gave a brief sketch of the animals since their residence in England, which delighted the old baronet not a little.

"What genuine Americans! Holloa, Mr. Polk! what mischief are you plotting?" said Sir Harry, as he caught the Yankee looking wistfully at a fine specimen of the gallinaceous breed. "You'll find the English *cock* too much for you."

"Polk!" exclaimed Alec; "what an out-and-out name!"

And while the father was chuckling over his joke, Teddy caught hold of his hand, and coaxingly said: "You must allow us to purchase Mr Polk and his wife; we'll pay for them honestly—ready money—no repudiation. They'll amuse us so much at Rugby; and perhaps we may stock some of the Warwickshire covers with their progeny."

At first the kind-hearted parent looked a little grave; but, in a second, a smile diffused itself over his benign face. "Well, boy; I can refuse you nothing. Take the foxes, and I'll settle with my good neighbour." The landlord was taken aside, and an arrangement speedily concluded, by which the wily animals became the property of the striplings. "You must stay, and have a day's shooting," said Sir Harry. "The keepers will be at the lodge at eleven o'clock; we shall beat the Merston plantation. In the mean time a glass of October, and a slice or two of cold meat, will not be amiss after your morning's drive."

"And I'll lend you my new Manton," cried Teddy.

"And I'll get you some *straight* powder," said Alec.

"And Bess shall go with you," exclaimed the youngest of the lads.

"She's the best retriever in the whole universal world, as the Yankees say."

The party now adjourned to the breakfast-room, where the delighted hotel-keeper took his place at the well-stocked sideboard, and did ample justice to a cold round of beef and some excellent home-brewed ale. The day's sport went off well; and within a week of it the following departure took place for Rugby:—The Master Locksleys and the two vulpine strangers from America. No sooner did the party reach Rugby than ample accommodation was provided for Mr. Polk and his sposa at a small inn, where the two youngsters, unknown to the proper authorities of this admirable school, kept their ponies. It was here, in the month of March, that my father first saw the light. He was one of three; and by great good luck escaped the doom of his brethren.

At the time we write of, a favourite artificial gorse covert, belonging to the Warwickshire hunt, had suffered a great deal from what that talented writer, Mr. Blaine, in his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," calls "coney tribute." The petty larceny gamekeeper, finding that his perquisites on the rabbits fell short, owing to the number of foxes (and quite unmindful of the compensation he received in lieu of them), was shrewdly suspected of being a vulpecide. Whether such was the case or not, we shall not pause to inquire; suffice it to say, that upon the last day of August the above-mentioned keeper, hearing of the American litter, walked over to Rugby, with a view of providing himself with it previous to the first day's cub-hunting in the gorse we have alluded to, and in a wood where pheasants had of late greatly increased, and foxes decreased. Intro-

ducing himself to young Alec and his brother, he began by proposing a day's shooting on the following morning. This being gratefully accepted, he then proceeded to try and possess himself of the litter; and, after a good deal of very specious argument, he prevailed upon the young gentlemen to let him have a brace of cubs. Two being selected, on the following morning at sun-rise, they were *turned out;* and afterwards, to the delight of the master of the hounds, were *drawn* for and killed. The gamekeeper was complimented, and won "golden" opinions from one or two gentlemen of the hunt, for having proved himself so good a *protectionist.* Anxious to keep up this honourable, though in this instance undeserved, character, he again applied to the young gentlemen for the last of the young Americans (my respected parent); which, after some little parley, was acceded to. Previous, however, to his being turned out, a private mark was put upon him; and by which, in after time, I was enabled to prove the legitimacy of my birth. Happily for my father, the hounds were taken to a different part of the country, where cubs were plentiful; and this enabled him to get sufficient strength to baffle his persecutors, when first they attempted, during the latter part of the winter, to run him down. I will not attempt to describe the perils my wily parent underwent during this and the following hunting season; suffice it to say, that towards the termination of it he became a prey to the snares of a poacher; and one fine morning in May, when the gamekeeper went his early rounds, he found the identical fox (recognized by his mark) that he had turned out the previous season.

In the mean time my grandfather had "shuffled off his vulpine coil;" and the grasping preserver of pheasants, thinking the young gentlemen would like to purchase back his son, whom they had bred, got a confederate to offer it

to them for what he called a mere trifle—a couple of sovereigns. This demand was eagerly accepted; and "Charlie the Rover," as he was now named, was again restored to the care of the young Rugbyians. I will not attempt to describe their delight at again possessing themselves of him; and every care was taken to render his life happy and comfortable. Whether he preferred the dull monotony of his present state to the wandering days he had latterly passed, has never been handed down to his posterity; and, as a faithful biographer, I will not fill up my pages in visionary speculations, after the manner of modern book-makers.

At the commencement of the winter previous to my birth, a sporting attorney, who resided in the neighbourhood of Rugby, and whose avocations as an agent for a celebrated bubble railway company had taken him over to France, had brought back with him a very fine specimen of the mefitic race, in the shape of a regular vixen; and the limb of the law, thinking the cross might be good, offered her to the young lads to whom we have previously alluded, who affianced her (after the true Parisian manner) to the roving Charlie. As there were neither parents' consents to gain nor settlements to make, nor white favours, bridesmaids, wedding cakes, orange flowers, lace, and *trousseaux* to be provided, the marriage speedily took place; and in due course of time, my mother, as the fashionable newspapers say, "was safely delivered of twins." My sister soon died, and I was left the sole son of her "house and heart."

I have now brought my readers back to the morning of my birth, the 25th March, 1834. My early days passed tranquilly away; and it was not until the beginning of the autumn that I began to experience the trials of life. The worthy baronet (whom I have already introduced to my readers) had latterly suffered greatly from his old and only

enemy, the gout; and hearing that Dr. Jepthson of Leamington had been pre-eminently successful in his treatment of this fashionable disorder, hastened, with his two sons, to pass their Christmas holidays at *Jepthsonia;* for so this celebrated spa ought to be called, after one who, not only by his talents and exertions, but by munificent liberality, has raised that once insignificant spot to the pre-eminence it now holds, as the Montpelier of England.

Here, in one of those picturesque villas with which the environs of the upper town is studded, were Sir Harry, his two sons, myself, and my respected parent domiciled. The hounds were then under the management of that truly popular and first-rate sportsman, Mr. Thornhill; ably assisted by Tom Day, as first whipper-in. They hunted four times a week; which was all very agreeable to me as long as I was safely lodged in a snug "country box" in the stable-yard; but when, towards the beginning of January, I was taken from my afflicted parent, and turned out upon the wide world, I began to think how hard-hearted, tyrannical, and blood-thirsty the lords of the creation were. Ufton Wood, which was a favourite cover for the Leamington men, had latterly been drawn blank; and this was the spot selected for my opening career.

I ought here to explain that my really kind-hearted young masters had left Rugby, and were about to proceed to Cambridge; and although they had the example of the noble and ill-used poet, Byron, who kept a bear at that seat of learning, Sir Harry pointed out the penalties attached to any breach of the rules of the college, and soon convinced the youg men that "Fox's commentaries" would not be at all palatable to the heads and authorities of Granta. Under these circumstances, the youths with great reluctance consented that we should seek some sylvan retreat, and Ufton Wood was named as the locale where we were to commence our pilgrimage.

To those of my readers who are unacquainted with Warwickshire, it will be necessary to remark that Ufton Wood is a popular "meet" with the water-drinking population of Leamington, as being in the immediate vicinity of this salubrious town; and I had not been more than a fortnight in my new quarters when the newspapers announced that on the following Monday the Warwickshire hounds would meet there at half-past ten.

Upon the day in question the spa was in a great state of excitement. At an early hour the pump-room was deserted, the "Promenade" was cleared, the "military band" was disbanded, the master of the ceremonies had mounted his Rosinante, and the medical men had put their "pill-boxes" into requisition, to see the hounds throw off. Soon after ten o'clock the road absolutely swarmed with pedestrians, equestrians, and charioteers; and not the least amusing feature of the scene was the motley crew of bipeds and quadrupeds; nursery maids, trampers, ballad-singers, beggars, cads, and chimney-sweepers; vehicles of every description, from Sir Edward Mostyn's well-appointed team to the general dealer's "Whitechapel" cart, were seen in succession. Horses of every sort and species attended: the well-trained hunter, the thorough-bred "clipper," the broken-down hack, the spavined cob, the tottering butcher's nag, the lady's palfrey—Jerusalem steeds were also in requisition, and the young ladies of two of the most fashionable schools in the neighbourhood were mounted on donkeys, with uncouth side-saddles, and dimity saddle cloths. Then there were barouches, freighted with sporting beauties; pony carriages, laden with old and young ladies; wheel chairs, with gouty patients, drawn by two-legged animals, "raythe" groggy about the pins. The canine race that attended upon this occasion would have furnished an excellent frontispiece for Youatt's admirable work upon

the dog; they consisted of long-legged sheep dogs, bandy-legged turnspits, cropped-eared bull-dogs, bush-tailed mongrels, attenuated poodles, lanky greyhounds, dropsical lapdogs, obese spaniels, long-eared curs, diminutive terriers, flatsided foxhounds, wire-haired beagles, crooked-limbed mastiffs, and spotted coach dogs.

The fixture being so near the town, was not in great favour with the first-class sportsmen; many of whom preferred going two-and-twenty miles to meet the Pytchley, than four miles to join the water-drinkers.

At half-past ten, punctually, Mr. Thornhill made his appearance with his excellent pack of hounds; and after a kind greeting to all his friends, and a look of despair at the "irregular troop of cavalry" that were assembled, he gave the words: "Eu in, eu in there! good dogs!" and suiting the action to the word by waving his cap, the willing pack obeyed the well-known tones with alacrity. And now the patience of the huntsman was put to the test; for while he was employed attending to the near hounds, and by the closest observation ascertaining whether a whimper that was heard proceeded from an old stager or one of the last entry, a regular Leamington "swell" trotted up, and asked a variety of flippant questions, giving his opinion as to how a covert ought to be drawn.

"Hold your eternal babbling," shouted the huntsman, looking knowingly at the "gent," but pretending at the same time to rate a hound.

"Which way is the fox likely to go?" exclaimed a young sporting belle, who prided herself upon being a modern Diana Vernon.

"We must first find him, Miss," responded the master; "which I fear we shall not do if the hounds are so ridden over."

During this period, my state may be better imagined than described. Every time that I attempted to break cover I was headed back by the yelling and screeching of the cockney sportsmen. "Rhapsody has it," shouted the huntsman; and true it was I was found.

Now, as they approached me, how the chorus filled! For some time I ran the cover's limits, not daring to venture forth. At length a holloa is heard—"Tally-ho, away!" echoes through the wood. "Hold hard, gentlemen!" cries the master of the hounds, as he settles himself and his horse down to business. Tom Day is looking out that no lingerers are left behind, when all of a sudden a runaway "fly" dashes amongst the leading hounds, and nearly exterminates them. The fragile vehicle is overturned, and an elderly lady, with two pug dogs and a companion or "toady," are capsized into the ditch. The yelping of the pugs, the screeching of their mistress, the execration deep (not loud) of the huntsman, the halloing of the whipper-in, the struggles of the "fly" horse, the lamentations of the driver, all combined to make the scene one of the greatest confusion; and it was well for the wretched woman, who was now floundering in the ditch, that Tom Day whipped off his hounds, or mistaking the highly-scented Patcholy handkerchief for a fox, they might have run into her. In the mean time I got so far a-head that all chance of being captured was at an end; and instinctively making for a large cover, I found, as I entered it, "excellent accommodation for travellers."

To return to the hounds, who were now halloed back to the spot to which they had brought the vermin taint, and encouraged to try round in their own way to recover it, but all in vain. The master of the hounds, disgusted with the damage that had been done to his pack—for two

couple of his best hounds were put *hors de combat*—trotted off to a gorse cover at some little distance, in the hopes of getting rid of some of the cockney crew, where a fox was speedily found, and being headed back, was as speedily chopped in the cover. Thus terminated my first day's hunting, and one which will not very easily be obliterated from my memory.

After a respite of about a fortnight, during which period I had taken up my abode in a small gorse covert near the village of Ladbroke, I was one morning disturbed by the sound of the hunter's horn, and before I had time to form any plan of escape, my pursuers were at my heels. It was a splendid scenting day, and, feeling that my only chance was to make my escape, I lost no time in figuratively "cutting my stick," and in reality leaving the wood. The dashing pace I kept was so severe, that few of the mighty "Nimrods" had the satisfaction of riding in the same field with the hounds; and the majority were so far in the rear rank, that for an hour they were obliged to content themselves with the common inquiry—"Pray, sir, can you inform me which way the hounds are gone?" Finding that the blood-thirsty pack were gaining upon me, I had recourse to an "artful dodge," and instead of crossing a road, where some cattle were grazing, ran along the side of it. I now made for a plantation at a short distance, and should have gained it without the least difficulty had not a Macadamizing clodhopper—who was "breaking up" —stones—"no holiday," as the facetious Hood was wont to say—told the huntsman he "zeed the varmint go right along by the zide of the ditch." The hounds were again upon the scent; but, having had a few minutes' breathing time, I again "made running," and after an hour went to earth near the place of my parents' birth, Rugby. The distance I went

was nearly fifteen miles from the spot from which I started; and, as my course was anything but direct, I have no doubt but that I traversed more than twenty miles. This run was not only long remembered by myself, but by the chosen few—Messieurs Thornhill, Hon. Augustus Berkeley, Mackenzie Grieves, Henry Williams, Tom Day, and the writer of my adventures—who had the nerve and speed to witness the whole of it. Having, like the princely Dane's friend Horatio, "a truant disposition," I soon left the neighbourhood of Rugby, and took up my quarters near Idlicot; and here, as ill luck would have it, my pursuers followed me. The hounds had scarcely been in the covert two minutes, when the sportsmen were cheered with (to them) the glad sound "Tally-ho! hark forward! yonder he goes!" and in a twinkling the whole pack were at my brush, and so hard did they press me that I found it very much to my interest to double, all of a sudden, and make my way back as fast as possible to covert, which I reached in safety. This, however, I found to be a vain subterfuge, as my keen pursuers very soon gave me to understand that I had as little chance there as in the open, and which I was again induced to try, with no more success, for at the very same place I was obliged again to turn and go back to my den, hoping to find a resting place; but this, alas! was refused, so I at length resolved upon a third attempt, and having fortunately got a good start, I made so much head that I was seen no more for an hour and a quarter, when the "lynx-eyed" master of the hounds viewed me going best pace over the fine grass country at the back of that celebrated spot, Edge Hill. I now gave myself up for lost, but, nothing daunted, kept the steam up until I espied a flock of sheep; in a few seconds I was in the midst of them, instinctively feeling that not only was I sheltered from sight, but that my scented track would be destroyed by their numerous foot

treadings. This *coup de maître* had the desired effect, for, turning short to the right, I got quietly away, while the hounds ran beyond the scent; the huntsman then made a cast in the direction they were inclining to before the check, but found himself at fault, and as it was getting late, I was wisely left "to fight another day."

I now approach my last run, which took place the following week, when the hounds met at a small covert about three miles from Banbury, and in a brake of not more than an acre, myself and another member of the fox family were immediately found. Although I say it, "as should not," we both went off in gallant style; the hounds unfortunately settled upon me, and I rewarded them for this flattering mark of their favour by leading them the most awful pace for about four miles. So severe was it that scarcely a red coat was up with them, a brook having cooled their ardour. As the day was sultry and oppressive, I thought it was the wisest plan to act upon the old principle of "discretion being the wisest part of valour," and finding a drain open to receive me, I took shelter in it. As the hounds were not in want of blood, they were taken back to the covert where I was found; and my companion, who fancied himself safe for the day, was not a little amazed at being found, run in to, and killed after a burst of fifteen minutes. In the mean time, I had been dug out, and finding that I was fresh, I was about to be put down in view, when the master of the hounds, being anxious to procure a "bagman" for some military friends of his, desired the second whipper-in to take me home. This was accordingly done, and instead of having my snout, or mask, nailed to the kennel-door, and my brush handed over as a trophy to some hard-riding man, I was allowed peaceably and quietly to take up my quarters in what that Leviathan of auctioneers, the late George Robins, would call "an unique country box." Here

I remained for nearly a week, at the expiration of which I was forwarded, per coach (for, in the days I write of, the gigantic power of steam had not driven the horses from the road), to my new quarters, the Cavalry Barracks, at Hounslow. I now found that I had become the property of some young officers of one of the crack regiments in Her Majesty's service, who had got together a pack of "drag" hounds, and who hunted "bagmen," red herrings, and aniseed twice a week. For a short period I was petted and pampered, previous to my being turned out before as arrant a pack of curs as ever gave tongue. They consisted of some so tight in their tongues that they were mute as mackerels; of others out and out babblers; three couples sadly addicted to tailing, and one ditto to skirting. One hound was flat-sided, another crooked in his fore-legs, or, as the song says "his legs were what the regiment call bandy, oh," and a third possessed all the bad qualities of a foxhound—head short and thick, contracted forehead, small nostrils, coarse shoulders, little muscle, legs long from the knee to the ground before and from the hock to the ground behind, flabby gaskins, narrow hock, loose clawed. Half the pack were little more than twenty-one inches high, while the other ran to twenty-five and twenty-six, and reminded one of the different sizes of the brave army of that immortal general, Bombastes Furioso. With regard to their olfactory powers, had the question been put in the House of Commons, the *nose* (noes) would have certainly been in a sad minority; for it seemed perfectly indifferent to them whether they hunted badgers, marten-cats, red herrings, aniseed, hares, deer, or foxes. As the old saying goes, "all was fish that came to their net." With respect to their vocal powers, it has often been said, with as much quaintness as truth, that a good foxhound never tells a lie—that is, he never gives tongue falsely; but in the present case, the saying was entirely

reversed, for a greater lot of *Munchausens* never were heard. In short, as Somerville writes, the pack was made up

"Of coward curs—a frantic, vagrant race."

To resume my narrative. I had not been many days in the barracks, when one morning, at about ten o'clock, I was put into a bag, and was carried off in a fast-trotting tilbury, to a distance of some half-dozen miles, there to be turned out before the pack of curs that I have before alluded to. The field was numerous, and to my great horror, I soon ascertained that an addition had been made to the pack, and that two celebrated hounds, Sauce-box and Gay-lass, had lately been entered. I was now taken from the tilbury, in a state nearly more dead than alive; and although my spirit was broken by despair, my limbs stiffened by confinement, and my whole frame weakened from the absence of natural food and usual exercise, I managed eventually to escape my pursuers by one of those wily manœuvres which have often, under similar circumstances, saved the lives of so many of my "wide-awake" brethren. It was upon a fine bracing morning in March, when the ground was hard and the air dry, and the wind blew keenly from the north, that I was unbagged in a tolerably-sized wood; after a few minutes' law, the hounds are laid on, and now how steadily they draw! for some time I run the cover's utmost limits, yet dare not break. Sauce-box and Gay-lass are on the scent: hark! a halloo is heard—"Tally-ho!" "Gone away!" re-echo through the wood—and now, "shrill horns proclaim the flight." But my gallant followers are doomed to experience the truth of the old adage, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Disgusted with their *unsportsman-like* conduct in having "given me the sack," I was determined, by an artful dodge, to return the compliment; and although I had broken

cover, I had no intention of going away; stealing then along the ditch that bounded the wood, and over which the hounds had dashed headlong, I quietly re-entered it, recrossed, making my escape on the opposite side; the ground being rank with former stains, not even the experienced nose of Sauce-box was able to hit off the right scent until I had reached and safely ensconced myself in my mother earth.

"*Le vieux renard ne débusque pas*" was, according to Gamitz, in his "Geschichte des Feldzugs, von 1815," the expression Napoleon applied to Blucher, after the gallant veteran had taken up his position on the 16th of June, 1815, at Ligny; and it may equally be said of me on this occasion, for I was determined not to "muv on;" so, after an hour's futile attempt to find me, I was left quietly as I thought, for the rest of the day; but a "bagman" was of so much importance to the military Nimrods, that every search was made for me. At length the fine nose of Gaylass discovered my retreat, and finding that I had run to ground, orders were immediately given for digging me out. As the clod approached with his spade, the huntsman put a hound in to draw me, but I repaid this intrusion by giving the animal a severe bite. A piece of whipcord was then fixed to the end of a stick, which I unfortunately seized, and was immediately drawn out. Preparations were now being made to turn me out again, when, to my great delight, the royal hounds were heard in the neighbourhood; in a second I was delivered to the care of a groom to take me home to the barracks, and the field lost no time in joining the staghounds. This respite was most delightful, and for a week I lived like a fighting-cock.

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Here the manuscript terminates rather abruptly, but from a record of the time, we are enabled to furnish our readers with an account of the last days of our hero. It seems that

very shortly after the run which has been described took place, the regiment was ordered to change its quarters, and, as the hounds had been complained of by the farmers in the neighbourhood, they were sent up to London to be sold. The sale reminds us of an anecdote told by Mr. Beckford, although in the case we are about to record the appraiser would have had a bad bargain had he been fixed to the amount of his own valuation. It seems that "once upon a time," as the juvenile story-books say—and we have great respect for the legendary lore of the nursery—that at the sale of a mansion and furniture a famous pack of hounds were to be appraised with them; when the former had been valued, the broker was reminded of the hounds. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "what shall I appraise them at—a shilling a piece?" "Oh, it is too little," was the general reply. "Is it so? Why, it is more than I would give for them, I assure you."

And certainly, when the pack was paraded at a fashionable horse repository—for Aldridge's yard was full—the public seemed to think that a shilling a head was too much for them. Gay-lass and Sauce-box, we ought here to remark, had been disposed of by private contract.

"What will any gentleman say for the fourteen couple?" asked the auctioneer, as he read "'Lot 54, fourteen couple of foxhounds, the property of the officers of H. M. Regiment of ———.' Will any gentleman say one hundred guineas, to begin with?—some of the finest blood in the word. Say fifty, gentlemen?"

There was a dead silence, except when one of the refractory curs tried to snap at the feeder's legs, and was rewarded by a kick in his ribs, which set him howling.

"Really, gentlemen, there is no spirit abroad. Remember Mr. Osbaldeston sold ten couple of his hounds for one thousand guineas. Pay attention to that black-and-tan

bitch, Nosegay, and to that dun hound spotted with white, Rummager. Will no gentleman make a bid? Well, I cannot be all day over them; bring out the next lot."

And the celebrated pack were dragged back to the kennel, where they were afterwards disposed of at what the Regent-street tradesmen term "an enormous sacrifice." The hounds having been got rid of, it was determined that the "bagman" should have his liberty granted, and he was accordingly turned out in Sir John Cope's country in Berkshire. For some years our hero's good star was in the ascendancy, and he remained in a state of happy inactivity, for although the hounds of the worthy baronet occasionally drew the cover, he was never "found at home." At length a meet was advertised in the neighbourhood of Windsor, which His Royal Highness Prince Albert was expected to honour with his presence; circumstances, however, occurred to prevent the attendance of that illustrious prince, but a strong field had mustered. The hounds had not been thrown into the covert more than three minutes, when our hero was found, and gradually broke. A few moments elapsed before they settled to the scent, and then away they went at a killing pace towards the royal preserves at Windsor. The country was heavy beyond comparison, in consequence of the unusual quantity of rain which had fallen for several previous days, and before a mile had been got over, many of the horses were dead beat. The course of our hero was nearly in a straight line, and after a burst of five-and-twenty minutes he was run into. Sir John, anxious to testify his gratitude to Her Majesty for the act of condescension conferred upon him in permitting his hounds to enter the Windsor preserves, forwarded the brush to the Queen, who rewarded the huntsman with a donation of ten guineas.

This is a brief account of the birth, parentage, exploits,

and death of a most wily though gallant animal—whose predatory propensities knew no bounds—of one who had made himself the common enemy of all *game* and *poultry* kind. He, however, received most retributive justice, as his life was only spared in his youth that he might live to be hunted to death. We now take leave of our hero, who possessed one redeeming quality—a gallant spirit; and if no monumental urn records his noble deeds in the field, his memory will live in the heart of every sportsman; his head, like those of the traitors in the olden time on Temple-bar, now graces the kennel-door at Bramshill Park, while his brush is honoured by being safely deposited amongst other trophies in the regal castle of Windsor.

LIFE OF A PHEASANT.

FROM AN ORIGINAL MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Argivâ primum sum transportata carinâ;
Antè mihi notum nil nisi phasis, erat."—MARTIAL.

My ancient Lineage; and how my Ancestors were "fleeced" by the Greeks—The Family Tree extends to Europe, Asia, and Africa—My immediate Parents—Anecdotes of Fontainbleau and Schönbrun—My birth—Quit La belle France for England—Country Quarters in Sussex—"Home, sweet Home"—The Woods and Forests—A Day's Sport in bygone times—Hairbreadth Escapes.

Punch—the talented, the witty, the inimitable *Punch*—in his suggestion for a new coat of arms for a late senator, gives the following graphic account of the love of the world for an ancient lineage:—

"The *savans* of the Heralds' College can always find appropriate arms for any one who is desirous of having, and willing to pay for, heraldic honours. The veriest plebeian may have an escutcheon quite as ancient as the most venerable family in the land; and we believe the date may be put back as far as you please at the moderate charge of sixpence per century. Upon this very reasonable scale of fees one may be carried back to Noah for little more than the fare between London and Liverpool; and to accommodate the public generally, a quarter of a century may be had at the wholesale price, by those who cannot afford to pay too dearly for the remoteness of their ancestry."

Without availing myself, then, of the system so facetiously, yet truly, put forth in the above extract, I am pre-

pared to prove, before Garter King of Arms, the legitimacy of my ancient descent, from a period of some seventy-nine years antecedent to the taking of Troy; and were I to consider the various ramifications of the family tree, or pedigree, I could point out how my ancestors had paired and matched (alas! how unlike the modern marriages!) with divers houses of honour. With what contempt, then, could I look down upon the descendants of Hengist, Egbert, Alfred the Great, Canute, William of Normandy, King John, the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts. But, in the words of "rare Ben Jonson,"

> "I do not stand so much on my gentility,
> Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing
> From dead men's dust and bones,"

but pride myself on the name I have myself made and held. To return to my parentage, a brief account of which will suffice, and I will then proceed to frame my adventures from such authenticated materials and traditional memorials as appear to me to deserve the most regard. Were I, however, disposed to plume myself, or blazon forth the antiquity of my ancestors, I could point out how, before the expedition of that bold body of adventurers in search of the golden fleece, they were confined to the banks of the Phasis, in Colchis. I could describe how my first parents were abducted from the borders of that celebrated river to the classical land of Greece; and, from that period, how they have spread nearly over the whole globe. From Colchis, Mingrelia, and other countries bordering on the Caspian, they have proceeded westward, through Greece, from the shores of the Baltic to the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of Madagascar. Eastward, they have extended through Media to the most remote part of China, Japan, and Tartary. In Africa they are

known on the Slave Coast, the country of Issini, kingdom of Congo, and Angola. In Europe, too, has the race colonized Spain, Italy, the islands in the Gulf of Naples, Germany, Silesia, Bohemia, France, and England. I could draw a vivid sketch of how one of my forefathers was patronized by Atalanta, daughter of Schœneus, who in male attire accompanied the Jason expedition; how another formed one of those gastronomic victims, who were sacrificed to the whim of the depraved and gormandizing Heliogabulus, as a *bonne bouche* for his pet and pampered lions.

It is said of Homer that no less than seven illustrious cities of Greece contended for the honour of having given birth to this celebrated poet:

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ."

And I have no doubt but that nearly an equal claim from the "woods and forests" would be put in for the place of my nativity; for my parents being of foreign extraction, although naturalized in England, France, Germany, and Great Britain, might call me their countryman. Without entering, therefore, into a tedious genealogical research, I will briefly state that my father had the honour of holding a lease in the Fontainbleau forest, under the Napoleon of Peace, Louis Philippe, and that my mother's family were brought up in the neighbourhood of Schönbrun, under the auspices of the son of the Napoleon of War, the late king of Rome. My father was wont to talk of the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of himself and his progenitors in the royal forests, both under the Bourbons and the House of Orleans. My most respected parent on the female side was wont to talk over a celebrated *chasse* (for such is the term applied to the pursuit of all game in

Germany) which had taken place in the neighbourhood of Schönbrun, during the Congress of Vienna. Within a large arena, prepared for the purpose, the crowned heads, and those who were to take part in the *battue*, were placed. Among the distinguished *sportsmen* may be mentioned the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the hereditary Princes of Prussia and Austria, the Viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, and his brother the Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, and other great nobles from almost every European nation, Russia, Prussia, Austria, England, France, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece. Each *gunner* was attended by four *chasseurs*, splendidly attired in gold and Lincoln green, to assist in loading, with a certain number of *gardes de chasse*, armed with swords, rifles, and spears, to protect them from any danger. The plan of operation for this unsportsmanlike massacre was as follows. At a very early hour, a number of beaters, mounted and on foot, and attended with dogs of every species, had formed an immense circle round the spot selected for the *chasse;* the game, including wild boars, deer, hares, and foxes, were thus driven by degrees into a narrower space, where a double line of keepers and beaters were formed, so that no one animal could escape. The heroes of the trigger took up their respective stations, and then commenced a scene of almost unparalleled slaughter, such as few pens (certainly not a pheasant's quill) can describe. So anxious were the *guardians of the chase* to procure a large return of killed, that sticks, spears, cudgels, the butt-ends of rifles and fowling-pieces were brought into action; and the poor maimed and scared animals easily fell a prey to their relentless pursuers, who revelled in this scene of butchery. At the period we refer to, *battues* were only known in France and Germany. Happily they had not been introduced into

England: we speak feelingly upon the subject. Now, the intercourse with the Continent, and the gigantic march of intellect, have reconciled us to this tame system. Truly may it be said that the once-hardy sons of Great Britain are most grievously degenerated, and that, instead of following the manly and soul-stirring sports of their daring ancestors, they now content themselves with the spiritless pursuits of their foreign neighbours. A day with the barn-door fowls in a poultry-yard, or a morning with the pigeons in a dove-cot, would have horrified our brave progenitors; and yet such amusements would be but little inferior to the pleasure of a modern *battue*.

I have digressed. To return to my mother, who was fortunate enough to escape falling a victim to the royal dames and cavaliers who attended the Congress at Vienna; for be it known to my readers that the Empress of Austria was so good a shot, that she would occasionally kill a hare with a rifle-ball at a long distance. My respected parent, however, had two very narrow escapes, not from a royal *ordnance*, but from the unerring aim of a young Englishman then attached to the staff of the Duke of Wellington. At the conclusion of the before-described *battue*, one of the crowned heads was describing his prowess, when that curiosity which has proved so fatal to the sex induced my mother to leave her snug hiding-place, to take a peep at the sovereigns. In a moment, the Monarch raised his exquisitely mounted double-barrelled gun, and fired both barrels at my inquisitive parent. Fortunately, the royal aim was defective; when the young Englishman raised his Manton, for the purpose of "wiping the autocrat's nose," as he unceremoniously called it, and was about to pull the trigger, when he discovered the sex of my mother, and paid a homage of gallantry to it, without which the subject of this autobiography would have never seen light. The

other occasion upon which my parent might have been sacrificed took place near Fontainbleau, where, thanks to the liberality of the Emperor of Austria, she, in company with many of her friends and relatives, had been sent as a peace-offering to the newly restored monarch, Louis XVIII. Within a week of her residence in this magnificent forest of *La belle France*, the Dukes De Berri and D'Angoulême, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington and two of his *attachés*, assembled at the Palace to have a day's shooting. An English gamekeeper, with a splendid retriever, attended one of the latter, and according to his account, my mother ran the greatest risk throughout the whole day; but I must record the anecdote in his own language, as repeated by him to a fellow-countryman over a flask of very ordinary wine, after the *chasse* at the *cabaret* of the *Cheval Noir*.

"That ere D'Angulame is an out-and-out shot," said the worthy John Bull; "quite wonderful for a parlywoo Frenchman. He killed fifteen brace of pheasants, and would have doubled that quantity if he had attended to his keeper's orders, and *pulled* whenever he told him."

"*Pulled!*" said the other, who had picked up a smattering of French, "you're mistaken. When he cried '*poule*,' he did not mean *pull*. *Poule* stands for hen, and was meant as a caution."

"Who's to understand their outlandish terms?" persevered the keeper. "Why, just as it was getting dusk, young Lord William nearly knocked one of their hens over. He don't understand their foreign gibberish."

And true it is that the youthful nobleman, who had been brought up at a public school where the polite languages were not attended to, had nearly victimised my parent, owing to his ignorance of the language, and the darkness of the evening.

Whether my father had imbibed, during his residence in France, the proverbial gallantry of the descendants of Pharamond, I know not. Suffice it to say that, like the Roman victor, he came, he saw (my mother), and conquered. In due course of time, my respected parent found herself, as the Yankees say, "in a state of domestic solicitude;" or, as the *Homely* Scottish tragic author describes it, "in the way that ladies wish to be who love their lords." Towards the end of the month of June, I was born; and it is no flight of fancy to say, that like a second Icarus, I, at an early age, soared so high, that I at once fell a victim to my ambition. The fact was that, for a length of time, an English poacher had set his eye, like that hell-kite, Macbeth, upon "our dam and all our pretty ones."

During the twilight of a summer evening, the family circle were considerably disturbed by the footsteps of our common enemy, man. My mother, with the most remarkable instinct, made a speedy retreat into the neighbouring brushwood, followed by her hopeful progeny, with the exception of myself, who, wishing to emulate the example of my respected father, flew, or rather attempted to fly, into the umbrageous branches of some overspreading larch. He, Dædalus-like, by a proper management of his wings, alighted safely out of reach of the poacher; while I, whose pinions fragile as those of the Athenian waxwork, fell into the net that was laid for the whole of my relatives. Here I found one of my sisters, who had in vain tried to follow her mother's movements. In less than twelve hours, I, in company with others who had been taken prisoners, was packed off in a huge waggon, *en route* to Calais. Here we were transferred to a vessel about to sail for London, and, after a most prosperous voyage, were landed safely at the Tower-stairs. Without giving us an

opportunity of seeing the sights of London, we were forthwith booked by the day-coach to Chichester, to the neighbourhood of which we had been consigned.

Of course it is unnecessary for me to state that the truly popular owner of the property where we were now located was perfectly unaware of the manner in which we had been taken from our native land; for, as a high-spirited nobleman in every sense of the word, he held a poacher in abomination. An advertisement had appeared in the newspapers, offering several brace of French pheasants for sale, and little was it expected that a gang of English miscreants had crossed the channel for the purpose of purloining every egg and head of game that could be got at in the forests of France. But to proceed: It was late in the evening before we reached our destination, which was one of the most romantic and picturesque spots that nature and art ever contributed to form. The pheasantry, which was situated about half a mile from the ancestral house, afforded the strongest proof how a barren place may, with good taste, be converted into one of perfect beauty. It had originally been a large chalk-pit, forming an amphitheatre with steep banks, except towards the south, where, from its being dug out on the declivity of a hill, it was open, and commanded an extensive prospect of the Channel, comprising a view of the Isle of Wight, with the adjacent and intervening sea, inlets, bays, harbours, and projecting heads of land, which diversify the shores of the coast of West Sussex. Our new abode was surrounded by a high flint wall, excepting towards the south, where a ha-ha gave the view I have described. The sides were planted with every species of evergreen. There were also trees of the finest growth, consisting of larch, fir, cedars, beech, oak, plane, chesnut, and tulip. The spot, as its name denotes, was applied to the

breeding and preservation of rare birds; and among them might be found some splendid specimens of our race from the north of China. There might be seen the gorgeous golden plumage, the more simple, yet elegant, silver colouring, and the exquisite ring-necked markings of these Asiatic beauties.

In the aviary were various foreigners from the Canaries, Cape of Good Hope, East and West Indies. Nothing, then, could exceed the delight and happiness of our state; we were comfortably housed, and were sumptuously fed; but joys, alas, are fleeting to the feathered as well as human tribe. Autumn arrived, and sated with home, and possessing a roving disposition, we, in an unlucky hour, quitted our peaceful domain to wander in the neighbouring woods and forests, luxuriating upon beans, barley, oats, and buckwheat; at first we were enchanted with our wild life, but before we had enjoyed our liberty a week, we were reminded that dangers beset us to which we had hitherto been strangers.

It was about nine o'clock on a fine bracing morning in the early part of October, that the welkin rang a merry peal by the tuneful voices of a Maresfield team of spaniels. This was most exhilarating to a party of three, consisting of the late noble owner, one of his young sons, and Sir John . . . , a downright good fellow and thorough-bred sportsman; who had assembled at a much earlier hour than is usual at the present time, for the purpose of having a day's sport—sport in the true sense of the word, as unlike the tameness of the modern battue as the costume of a *gent* of 1857 is to that of a gentleman of the last century. The stubbles of the wheat, barley, and bean-fields had been well scoured, and an occasional shot had told us that the enemy were at hand.

"Form line with the beaters," exclaimed the head

keeper, as the gunners with their advanced guard of well-disciplined spaniels entered the wood in which we had taken refuge. A breathless state of anxiety followed upon our parts, which was broken by a whirring sound, and the joyous exclamation of "Mark a cock!" In less time than we can take to write it, a report of a fowling-piece echoed through the covert, and the cry "Ware bird!" was heard from the keeper; the spaniels obeyed the mandate, when a look of the eye and the motion of the hand of the unerring marksman, accompanied with a "hie away," caused the perfect-trained retriever Tippoo to spring like lightning through the tanglings of the briars, and return almost instantaneously with the pheasant to his master's feet. "Hare coming to you, Sir John," shouted one of the beaters—"Rabbit to the right." Two shots are fired—both have taken effect. The worthy baronet seemed flushed with his success, and, being a bit of a wag, quoted *sotto voce*, to his companion, a youth of fourteen years of age, son of the noble owner of the domain, the lines of the poet somewhat altered—"Youngster, with regard to hares and rabbits, remember—

"Though lost to sight, advance your gun
Quickly to where you *think* they run;
Regard not grass, nor bush, nor briar,
Through each and all a snap-shot fire.
Bang! bang! All's well! You saw them not—
And yet I've killed two on the spot."

"Go on!" continued Sir John, who had now loaded both his barrels, and had taken the then necessary precaution of wiping the edge of the flints, to remove their foulness, and ascertain that they were not broken.

The owner of the land here exclaimed—"You may kill one hen!" I thought my sister would have fallen from her perch. The beaters then advanced, thrashing the

brushwood; they approached the spot where we had taken refuge; we were hesitating whether to remain or not; we deliberated, and in this instance the old axiom, as applied to the female sex, of her who deliberates is lost, was not realized. It was a moment of awful suspense. At length our fears were removed by the joyful intelligence that a woodcock had been flushed, and had fallen by a shot from the well-directed Manton of the noble proprietor; another is flushed, who, rising in a perpendicular position, from the difficulty of crossing horizontally the thick foliage, bothers the young sportsman, who fires and misses. "Mark! mark!" escapes from two voices, and the worthy baronet and his host proceed to the spot where the markers had pointed. This was a thickly wooded cover, some hundred yards to the right of the wood in which, like the regal Charles, we lay hid. The two sportsmen then took up their positions to windward of where the migratory birds had been marked, and giving a whistle as a signal, the beaters drew on, and flushed one immediately. Sir John's fatal tubes were pointed; two cocks were on the wing. Bang! bang! went both barrels; and in a few seconds the keeper was congratulating the unerring marksman, and securing for himself his perquisite of the artist's feathers.

"Nothing like settling your *long bills* before Christmas," said the jocose baronet, chuckling and elated with his good luck; "and look ye, youngster, I'll put you up to a wrinkle; always give a somewhat larger charge of shot to your second barrel; it will assist you, as it just has me, at a long range."

"I seed a lot of them birds, last evening, leaving the cover for the marshy lands, Sir John," said a regular son of the soil; "it were a *shockish** sort of a night, and just

* "Shockish," Stormy.—*County of Sussex Vocabulary.*

before dawn this morning they got back again into the woods. Mark! Sir John."

"Why, these rovers are as capricious as the female sex, said the baronet, as he again bagged another bird. "Who would have thought to have had such sport in this cover? I have shot here for ten years, and never killed a couple before Christmas."

To resume my own personal narrative. So good was the woodcock shooting in the adjoining cover, that we were left undisturbed in our quarters to furnish amusement for another day—the *quality*, not quantity of game being the object in that period when battues were unknown.

After an excellent morning's sport with the woodcocks, during which six couple and a half were bagged, the party wound up their day's shooting by a turn with the *fluck*, as Sir John called it.

I now proceded to explore, and ascertained that not very far distant from the cover in which, like Eliza, the heroine of Minden, my sister had, and still remained, "spectatress of the fight," was a large patch of gorse and furze full of rabbits. Here the spaniels were put in, and in a few seconds the tuneful cry bespoke them on the scent. Shot follows shot, and squeak echoes squeak. Both the gunners have, as the pea and thimble gentry term it, "quick h'yes and good h'observations." This enlivening scene was carried on until nearly dusk, when the hedgerows were tried on the way home, and furnished a good wind up to the day's shooting. The return of killed was as follows:—

Pheasants.	Woodcocks.	Hares.	Rabbits.
32	13	20	26

Total, 91 head.

For the next ten days I enjoyed the most perfect quiet,

and my nerves were beginning to recover their former state, when about nine o'clock in the night of the 18th October, I was reminded that the land sharks were abroad. At that hour two men armed with cudgels approached stealthily from the coppice near which I was enjoying my "first sleep." "It's all right, Jem," said a gruff voice. "The keepers (od rot 'em) are on a wrong scent. I told young Sparkes to fire his rusty old gun off in Charlton Wood, so as to draw them away from this plantation." "Clever very," responded the other, "but we mustn't lose any time, or the old keeper will be down upon us. He has vowed vengeance against me for the crack of the head I gave him last Monday fortnight. If his skull had not been as hard as iron, he would never again have drawn trigger. Fortunately, it was too dark for them to identify me, although he has a strong suspicion from whose hand the blow was directed."

No sooner was this colloquy over, than the quick eye of the experienced poacher caught a sight of me. With him a word and a blow were synonymous. In this instance the latter preceded the former; for his gun was levelled, and in a second I was in the pocket of his greasy fustian jacket. "Did you hear that whistle?" asked the first speaker. "Hush!" responded the other; "let us separate; in an hour meet me at the cross-road." In less time than the affair can be described, the two poachers had scampered off; and, after a severe chase, succeeded in escaping the activity of their pursuers. "It's all up for to-night," said the man who had fired the fatal shot. "Better luck another time," rejoined the other, "let us meet to-morrow at Stoke. We'll give these covers a rest for a few days. Oh, never mind the pheasant—take it home, and give it to your missus—poor thing! she looked rather ill this morning. Perhaps the baby will like a little

broth made from it." "Thank ye, Isaac, thank ye," replied Jem; "it will be a grand treat both to mother and son, and I'll square the account next time we go out; but I don't half like the vigilance of those keepers; I've a sort of a fancy they'll prove too much for us." And the presentiment of the man of crime was right. In less than a week both were captured, and in due course were tried, convicted, and transported.

To return to what befel the unfortunate subject of this autobiography.

In a small hovel, on the large open skirts of the Broil, an extensive common close to Chichester, lived James Hayman, and the wretched partner of his joys and sorrows. Martha Hayman had seen better days, having been in domestic service in the farm of a wealthy yeoman. Here she became acquainted with her future husband, a man as famed for symmetry and good looks, as he was known for a reckless, worthless character. The result may easily be anticipated. She fell a victim to his artifices, married her paramour to save being placed in a witness-box against him, and, slighted and ill-treated, had recourse to dram-drinking. The birth of a child had in a great degree humanised the ruffian; but reformation came too late. The seeds of consumption were sown, and a rapid growth followed. On the night of my death I furnished a meal for the half-famished child, and its depraved mother. Here, then, was the climax of misery. Descended from an ancient and noble ancestry, born and bred amidst the courtly throngs of Vienna and Versailles, fostered by rank, and sought after by the aristocracy of England, was it not heartbreaking to be shot by a poacher, and, finally, to satisfy the hunger of a tramp, and his unfortunate gin-drinking wife in a filthy hovel, the abode of squalor, misery, and vice, in the disgusting purlieus of a large city?

SPORTING OLLA PODRIDA.

"ORIGIN OF ARCHERY."

FROM the authority of history it seems very clear that the Romans first introduced the bow into this country, and that they continued to make use of it until their final departure. Boethius, and other historians of North Britain, intimate that this weapon was as early known in their country as it was in the south. When the bold Britons found themselves deserted by the Romans, they sought alliance with the Saxons against their enemies the Scots, who hastening to their relief, entered England with an army about the year 449. These people are said to have used both the long and cross bow; which shows that archery was cherished in this country by the new invaders. During the Saxon heptarchy, Offrid, the son of Edwin, King of Northumbria, was killed by an arrow in a battle between the troops of that monarch and the united army of Mercians and Welsh, fought about the year 633, near Hatfield in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The Danes come next under our review, and, according to ancient history, were very learned in the use of archery. About the year 870 they became very formidable, and committed great depredations on the inhabitants of East Anglia.

During the reign of Alfred it seems probable that archery was much in use both in the army of the Danes and in that of our good king This appears in the following passage from Asserius:—"Alfred took refuge from the persecution of the Danes at a poor cottage, where he resided unknown to his benefactors, who little imagined their roof protected a royal guest. It happened one day, as the king sat by the fire, preparing *his bow, arrows, and his other warlike instruments*, that the farmer's wife placed some bread-cakes upon the hearth to bake." From this time until the Norman invasion little is known respecting archery; but it was introduced successfully by William at the battle of Hastings, and every historian records the advantage which the invaders derived from the bows and arrows. In the reign of Henry II. it seems first to have been carried into Ireland. In Lyttleton's history of Henry, that author remarks, "From many instances (in the course of the wars of that prince with the Irish) it appears that the English conquests in Ireland were principally owing to the use of the long-bow in battle, which the Irish infantry wanted." The Welsh at this time were amazingly expert in the use of it; in the reign of Edward III. the long bow is said by chroniclers of that time to have been much in vogue. The battle of Cressy, as well as that of Poictiers, where the archers poured forth their quivers so successfully, intimates the science to have been highly cultivated by the English in those days. Edward, during the peace, found it necessary to enforce the practice of archery among the soldiers, who had rather neglected that art to attend to other amusements. According to Hollingshead we find that during the reign of Richard II. a number of archers were sent, at the request of the Genoese, to assist them against the Saracens on the coast of Barbary, and that they performed some meritorious exploits. Richard him-

self had a very numerous archery guard; for, according to Stowe, in 1397, as the members were one day leaving the Parliament-house, "a great stir was made, as was usual, whereupon the king's archers, in number four thousand, compassed the Parliament-house, thinking there had been some broil or fighting, with their bows bent, their arrows notched, and drawing ready to shoot, to the terror of all that were there; but the king coming, pacified them."

A memorable circumstance respecting the bow occurred in the reign of Henry IV., which was the victory gained over the Scots near Halidon Hill, in 1402, where, in the words of an old historian, "the Lord Percy's archers did withal deliver their deadly arrows so lively, so courageously, so grievously, that they ranne through the men of armes, bored the helmets, pierced their very swords, beat their lances to the earth, and easily shot those who were more slightly armed, through and through." We have given this remark as we found it; it certainly proves the advantage of *drawing a long-bow*. The next signal victory ascribed to the English archers is the battle of Agincourt, which took place in 1415, under Henry V., in which our countrymen destroyed a great number of the French cavalry by their yard-long arrows. This seems to have been the last important action in which archery is spoken of; and although the use of it was continued through several succeeding reigns, it was more as an amusement than as a weapon of war. Henry VIII. was devoted to archery; and Holinshead informs us that this prince shot as well as any of his guard.

Pennant gives the following article, which may not be uninteresting. Speaking of Shoreditch, he says, "It is a long street, not named from Shore, the husband of the ill-fated Jane Shore, but from its lord, Sir John de Sordich, a person deeply skilled in the laws, and much trusted by

Edward III., and who was sent by him in 1343 to Pope Clement VI., to remonstrate to his holiness against his claims of presenting to English livings and filling them with foreigners who never resided on their cures, and drained the kingdom of its wealth. This it may be easily supposed the pope took very much amiss, insomuch that Sir John thought it best to make a speedy retreat. It appears likewise that this knight was a very valiant man, and served the king with his sword as well as his tongue. Long after, Shoreditch acquired much fame from another great man, Barlo, an inhabitant of this place, and a citizen, who acquired such honour as an archer by his success in a shooting match at Windsor before Henry VIII., that the king named him on the spot, Duke of Shoreditch. For a great series of years after this, the captain of the archers of London retained the title. On the 17th of September, 1583, the Duke (at the expense of the city) had a magnificent trial of skill. He sent a summons to all his officers and chief nobility, with all their train of archery, in and about London, to be ready to accompany him to Smithfield. In obedience appeared the Marquis of *Barlo* and the Marquis of Clerkenwell, with hunters, who wound their horns; the Marquises of Islington, Hogsden, Pankridge, and Shacklewell, who marched, with all their train, fantastically habited: near a thousand had gold chains, and all were gorgeously attired. The sum of archers was three thousand, their guards with bills four thousand; besides pages and henchmen. And the duke sallied out to meet them from Merchant Taylors' Hall, to exhibit such a sight that was never seen before nor ever will again." Edward VI. was extremely fond of archery, as will be proved by an inspection of that prince's manuscript journal, now in the British Museum. Charles I. seems also to have amused himself in this way. He is represented in the frontispiece of Markham's Art of

Archery (1634), in the attitude and dress of a bowman' The amusement was continued during the reigns of the second Charles and the second James. The Artillery. Company, or Finsbury Archers, survived until the end of the last century; and her Majesty's body guard, the Scottish Archers, continue to the present day. For the last forty-five years archery, as an amusement, has gained considerable, favour; and as it is one in which the fair sex can take a part, we sincerely hope it may be universally cultivated and improved. The *bows* and the *belles* ought ever to go together.

To return to the period when bows and arrows were used as offensive weapons, we must give an extract from an ancient statute made in the reign of Henry VIII. :— "It is enacted, every man being the king's subject not lame, decrepyde, or maymed, nor having any other lawful or real cause or impedimente, being within the age of threescore years (except spiritual men, justices of the assyze, and barons of the exchequere), shall from the Feast of Pentecoste next ensuing use and exercise shooting in long-bows." We must here digress to relate an anecdote that took place a few years ago to a celebrated dramatist and wit, who upon being called upon to serve in the militia, or state the cause why he should be excused, filled up the paper with the following reason for his exemption: "Lame, old, and a coward." We doubt whether the authorities in "Bluff Harry's" reign would have taken this as a sufficient excuse, as did those of George IV. To resume: "Also that every man shall have a bow and arrows ready continually in his house, to use himselfe in shooteing; and also that the fathers and governors of such as be of tender age, do train them up in the knowledge of the same shooteing. And that every man shall provide for every man-child in his house, being of the age of seven years and above, until he shall come to the age of

seventeen years, a bow and two shafts, to bring them up in shooteing. And after all such young men shall come to the age of seventeen years, every one of these shall provide and have a bow and four arrows continually for himself at his proper coste and charges, or else of the gifte and provision of his friends; and use and occupy the same in shooteing as before rehearsed." A fine of six shillings and eightpence, the present attorney's fee, was inflicted upon any master or father for the breach of the law.

In olden times the fletchers, bowyers, bow-string makers, and makers of everything relating to archery, inhabited Grub-street—that classical haunt of the Muses in the days of Pope and Swift. The late James Smith, the truly popular and talented author, has thus immortalized it—

> "A spot near Cripplegate extends,
> Grub-street—'tis called the modern Pindus—
> Where (but that bards are never friends)
> Bards might shake hands from adverse windows."

This tract was in the manor of Finsbury, or rather Fensbury, and, in the days of Fitzstephen the historian, was a complete fen; of which, in his description of the pastimes of the London citizens, he gives the following account:— "When that vast lake which waters the walls of the city towards the north is hard frozen, the youth, in great numbers, go to divert themselves upon the ice; some taking a small run for an increment of velocity, place their feet at a proper distance, and are carried sliding sideways a great way. Others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one's hands and draw him along, when it happens that, moving swiftly on so slippery a plain, they all fall headlong. Others there are, who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice; they place certain bones, the leg bones

of animals, under the soles of their feet by tying them round their ancles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird or a ball discharged from a cross-bow." We think our worthy historian indulged a little in the long-bow when he gave the concluding remarks of the above quotation. On the north part of these fields stood the kennel in which the Lord Mayor's hounds were kept. Here resided the Common Hunt, an officer second in rank only to the sword-bearer, whose duty it was to wait for his civic lordship's commands on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

BEAR-BAITING.

Among the olden sports may be mentioned bear-baiting. Happy are we that the march of intellect has, in our days, put an end to bear and bull-baiting, cockfighting, and other cruel misnamed amusements. It may not be, however, uninteresting to refer to this ancient custom, which was a common diversion in the skirts of the metropolis. On the Bankside, in Southwark, formerly stood Paris Garden, one of the old playhouses of our capital. It seems to have been much frequented on Sundays; and a historian in the reign of "Bluff Harry" informs us that in this place were exhibited bear-baitings as well as dramatic entertainments. We ourselves have lived to see the national theatres converted into menageries, and Van Amburgh, the brute tamer, treading the same boards which were once graced by a Kemble and a Siddons; therefore we must be silent upon this subject of innovation. To

resume. Not far from the theatre was the Bear Garden, in which was also a place for bull-baiting. "Herein," says Stowe, "were kept beares, bulls, and other beasts to be bayted, as also mastives in several kenels, nourished to bayt them. These beares and other beasts are kept in plots of ground scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe." Bear-baiting made one of the amusements in the reign of Queen Bess, and was introduced among the "princely pleasures" of Kenilworth, in 1575. The author of that work gives the following humorous account of the combat between Bruin and the dogs. "Well, syr," writes he, "the bearz were brought foorth intoo coourt, the dogs set too them too argu the points, eeven face to face; they had learned councell also a both parts, what may then be coounted parciall that are retained a onesyde I ween. No very feers both to one and t'other eager in argument; if the dog in pleadyng would pluk the bear by the throte, the bear with travers would claw him again by the skalp. Therefore, thus with plucking and tugging, skratting and biting, by plain tooth and nayll one side and t'other, it will take a month I ween ere either will recover. It was a sport very pleazaint to see the bear with hiz pink nose learing after hiz enemiez approach the numblness and wayt of the dog to take hiz advantage, and the fears and experience of the bear agayn to avoid the assauts; if he were bitten in one place, how he woold pynch in an oother to get free; that if he wear taken onze, then what shyft, with byting, with clawying, with tossing and tumbling, he woold work to wynde himself from them; and when he was lose, to shake his earz twyse or thryse was a matter of goodly releef."

The following song, written in 1382 by Sir John Gower, and which is to be found in an old MS., may not be unin-

teresting to our readers; we think that if some clever composer were to take it in hand, and Paul Bedford sing it, an effect might be produced not inferior to that of the celebrated "Jolly Nose:"—

"OLD RHYMES IN PRAISE OF GOOD ALE.

"I cannot eat a store of meat,
Nor covet aught of food;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
Nothing am I a cold;
I stuff my skin so well within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Then limbs and sides go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

"I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast
And a crab laid on the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead—
Much bread I don't desire.
No frost or snow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I would;
I am so wrapt and roundly capt
With jolly good ale and old.
Then limbs, &c.

"And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loves well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she howl to me the bowl
E'en as a malt-worm should;
And faith, sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.
Then limbs, &c.

"Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
E'en as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale does bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or them that have lustily troll'd,
O save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Then limbs," &c.

THE SHOOTING SEASON; WITH A FEW PRACTICAL REMARKS UPON GUNS, GAME, AND DOGS.

"See how the well-taught pointer leads the way!
The scent grows warm: he stops—he springs the prey;
The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight."—GAY.

CHAPTER I.

Prospects of the First of September—Early Rising—London Gunmakers—The late James Smith's Epigram—Pointers, Setters, and Retrievers—Hints on Manors, the Purchasing of Dogs, Ammunition, and Dress; with some discursive remarks upon the high-sounding classical phraseology of the day.

THERE are few periods of the year looked forward to with more pleasure than the commencement of the shooting season; and the first of September is a golden day in the Sportsman's Kalendar. During the latter part of August the prudent "gunner," like a skilful general, will have made every preparation for the approaching campaign: his "commission," in the form of a licence, will have been procured; his field-pieces will have been taken from their cases, carefully looked over and cleaned; his accoutrements

will have been thoroughly examined; his ammunition-stores replenished; his skirmishers, Old Tip and Sancho, prepared for many a rough march; a few mounted men for outpost-duty to "watch" the movements of the "*flying*" enemy, will be in readiness; markers will be "told off;" and his personal staff, consisting of the keepers, whose special duties are to keep a return of the "killed and wounded," with the commissary-general to superintend the "victualling department," will be under orders to move at a moment's notice. In the meantime—to carry on our military metaphor—the commander-in-chief will have ascertained the number of coveys in each field, and will have made himself acquainted with their feeding-ground, their basking-places, and watering-retreats. Upon the thirty-first of August a review of the forces, an inspection of the ordnance department, and a visit to the kennel will be advisable; and, despite of what many eminent and talented authors have written upon the subject, (men for whom and for whose opinions, generally speaking, we entertain the highest respect), we venture strongly to recommend an early "gathering" on the glorious first of the "showery seventh month of the Romans," in order at least to carry out the old saying of "having the day before you." A clever French modern historian, Achille de Vaulabelle, in a most able and impartial work, entitled, "*Chute de l'Empire*," tells us "that the catastrophe of Waterloo, notwithstanding the unskilfulness of many general officers, and the apathy of others, would have been converted into a glorious victory, had the action been commenced a few hours earlier."

Now, without going quite to this extent, we are not at all prepared to say that time would not have been of the greatest service to Napoleon, as it might possibly have brought the battle to a termination before the arrival of

the Prussians; by a parity of reasoning, then, we think a case for taking the field early has been clearly established. Even in partridge-shooting we have foes to contend with—wind, rain, extreme heat, poachers, reapers, and gleaners. The ardent and industrious sportsman then will not court his downy morning pillow, nor follow the present *rising* generation (we mean no paradoxical pun,) who are satisfied to commence operations after a half-past ten o'clock breakfast. "Call me at daylight;" "Breakfast on table at half-past six;" "Keepers in readiness at seven;" "Lunch at two;" and "A relay of pointers at eleven and four," will be the order of the day.

But even setting aside the sport, there is nothing more calculated to raise the spirits than an early walk in the bright month of September: and to those accustomed to pass the largest portion of the year in a crowded town, to inhale the noxious atmosphere of a pent-up city, to turn day into night, the effect produced by the freshness, elasticity, and clearness of the morning air is exhilarating to the greatest degree. With health and strength, an untroubled conscience, a cloudless sky, bright verdure, flowery banks, shady hedge-rows, an agreeable companion, a gun, a brace of pointers, a walk through an extensive range of stubble and turnips, is one of the greatest delights that mortal man can enjoy during his sublunary career. Despite then, of other authorities, we boldly maintain our ground, that the old proverb

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

ought to be the sportsman's motto; and if, as it has been asserted, your bag may suffer a little from doing what the fashionable world call "getting up in the middle of the

night," or "going out before the day is aired," depend upon it, upon the long run, early hours will repay and ensure one of the benefits enumerated in the above two lines.

The old adage, that "doctors disagree," need not exclusively be applied to the Æsculapian profession, for there is no subject upon which there is more difference of opinion than among sportsmen, especially upon the merits of gunmakers. You hear one declare that Manton is the only man that can turn out a perfect piece of ordnance; another tells you that the *Lancasterian* system is the best; a third contends that Purdey: a fourth Egg; a fifth for Moore; and last, not least, Westley Richards has a list of patrons second to none in quantity and quality, with a legion of others "too numerous," as the newspaper says, "for this advertisement." The late James Smith immortalized two of the above in an epigram which runs as follows:—

"Two of a trade can ne'er agree;
Each worries each, if able;
In Manton and in Egg we see
This proverb proved no fable.
Both famed for guns, whose loud report
Confirms the fact I'm broaching—
Manton's the best for lawful sport:
But *Egg's* are best for *Poaching*!"

To prove the quickness of this talented author of the "Rejected Addresses," I will mention the circumstance as it occurred. I was dining in company with James Smith, when some one asked him, "Whose are the best guns?" He responded, "As I know nothing about shooting, and never *shot* anything in my life except London Bridge, you must give me the names." They were repeated, and almost every man called for some punning remark, *sotto*

voce—"Nock!—Knock 'em down? No. Lancaster!—Red-deer—Red-roes, or *rose?* No. Moore!—the moors. No. Egg?—oh! I have it—eggs for poaching!" He then called for a pen and ink, and off-hand wrote the eight pointed lines I have quoted.

During a tolerably long sporting career, I have shot with guns of almost all the above-mentioned makers, and have never had occasion to find fault with any of them: to select one, then, would be invidious. I will therefore content myself with saying that if (as the phrase goes) money is no object, the purchaser cannot go wrong; but if economy is studied, I should strongly recommend a visit to the armoury of Mr. Bishop, Bond-street, sole agent to Westley Richards, of Birmingham, where, for the moderate sum of thirty-five pounds, ready money, as first-rate an article as can be manufactured will be delivered. The following is the bill of costs:—

"Best double gun, in case complete, and leather cover	£35	0	0
Plain do. do. do.	£25	0	0

Manton's, Lancaster's, Moore's, Egg's, and Purdey's figures are somewhat higher, as the "little account" will show.

We now proceed to a brief notice of sporting dogs, commencing with the pointer, and we need scarcely impress upon our readers' minds the necessity of paying the strictest attention to the breed, both as regards the purity of blood, and field qualifications. "A good strain," if once hit upon, ought to be preserved; and it is alone to be attained by paying the greatest attention to the forms and qualities of both parents. In the lines of the poet there is much truth, whether applied to canine or other subjects:—

> "Whoever thinks a perfect 'dog' to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be;"

and, therefore, much care must be taken not to perpetuate any defect. If the bitch is wanting in any good quality, select a mate to counteract the imperfection. The only sure method of gaining a valuable cross, when the hereditary line fails, is to study the shape, size, constitution, fineness of nose, steadiness, and stanchness of dam and sire. A pointer ought to present a round, well-marked, middle-sized head, open face, large nostrils, full eyes, thin ears, deep chest, fine shoulders, muscular legs, full thighs, well-clawed feet, and taper stern; while the setter, according to the authority of Gervais Markham, must be "nimble and of good size, rather small than grosse, of couragious and fierie mettal, evermore loving and desiring toyle, a strong, lusty, and nimble raunger, both of active foote, wanton tayle, and busie nostrill, that his tayle may be without wearinesse, his search without changeablenesse, and yet that no delight nor desire transporte him, beyond feare or obedience." A good retriever is an invaluable acquisition to the sportsman, and I have seen many splendid specimens of every parentage, size, colour, and shape. The St. John's breed of the Newfoundland dog is, taking it for all in all, the best for the purpose; they can easily be broken in to any kind of shoo ng; their sense of smelling is most acute; they are excellent in cover, on dry land, or in the water, after wounded game; and are very tractable, sagacious, and obedient to orders. The retriever should be a lynx in eyesight; a cat in activity; an Ariel to fly and do his master's bidding; and a Tahiti Islander in the water. A wave of your hand, and a "hie-away!" should send him through the stiffest cover, or make him dash into the most impetuous river. Above all, the retriever should be very tender-mouthed, for there is nothing more annoying to the real sportsman than to find his game mutilated; and no dog can be called perfect that

does not bring a dead or wounded partridge, pheasant, woodcock, or wildfowl to his master with hardly a feather rumpled, or a hare and rabbit with the fur or fluck removed. Many a good day's sport has been marred by the absence of such a dog, or, what is infinitely worse, by the presence of some half-broke canine brute, who, wilder than any hawk, will put up your game, disturb your covers, hunt your rabbits, or, when footing a wounded hare, will chase a fresh one, occasionally bringing you a bird so mutilated that it is pronounced by the game-keeper to be only fit bait for the trap, or a hare so torn to pieces that the cook declares "It's not worth its currant jelly for roasting." Everybody thinks their own dogs are the best, so we should strongly recommend all "young hands" to be careful how they trust to their friend's opinion. We have often seen spaniels entirely forgetting every lesson they had received, scorning all restraint, and conducting themselves as if they had never been under the hands of the breaker; setters overrunning their game, springing at it by extreme eagerness, chasing sheep, larks and small birds, quite forgetting the name they bear, and which might more appropriately be termed scamperers; pointers as unsteady as raw recruits, footing a covey as if they intended to catch it themselves, and to whom finding, standing, and backing are unknown; retrievers thin-skinned, hard-mouthed, devoid of sagacity, defective in their olfactory senses, and disobedient to their masters' commands. "One mend-fault is better than two find-faults," so runs the wise saw; but having told our readers what to avoid, we cannot so easily inform them how to attain what they require. Good dogs, like park hacks, genuine beeswing port, and dry champagne, are most difficult to get. The newspapers teem with advertisements to the following effect:—

"TO BE LET.—The right of shooting over a manor comprising 3,000 acres."

"SHOOTINGS TO LET.—Several extensive ranges of first-rate shootings to be let in the Western Highlands, at rents varying from £12 to £380 a year."

From manors they proceed to the canine race:—

"TO SPORTSMEN.—A brace of splendid red setters, dogs, three years old, an admirable match, have been shot over two seasons, are to be sold, solely in consequence of the proprietor being so crippled from gout as to be unable to shoot the next season. The dogs are of the best Irish and English blood, remarkably handsome, and now on view. Address, post paid, &c."

"POINTERS FOR SALE.—Four brace of thoroughly broke dogs, very handsome, shot to one season. Lowest price, £16 per brace."

"FOR SALE.—A retriever, Norfolk- bred, remarkably handsome, good in every point, and the best water-dog ever seen. Price £10."

Now ninety out of a hundred of the above advertisements turn out to be regular "takes-in," for there is as much rascality practised in this huge metropolis, with respect to shooting-quarters and dogs, as there is in horse-flesh, and the odds are considerably against your finding any game whatever; even in the event of there being a few stray coveys of partridges, your highly-vaunted setters and pointers will probably dash into them, and scare them beyond the limits of your manor. The best way to secure good shooting quarters is to apply to the principal, and then pay a personal visit of inspection, making inquiries in the neighbourhood, as to the head of game, the means of preserving it, and the number of poachers. With respect to dogs, they are usually sent to Tattersall's, or may be heard of by any respectable gamekeeper. If you have a doubt as to the integrity of the parties you deal with, the safest way is to pay a certain sum for the hire of the dog, with the power of purchasing it at the end of the season.

Copper caps, powder, shot, and wadding can be obtained at any first-rate gunmaker's. Be careful, then to lay in a good stock, so as not to be driven to purchase inferior articles in some small country town or village. While upon the subject of ammunition we would venture to recommend an invention of our own, which, simple as it is, has often proved very useful. It consists of a waterproof leather case, large enough to contain a canister of powder, a bag of shot, copper caps and wadding, spare powder flasks and shot belts, a dozen steel chargers, a silver spirit-flagon and cup, a ditto sandwich-box, extra nipples and wrench, gun-picker, turn-screw, oilskin lock-cover, and loading-rod to unscrew in three joints. In addition to the above necessaries, a pair of Balbriggan hose socks, warm gloves, and strong shoes can easily be stowed away, at once insuring three grand advantages to the gunner—ample ammunition, interior and exterior comforts. A padlock against poachers, and a strap with steel swivel, to affix the case to the game-cart, or throw it across the broad shoulders of a stalwart peasant, complete the Amonitio or sportsman's compendium.

We have been induced to give our invention this high-sounding name, because among other gigantic strides that the march of intellect has made, none is more apparent than the modern system introduced by the self-called "Capelo-cracy" or shopocracy, of calling their goods by outlandish appellations. Thus we read daily of the Panklibanon Iron Works; Caldarium hydro-forma steam apparatus; Eureka, corazza, sans-pli, and armoza shirts; Minuto piano-fortes; Argentine, albata, and electro-plate; Chinese liquid; Atrapilatory, teint-noir, Columbian, and Czarina instantaneous hair-dye; Ambrosial and Sicilian cream; Lubricant crinolene; Arthur's-Seat dew; Niouskrene for the hair; Sire manubrium head-brush; Reticulated perruques;

Revelenta arabica food; Torricellian shower-bath; Kalydor for the complexion; Anodyne cement and ivory paste for the teeth; Diorapha, basterna, amempton, and pilentum carriages; Caligraphic pencils; Antigropolos mud-boots; Quaquaversal glass-stands; Paruphanton black silk; Pannus-corium boots; Parana, Syrian, alpaca, lama, and Kohree paletots; Galvanic belts; Alga marina embrocation; Kalos geusis fish-sauce; Patent opaque gelatine. One man designates his building as the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art; while a grocer in *Simmery* Axe heads his advertisement with a Latin quotation: *Veritas est et prævalebit.*

To those who may be at a loss for new names, we would venture to suggest the following:—The Polypogony cream, to promote the growth of the beard; the Trichodium balm for the hair; the illicium or attractive perruque; the Crypsis or concealed scalp; the Rytiphlæa powder to remove wrinkles; Psamma wash-balls for the hands; Alexiphormica ointment, to counteract poison; Ectos coat, or outside wrapper; Sporobolus sowing-machine; Acerose needles; Acinaciform or scimitar-shaped paper-cutters—all of which, if duly advertised and well puffed, will, we have no doubt, get into universal repute. As we have already nearly occupied the space allotted to this chapter, we shall briefly notice the sportsman's costume, which like other fashions, has undergone considerable change since the days of our grandfathers. We no longer have our legs encased in stiff leather gaiters, or our feet and ankles cramped with half-boots, the buttoning, buckling, and lacing of which occupied no small portion of the morning toilet; our sporting jackets no longer contain the oil-skin lined hare-pocket, the scent of which in the breakfast room was strong enough to hunt a pack of beagles with. Powder is transferred from our heads to our flasks. Ease and comfort in dress are the characteristics

of the day, and ought to be the primary object of the shooter, who we strenuously recommend to employ a first-rate tailor, trowser-cutter, and bootmaker; and, above all, to avoid the ready-made articles commonly called "Reach-me-downs," which are to be seen in the windows of the advertising crew. It is all very well for the poet-laureates of the tribe of Levi to describe in flowing verse their choice stock of summer and autumn attire: it sounds extremely pleasant to the ear of the gaping money-loving public to hear of "awful sacrifices," "alarmingly low prices," "under prime cost;" and it is most gratifying to one's own feelings to come to a resolution "not to pay for others," and to "reform our tradesmen's bills." But depend upon it, however captivating such ideas may be in theory, they will not be borne out in practice. Many of our readers will exclaim, "What! go to Stulz or Cook for a shooting-jacket! to Haldane for a pair of cord trousers! to Thomas for boots?—ridiculous! We can get them fifty per cent. cheaper at other shops!" And so we grant they may; but does the proverb "penny wise and pound foolish" never come across their minds? if not, let me remind them of it, and of another true saying, that nothing good can be got under a fair and reasonable price. Look too at the discomfort of ill-shapen, badly-made gear: a man may as well be in the stocks, as have his body confined, his chest contracted, his arms pinioned down straight-waistcoat fashion; and such will be the inevitable result of those who buy cheap *goods*, if such a term can be applied to the *worst* of articles. We therefore boldly assert that in the long run, both for comfort and economy, our plan will succeed. We proceed to suggest for August, shooting jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers of tweed, a broad-brimmed straw hat, or drab-coloured "wide-awake," and a pair of strong, easy shooting-boots, doubly leathered over the toes. For September, a

jacket of jean, nankeen, or merino, waistcoat to match, tweed trousers, strapped to the knee with thin leather to turn the thorns in scrambling through a hedge. For October and winter shooting, nothing can be better than a velveteen jacket, lined with fine flannel, a dark kerseymere waistcoat, cord trousers, strapped with leather as above-mentioned, plain or waterproof beaver hat, according to the season. With respect to pockets, we recommend every sportsman to follow his own caprice. The best way is, when trying on your gear, to bring the hand naturally up to the most convenient places which the "man of measures" can mark with a piece of chalk. Peal's (Duke-street, Grosvenor-square) waterproof boots will keep out any quantity of wet, and answer admirably where much exercise is not taken. Thomas, of St. James's-street, or any other first-rate boot-maker, will turn out every article, from the light shoe for September shooting to the thick double-soled boot for winter wear. As the late Theodore Hook used to say—"Take especial care to have your last made an inch-and-a-half longer than your feet, that there may be plenty of room left for any supplementary tow (*toe*), without which you may be crippled after one day's work for the whole of the season."

"The corn is cut, the manor full of game,
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket—lynx-like is his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonder*ful* his feats.
Ah, nut-brown partridges! ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!——'tis no sport for peasants!"

BYRON.

CHAPTER II.

A Day with the Partridges—The Sportsman's Meal—Keeper's Cottage—A few Remarks upon feeing Servants—Woodcock, Snipe, and Grouse shooting—An Anecdote of the celebrated French Cook Ude.

HAVING devoted our first chapter to the prospects of the glorious First of September, and having briefly entered into a dissertation upon guns, ammunition, manors, pointers, setters, retrievers, and the costume of the sportsman, we now proceed to offer a few remarks upon partridge-shooting. The *Tetrao Perdix* of Linnæus is found throughout England, more especially in corn counties; and despite of the high authority of Buffon, who remarks, "Their cry is not very pleasant, as it is rather a sharp, grating noise like that of a scythe than a warble;" to my ears no cry save the crash of a pack of hounds is more tuneable than the call of a covey of partridges. There are few birds more exposed to danger, not alone from their common enemy man, whose best energies are devoted to snare and slaughter them, but from the flying foe the hawk, who pounces upon his terrified prey, plucks them after the most approved poulterer's plan,

and enjoys his "assiette *volante*," "perdrix au naturel," with as much gusto as the *gourmet* does his "salmi aux truffes."

But to the sport. The morning of the First arrives; and the anxious gunner, who has probably dreamt of birds, detonators, dogs, stubble, and turnips, awakes to find his habiliments and arms ready for *la chasse*, as our continental neighbours term hunting and shooting. The window is thrown open; and the smoke, gracefully curling towards the north-west, shows that the wind is southerly, with a little east in it—the best point in the compass from which it can come for scent. The dew on the lawn holds out great promise that the olfactory senses of the pointers will not be blunted by a dry, parched atmosphere. The toilet concluded, breakfast is announced; and however much it may be the fashion to rail against our matutinal repast, by comparing it with a Parisian *dejeûné à la fourchette*, I will venture to affirm that in no other country can a more enjoyable meal be had. The snow-white damask table-cloth and napkin, the hissing urn, the bubbling coffee-pot, the hot roll, the crisp muffin, the light crumpet, the well-buttered toast, the new-laid egg, the broiled kidney, the *piquant* grilled fowl, the juicy mutton-chop, the tender beef-steak, the savoury game pie, the well-seasoned venison pasty, the highly-flavoured ham and tongue, the noble cold sirloin, the nicely-cured Yarmouth "bloater," the prime Scotch kippered salmon, the exquisite potted char and lamprey, the palatable marmalade, the delicious honey, with a glass of genuine mountain-dew, furnish our national fare, which may be equalled, but cannot be excelled, in any part of the habitable globe.

The meal discussed, the dog-cart and ponies are at the door; and having deposited the "Amonitio," or sportsman's compendium, and the unloaded guns in the vehicle, Rover,

our favourite retriever, is let loose, whose frolics and gambols would almost dispose one to believe was in as eager anticipation of the day's pleasure as his master. Before we start for the keeper's lodge, where honest Isaac Sapwell with his pointers is to meet us, we will pause for a few moments to "say our say" upon a subject which has latterly attracted much attention, and has been fully discussed in the newspapers of the day—namely, as to the safety of allowing the lock of a detonator to be down upon the capped nipple. A man might nearly as well (we were about to say) ascend on horseback in a balloon; but the awful fate of Lieutenant Gale tells us the topic is too serious a one to be treated lightly—or sit on a barrel of gunpowder with a mild Havannah or short clay pipe in his mouth, as walk with a comrade with a gun so carried. The least jerk, the slightest strain, an accidental stumble, a sudden movement will cause the piece to go off; and woe to the wretched victim who happens to be within the line of fire! I recollect, not many winters ago, crossing the entrance-hall at Goodwood House, in company with a right noble and gallant sportsman, alas! now no more, who was carrying his gun in the way above described. Scarcely had he proceeded three yards, when off went one barrel; and before we had recovered from the shock and surprise, the other followed, the shot rattling over the pavement in every direction. Happily, no damage was done, as the field piece of ordnance was pointed downwards. Had the young covey of beautiful children, now grown into woman and manhood, ran out to welcome us back, the result might have been most calamitous. Never shall I forget the effect that double shot produced upon my mind. Want of due caution and thorough carelessness in the management of fire-arms have been the means of so many fatal accidents, that we cannot too forcibly impress upon the minds of our readers the

necessity of carrying out the first golden rule—namely, never to let your gun be pointed in such a manner that, if it went off by an unforeseen circumstance, it would endanger the life of any one. Over every sportsman's hall the following code of laws, to be as strictly enforced as those of the Medes and Persians, ought to be emblazoned in prominent characters :

" Any person loading a gun, carrying, or leaving it loaded in the house, will be subject to the penalty of five pounds, to be distributed among the poor of the parish."

With these hints upon safety, we proceed to old Isaac's cottage, a small, snug, neat tenement, on the skirts of a well-preserved plantation. There may be seen the sexagenarian himself, looking as hale and hearty as many a man of five-and-forty. He is surrounded by his stalwart myrmidons in Lincoln green, who, with a brace of highly-broke pointers, seem " eager for the fray." At the door of the rural abode may be found the representatives of three generations—the venerable grandmother, the buxom matron, and the blooming child. The budding wild-rose, the jessamine in full flower, clinging to the old ivy which surrounds the porch, are not inappropriate emblems of the keeper's family. The garden is the perfection of neatness, with its green velvet sward, its variegated flower-beds, its gravelled walk, terminating in a rustic arbour, where, after the toils of the day, the happy occupier enjoys his pipe and glass of home-brewed ale.

The kennel is admirably arranged both as to space, air, and cleanliness, Isaac's motto being, " Love me, love my dog." As we drove up, a thorough-bred bull-terrier, the guardian of the place, showed his scarred visage, but at the bidding of his master—" Quiet, Viper !" retired to his wooden tenement, still, however, keeping his eye (for he had but one, the other having been lost in a canine encounter)

upon the new comers. The wall of the adjoining farm building showed many a trophy, which gave abundant proof of the successful warfare that had been carried on against the enemy. There might be seen, skeletons of cats, rats, weazels, stoats, and hawks, with here and there a variety of vermin-traps, many of such huge dimensions that should a poacher perchance get his leg within their iron grasp, he would find some difficulty in extricating it. As the law directs that no man-trap or spring-gun can be set, the keeper evaded the act (as most acts can be evaded) by having Brobdignag snares for bipeds and quadrupeds. "Good morning, gentlemen," said Isaac Sapwell, as we alighted from our vehicle. "We had better try the five-and-twenty-acre field first; John Palmer saw some fine coveys there this morning. I've sent two men on to mark for us; the scent seems good, and I hope to show you a fair day's sport." With this cheering assurance we loaded our guns, and made the best of our way to the stubble. Scarcely had we entered it, than "Beppo" came to a stand, and was admirably backed by "Sancho." The keepers remained motionless, "Rover" crouching himself at their feet. Our line advanced, I forming (as they say in the army) the centre of threes, waved my hand to my companions to make a circuit to head the dogs, so as to break the covey. With that trepidation which is generally felt at the first shot of the season, we marched timidly on, when suddenly from sixteen to eighteen birds were on the wing; five dropped down clean killed, one (to my shame be it spoken) was hard hit, which gave the Newfoundland Rover an opportunity of showing his qualifications, which he speedily did, by returning with the wounded bird in his mouth. The remnant of the dispersed covey were marked down in the next turnip field, and in due course of time we reduced their number to four. Before one o'clock we had

bagged twenty-two brace, ten hares, and a rabbit. At that hour, having worked up to a spot selected for luncheon, we were gratified with the preparations old Isaac had made for the comfort of the inner man. By the side of a deep running, clear, crystal stream, and under the shade of a patriarch oak-tree, were spread two tablecloths upon temporary tables made of sheep-hurdles; upon one appeared a fine large pigeon pie, cold fowls, tongue, and ham; on the other, a splendid sirloin of beef, with an ample provision of bread and cheese. Three or four huge cans of home-brewed ale frothed most invitingly by their side.

The repast over, we again took the field with a new relay of pointers; and two finer specimens of dogs than Rock and Trump never stood to bird. "Handsome as paint," as old Isaac called them; "lightish in their limbs, small heads, deep chests, and lank about the abdomen." At five o'clock we finished our first day's sport, and found the return of "killed" as follows:—

Thirty-seven brace of partridges,
Fifteen hares,
Three landrails,
Two rabbits.

Having "fee'd" the keepers, we mounted our ponies, and trotted home.

One word with respect to the much-abused system of paying other people's servants. There can be no doubt but that it is extremely unpleasant to have to put your hand in your pocket to reward those who are considered to be amply remunerated for their services; but, however well this may sound in theory, it will prove not to be available in practice. If the custom was abolished, there would not be half the attention paid to the shooter that there now is; the keeper would do his *duty* to his master and his friends, but there

would be no incentive for extra exertion; and when we consider the laborious and dangerous life of a keeper, who is exposed to all weather, subject to the murderous attack of poachers, and whose mind, as well as body, is harassed with the responsibility attached to his situation, a small gratuity ought not to be grudged. The sum total at the end of the season will probably not be felt by the donor; while to the recipient it will not alone be the means of furnishing him or his family with many a comfort during the inclement seasons, but would act as a stimulant to further exertion.

Some few years ago, a popular Peer of the realm, since gathered to his ancestors, adopted a very "artful dodge." It was generally remarked that the individual in question universally got the best place out shooting; and the surprise of his brother sportsmen was greatly increased as, during the time they were quietly placing some golden token of their gratitude in the hands of the keepers, the noble Lord simply confined himself to a saccharine smile and a most gracious acknowledgment. Now, according to the old, but somewhat homely proverb, that "fair words butter no parsnips," the mystery was for a length of time unsolved; but at length, through the prying propensities of a friend, it was discovered that the titled sportsman always sought a quiet opportunity of seeing and feeing the parties in question *before* the day's shooting commenced, accompanying his liberal donation with a remark that the same system would be continued during the season upon every like occasion. "The bird-in-the-hand" plan worked marvels with the keepers, and produced the beneficial result to the "wide-awake" giver we have above recorded.

October now sets in, and pheasant-shooting commences. To ensure thorough good sport there is nothing like a team

of well-trained spaniels, strong in the chest and loins, very short in the legs, and who are steady, keen, obedient, and courageous. Great care must be taken with the breed; for if a taint of the hound, however remote, exists, the produce will be wild babblers, who will put up the game at a great distance, and quit feathers for fluck. As *battue* shooting is one of our abominations, we shall not even pause to anathematize the dull, tame, unexciting, slaughtering amusement of our modern gunners, but proceed at once to the exhilarating, health-preserving sport of our ancestors.

Nothing can exceed the delight of a bright, crisp, grey autumnal morning, with good dogs and well-stocked covers. As pheasants often lie extremely close, winding in among briars and low brushwood, great attention must be paid in beating out every yard of your ground. Early in the season they prefer grassy, brambly spots, covered with privet; as the season advances they will lie in clearer places, especially among pits of water, which are occasionally found in the "woods and forests." Where game is not very plentiful, we should advise the sportsman to commence by beating the skirts of the cover, by which means the birds that have been feeding in the adjoining fields will be hit off; he ought then, by degrees, to penetrate deeper into it. After traversing the wood with beaters and dogs, it is advisable to make a circuit round the extremities of it, so as to get at those birds which may have run or escaped from the interior; a gun or two inside, and the rest outside, will be the best distribution; but especial care must be taken to know the where and whereabouts of your companions in arms, or you may possibly "bag" your friend instead of your game, "a consummation *not* very devoutly to be wished."

As we write for the million, for old, middle-aged, and

young, for the experienced sportsman, who, during a long life, has bagged his thousands, for the tyro, who, during his winter holidays, has brought down a few sparrows and blackbirds, we will venture to offer one or two suggestions before we conclude our remarks upon pheasant shooting.

In cover, the very greatest care should be taken to avoid accidents. The line of guns and beaters ought to advance in strict military order, dressing on the centre; for a man in advance, or a straggler in the rear, runs a fair chance of being shot. In stopping to load, the word "halt" should be given in a loud, distinct tone, and should be repeated by the keepers: "Go on" is the signal for recommencing the attack. Special injunctions should be given to the whole force never to run forward or back for a dead or wounded hare or pheasant; for, in endeavouring to recover your game, the life of the seeker may be sacrificed; and last, not least, let the muzzle be always pointed in such a way, that in the event of an accidental explosion no mischief may occur. To the above important points of advice we would add two of a minor nature, and which may be available to the beginner; viz., to take ample time and aim at the head, allowing a moderate advance for the bird's flight, which is at first very rapid. Secondly, never to draw the trigger until the bird is full thirty yards' distance from you; or in the event of your hitting, or rather "blowing him" up, you will assuredly spoil him for "dressing," and will most likely get well "blown up" yourself for your unsportsmanlike proceeding.

Woodcock shooting is a sport that, as the Americans say, "cannot be dittoed" anywhere. These migratory "fly-by-nights" generally arrive among us soon after the Michaelmas full moon, and about Christmas present their long *bills* in a far more agreeable shape to us than other *dun*

birds are wont to do at this festive season. For cocking, we should recommend a short gun as being the handiest to take aim with in strong covers, where it is difficult to move your arms amidst the branches of trees; and No. 7 shot, which, being small, will fly thicker than large, thus multiplying the marksman's chance, especially with woodcocks, who will fall to a few pellats, and will be found equally efficacious in killing at forty yards as No. 3 or 4. These birds are very locomotive, rarely staying any time in one place; their principal haunts being near rills of water, or amidst the fallen leaves of some close coppice, tall clumps, or full grown wood. Towards evening, especially if the wind is from the south or south-west, the woodcock having enjoyed his daily *diet* of *worms*, may be found in the wet pasturage in the meres, or on the brooks that skirt the woods, revelling in the luxuries of a bill and foot bath. The Lang-nasen, or long nose, as the Germans call them, are universally diffused, and are to be found in the frigid and torrid zones, in the old and in the new world. We hear of them in Greenland, Russia, Norway, Iceland, Sweden, Poland, Silesia, Siberia, Ceylon, Guinea, Barbary, on the Gold Coast, in the islets of Senegal, in England, France, Germany, Louisiana, Illinois, and Canada.

Before we conclude, we must throw out a hint to the gourmet reader which we extracted from a most amusing gastronomic work; it is greedy and selfish to the greatest degree, and although we condemn the sentiments, we cannot fail to admire the ingenuity of the writer. The advice is as follows:—"If you have a friend to dinner, plead some excuse, and persuade him to carve the woodcock; by so doing you will ensure the best parts: whereas, if you help it yourself, you must of necessity give your guest the choicest bits."

Snipes are to be found in more countries of the world

than almost any other bird. From Sweden and Siberia to Ceylon and Japan, at the Cape of Good Hope, in the plains of Chili, among the Otaheite islands in the southern ocean, Louisiana, Canada, and Europe.

To be equipped for snipe shooting it is essentially necessary to be warmly clothed; worsted hose, flannel drawers and waistcoat, waterproof high boots, velveteen jacket and trowsers, and an oiled skin or fur cap, ought to form the costume; in addition, a pair of light deal clogs, made after the manner of the North American Indian's snow shoes, will be found very available in slimy bogs or deep ditches, as they will prevent the wearer from sinking in the mud. Any village carpenter can make a pair of the above. A piece of thin deal, two feet and a quarter long, fourteen inches broad, of an elliptical shape, with a couple of straps at the heel and toe to fix them to the foot, forms the "Antigropolos," as the London tradesmen would term it.

The red grouse, or *αττα γας* of the ancients, has been made honourable mention of by many old and distinguished writers. Aristophanes, Aristotle, Alexander the Myndian, Pliny, Ælian, Varro, Clement of Alexandria, Aulus Gellius, have given full and accurate descriptions of this bird. We read of it in Spain, Gaul, on the Alps, at Megara in Achaia, and Phrygia. Apicius thought it worthy of a place in his cookery book; and to the present day it is looked upon as one of the greatest luxuries of the table. We remember an anecdote connected with this subject, which may not be uninteresting to our readers. During the palmy days of Crockford's club in St. James's Street, when the culinary department was under the direction of that immortal *chef*, Louis Eustache Ude, a truly popular Scotch nobleman, since taken away by death, dined in the coffee-room about the first week in August; and, among other delicacies, a young

grouse was served. To a "canny Scot" and a sportsman, such an open defiance of the game laws was intolerable; the bird was sent away, and the *cordon bleu* was compelled to make his appearance at the police court the next morning, to answer the charge of the Marquis of ——, for having thus forestalled the 12th. A suitable admonition from the magistrate, and a small fine for this, the first (proved) offence, was the result. Upon the same day the noble lord again dined at the club; and on thoroughly scrutinizing the bill of fare, found that the illegal luxury had been erased from it. As he was about to sit down, a friend came in, and proposed joining tables. This was agreed to; and orders were given to the waiter to serve the two dinners together. A very careful observer might have perceived that something untoward had occurred, from the anxiety of the attendant, himself a Frenchman, and his master, Louis le Grand. The soup and fish were removed, and two *entrées* were placed on the board. "I have ordered a *supreme de volaille*," said the Marquis; "and I," responded his companion, "am about to try a dish I never heard of before. I forget its name. Waiter, bring me the bill of fare!" The covers were taken off, and the olfactory senses of the northern laird soon told him the nature of the dish. "Why, it's a *salmi* of grouse!" he shouted, with an exclamation that his friend the magistrate would have fined him five shillings for in the morning. "It's not down in the bill of fare; let me see." The fatal paper was handed to him by the terrified Ude, who now approached the table. "Why, what's this?" said the Marquis. "*Salmi de fruit defendu.*" The *chef* was silent, looked unutterable things, and merely shrugged up his shoulders.

Whether the ingenuity of the artist who had suggested this new gastronomic appellation, or the remem-

brance of his past services *dans la sceance de gueule*, produced a favourable effect upon the complainant, I know not; suffice it to say, a good-humoured smile played upon his countenance as he remarked: "Well, Ude, I presume this is part of the bird of yesterday; but recollect, in future, no forbidden fruit must be plucked before the lawful *day*."

"CHAUNTING FOR THE MILLION."

A TALE OF LONDON HORSE DEALING.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century ago, that I found myself just emancipated from a private tutor, who for the small stipend (!) of three hundred guineas per annum (extras *not* included), had opened an establishment, a sort of "finishing" school for young gentlemen, preparatory to their joining the army. At the above-mentioned "finish" were assembled five of as dashing youths as ever were trained up at a public seminary; for our *alumnus* took none in except those who had received the benefit of a public education at Westminster, Harrow, or Eton. Here, if we did not imbibe much classical lore, or keep up the Greek and Latin which had been hammered into our heads during our school days, we undoubtedly appreciated those lines from Horace—

> "Romanis solenne viris upus utile famæ,
> Vitæque et membris."

We certainly did not lose sight of the modern *Greek*, as might have been proved by our associating with many of the fraternity at the neighbouring race-courses of Egham and Ascot. Mathematics and Algebra came to our assistance in our betting-book making; and agreeably to our

tutor's advertisement, "modern accomplishments were especially attended to," in the shape of fencing, fishing, riding, racing, coaching, gymnastics and shooting. The Christmas holidays were approaching, and two out of the five, Harry Melton and myself, were just appointed to cornetcies in the Light Dragoons, then quartered at Hounslow. The day before we took leave of our master, the King's stag hounds met at Farnham Common, and we were all allowed to attend. As this was the first run that I ever saw, and as from it I got a taste for hunting, I cannot omit giving a brief description of it, especially as, if I had not upon this occasion imbibed a love for the noble science, I should not have shortly afterwards found myself a victim to that chaunting for the million which I am now about to describe. Our hunters upon this day were hired at Windsor; and as we were all light weights, we were carried superbly. The morning was bright and exhilarating; the deer as fine an animal as ever was uncarted; the field numerous; and to the gratification of all present, the truly popular master of the buckhounds of that day, showed himself, followed by the huntsman and his gallant pack, and which then had only lately been purchased from the father of the present Duke of Richmond. Exactly at eleven o'clock the deer was uncarted, and after about ten minutes' law the hounds were laid on. The scent was fine, and away we went at a slashing pace towards Stoke, where the deer turned short to the left, and made his point good for a wood (the name of which has escaped my memory), where being hard pressed he broke away in double quick time for Hedgerley Furze, and was soon viewed making in a straight line for Church Wood. This he scorned, turned to his right, and made the best of his way to Bulstrode Park; skirting the sunk fence (being headed by a yahoo of a gamekeeper) he crossed the park to the gate leading to Beaconsfield, where he again turned to his right, and keep-

ing close to the park wall, gave us a glorious gallop of nearly four miles over its beautiful turf. The hounds now continued their pace without the most trifling check; heads up and tails down, and we fairly ran into our stag in a corner of the park. "Our sport is over," I exclaimed to one of the chosen few, who, like myself and our merry men of Littlewick Green Academy, had kept together. "Well, it was a splendid burst," responded Harry Melton; "but what's this? the Macadamites are coming up. Hurrah for the road!" This speech was made in consequence of the arrival of a certain number of cocktails, who, as usual, had been anxious to hunt the deer themselves without the pack, and who had trotted off in the line they fancied the animal would take before he was uncarted. Whether the arrival of these cockney sportsmen aroused the "antlered monarch of the forest" from his reverie, I know not; but after hanging about the bushes for a few minutes, the stag recovered his wind, got away, crossed the Windsor road, and went over Little Bulstrode down to Fullmore, at such a pace that very few indeed were able to live with the hounds.

The good ones were now really called upon in right good earnest, for the deer, looking as fresh as when he left the cart, started off at a precious pace, leading us across to Aldenham Bottom, in a line towards Gerrard's Cross. Shortly, however, he crossed the Oxford road, near Red Hill, and seemed to fancy the Harrow country; but being headed by a sportsman in a *gig*, he turned short to the right, and took straight up the meadows to Denham, where we feared he would attempt what in these days would be called the "cold-water cure." This hydropathic system he, however, despised, and re-crossing the Oxford road opposite Denham Place, went in a right line for Long Copse, which, instead of entering, he turned sharply to his left, and went nearly up to the town of Uxbridge. At this part of

the run, the "roadsters," on their way home, again joined us; and the deer, as if he felt a strong antipathy to the newly-arrived party, took to the meadows near the Colne, and gave us a most beautiful burst. It was Melton in miniature; grass fields, high fences, and some yawning brooks; here a short check ensued, when, in a few seconds, a "clod" in a willow tree viewed the stag crossing the Uxbridge and Windsor road. The lad was rewarded with a half-crown, and the hounds lifted and led to the spot. As soon as they were laid on the scent, we went off again, best pace, towards Iver. Here we pressed our deer so hard that he took to the water; but upon the real wholesome bathing principle, recommended by the faculty at Brighton, he plunged in and out again, evidently the better for his bath. He now skirted Huntsmoor Park, and like a second Lochinvar, "crossed the Colne river where ford there was none," then went away for the canal, which he also crossed, and ran through the village of Cowley towards Hillingdon; turning, however, short of this hamlet to the left, he once more crossed the London road, as if still fancying the Harrow country; but at this instant the hounds pressed him so hard, that turning into a large grass field at the back of Hayes, the gallant deer cried "Hold, enough!" and was run into and taken, after as fine a run as ever was recorded in the annals of hunting. The return of killed and wounded upon this occasion was tremendous; three steeds fell victims to the run; while among the bipeds, one collar-bone broken, a horse-dealing "leg" (literally as well as figuratively) smashed, and a sprained shoulder, were among the casualties.

This day's sport had so delighted our party from Littlewick Green, that we agreed unanimously to have a fortnight's hunting together in Warwickshire. Leamington

was named as our head quarters, and the second week in January was the time selected for our rendezvous. In the interim our respected "governors" were to be taxed for funds to enable us to purchase or hire sufficient hunters to carry us; for ours was to be a joint stock company, and Harry Melton and myself were appointed purchasers of the horse for the young gentlemen of the finishing academy at Littlewick Green. *Green!* our readers will echo with a vengeance, when our story is further developed. Upon the following afternoon the "White Lion" Bath coach pulled up at the Sun Inn, Maidenhead, where Harry Melton and myself having booked two outsides, were in waiting to be conveyed to London. Those were the days for travelling! What could exceed the splendid "turns out" that were then on the road between Bath and London? Whilst ruminating upon them, the following remarks caught our attention:—"A peculiar and most animating spectacle used to be the arrival of a first-rate light coach in a country town! The small machine crowded with so many passengers; the foaming and curvetting leaders, the wheelers more steady and glossy, as if they had not done their ten miles in the hour; the triumphant bugle of the guard, and the haughty routine with which the driver, as he reached his goal, threw his whip to the obedient ostlers in attendance; and not least, the staring crowd a little awe-struck, and looking for the moment at the lowest official of the stable with considerate respect—altogether made a picture which one recollects with cheerfulness, and misses now in many a dreary market town."

So writes the talented author of "Coningsby," and so must feel every one that lived "in the days that we went coaching in a long time ago." Alas! for the present *sporting* generation at least. "The light (coach) of other days is faded, and its beauty passed away." And here

we must make a trifling digression in *railing iron*ically, at the present system of trams, rails, boiling water, steam and stokers. The railroad champions state that in March, 1745, a Bath paper announced that "The London stage coach would perform the journey from that city to London in two days;" while in March, 1845, the distance was performed in two hours and a half. They forgot to add the trite sporting saying, "It's the pace that kills."

In the time we write of, these "infernal machines," (as we should then have called them), steam carriages, were not in existence; and it is curious to refer to remarks made by popular sporting writers of the day, as to the improbability of their ever coming into general use, and of doing that which we have lived to see, viz., entirely driving all other coaches from the road to the rail. One writer says, "Though steam, when employed in expediting the summer voyage of the London citizen from the purlieus of the Minories, or the vicinity of Leadenhall-street, to Margate or its environs, is certainly both a pleasant and an expeditious conveyance, I do not apprehend that it would prove equally expeditious—certainly not equally pleasant—in transporting the same citizen from London to York. Neither do I think that the fears of old women or timorous passengers would be diminished by this proposed scheme for a change in the mode of travelling. I have too often been amused by such queries as—'Don't you think, Sir, this man drives too fast?' or, 'Surely the coachman is galloping his horses.' And what one would have to undergo in this way, when in jeopardy of being blown half a mile up the country, I really cannot say, and sincerely hope I may never learn by experience. But seriously, what will be the advantage gained? Surely the coaches of the present day travel fast enough—in fact, I believe too fast for the nerves of many. Why, then, undergo the process of being half boiled, and quite

blown up, when by the generality of the present coaches, you can reckon on going ten miles an hour, including stoppages? Many people, I believe, on the 'Martin' principle, say, 'I cannot bear to see the way in which the horses are driven at the present day;' thereby inferring that the pace of our fast coaches is beyond what the physical strength of the horse can endure; but to these I would say, look at the condition of the teams in our crack coaches. Did the horses driven by the late Mr. Stevenson, and the present Sir St. Vincent Cotton, those Crichtons of the road, exhibit symptoms betokening excess of hard work? Were they not sleek as deer? and did they not perform their allotted ground without requiring any extra stimulus from whipcord? But more important than all: I would ask, would not the introduction of travelling by steam diminish the breed of a very valuable stamp of horses, and probably produce further distress among the agricultural classes, who are at present bad enough off? I hope that the generality, if not the whole, of your readers, will agree with me, that however valuable for modern machinery, or on the wide ocean (and with deference to this great age of invention), steam is not desirable for land travelling; and will concur with me, in the hearty wish that steam coaches '*exeant in fumo*.'"

Most heartily do we coincide with the writer of the above remarks. Railroad travelling has proved dangerous; it has scared and frightened many a poor traveller; it has diminished a most valuable stamp of horses; it has added to the distress of the agricultural community; it has increased instead of diminished cruelty to horses. Only look at the half-starved, miserably-fed fly and omnibus cattle that ply to and from the railroad stations. It has entirely knocked up the road, and beggared many a poor widow, whose scanty annual stipend has been (securely as it was once thought) invested in turnpike trusts. And worse than all, it has

proved highly detrimental to hunting; the love for the noble science is daily diminishing; and if once the sports of the field fall into disuse, we shall have as many absentees among the country gentlemen in England, as we have in the land of Erin.

We resume. The "White Lion" coach had pulled up at the door of the Sun Inn. Young as we were, we knew the road too well to cause any unnecessary delay; the coachman, touching his hat, recognised us with—"Aye, young gentlemen—I beg your pardon, *dragooners* I now hear—there are seats in the front for two." The ostler doffed his seal-skin cap, and the horse-keeper rubbed his fore-lock down, as they handed up our luggage; the guard placed it safely on the roof, under a huge tarpaulin. "All right, Jem?" asked the dragsman. "All right," echoed the "shooter." "Sit fast:" and away we bowled at the rate of ten miles an hour, to reach London in two hours and a half; for in those days, despite of the assertions of the Baron D'Hausse, ex-minister of Marine under King Charles X. of France, who, in his work "Great Britain," states, "that owing to the numerous relays, the journeys in France are performed in the same time as those of a similar distance in England," scarcely any delay was allowed upon the road. Nor how could it be possible that such could be the case, when the Bath coaches did their work, one hundred and nine miles, in eleven hours and a half; the Shrewsbury, one hundred and sixty miles in less than seventeen hours; Birmingham, one hundred and sixteen miles in ten hours; Liverpool, two hundred and two miles in twenty-one hours; the Edinburgh mail four hundred and two miles in forty-two hours; the Exeter, Carlisle, Coventry, Manchester, Norwich, if possible, doing their work in proportionate less time. But to ourselves? We dashed through Maidenhead. At Salt Hill the horses were ready, a man to each, and the guard superintending the whole; the coachman never moved from

his box, but throwing down the reins, which he had unbuckled on his way, took hold of those of the new team, and before, according to the old saying, one could utter "Jack Robinson," away we rattled through Slough, Colnbrook, over the heath to Hounslow. There a change as quick as that at Botham's took place, and within the hour and twenty-five minutes, we entered London through the unsightly and troublesome turnpike that in those days stood near Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, to levy no very inconsiderable tax from visitors to and from the metropolis.

We stopped at the Gloucester Coffee House; and as both Harry Melton and myself were devoted to coaching, we thought that we could not do better than take up our residence during our stay in town at the above caravansary, from the windows of whose coffee room we could see all the mails and coaches depart and arrive. The waiter and boots came out, and the coachman having "given the office" that we were "regular nobs," "young cornets," "out and outers" and "no mistake," the respect that was shown to us was as great as that extended to the celebrated *Jean de Paris*, during his tour through France.

"A private room, gentlemen?" asked the waiter (for in those days "gents" were unknown). "We have one facing the street, right over the coffee-room—capital view of all the coaches." (He had ascertained our taste from the coachman.) "Here, Sarey, prepare numbers fourteen and fifteen for two gentlemen—Jem, take up the luggage—this way, gentlemen?"—and without waiting for our answer, we were shown into a very snug sitting room on the first floor.

"Dinner, gentlemen?" continued the loquacious waiter; "we've a beautiful piece of cod, a nice rump-steak, some mulligatawny soup, marrow bones, and a grill." And again taking silence as consent, the slip-shod "coming, sir," shuffled out of the room.

We then doffed our great coats, warmed our hands, and went to the window, where we saw a sight that we shall never see again—the arrival and departure of many a good team.

What a contrast was the view of 1820 from the Gloucester Coffee House window to that of 1857! It was only last week that I paid sundry visits to a friend in the self-same room, and instead of seeing the arrival of the "White Hart," "White Lion," and "York House" Bath coaches, and the departure of the Exeter and Southampton mails, all I witnessed was the arrival of some overloaded "busses," with their slang conductors, and the departure of the one-horse Hounslow mail, in a sort of *vis à vis* "brougham;" the parts of driver and guard being, as the theatrical profession say, "doubled," and represented by a seedy youth of two-and-twenty.

The following portion of an advertisement, which may be daily seen in the *Morning Herald*, will speak volumes. "The Glo'ster Hotel, Piccadilly and Berkeley-street. Post-horses to and from either of the railway termini at 10s. 6d., including the post-boy."

But to proceed. Our toilet was made, our dinner announced, and the landlord entered the room bearing a large tureen, and followed by two waiters and a *waiterette*, each with a couple of pewter-covered dishes. The landlord acted as fugleman, and at his signal the tureen and dishes were uncovered, showing to our eager eyes some smoking-hot mulligatawny soup, or, as it might have literally been called after its true Indian name, "pepper-water;" a slice of cod fish, certainly not of the "sound" order; a fine specimen of that indigenous dish of Old England, a rump-steak; some marrow-bones; a portion of turkey, awfully bedevilled; a plate of potatoes, hot without and hard within; and some underdone cauliflower.

Of course, the landlord recommended a bottle of wonderful sherry, and as fine a specimen of old bee's-wing port as ever was brought to table. The wines were brought; and, as we sat round the fire after dinner enjoying the port—which was really first-rate—our conversation turned upon hunting, and we agreed to devote the following day to the purchase of hunters for our joint-stock sporting company. It was nearly time to order a hackney-coach (for cabs and broughams were then unknown) to take us to one of the winter theatres in time for half price, when the waiter entered and announced that a gentleman, bearing the unfashionable-sounding name of Limbert, was most anxious to have an interview with us. Although unacquainted with the name, we immediately requested that Mr. Limbert might be shown in.

In a few seconds the waiter returned, followed by a personage who, at first sight, might have been taken for a dissenting minister, but, from his speech, we found to be a horse-dealer. Mr. Limbert's costume was peculiarly neat, and consisted of a dark cutaway coat, an unobtrusive coloured waistcoat—also of a sombre hue, a white cravat tied with the greatest care—in what was then denominated "a waterfall" (vide *Neckclothiana*, a work on ties)—and ornamented with a plain gold pin; a pair of dark slate-coloured trousers, with gaiter termini; and a well-polished shoe. The new comer's manner was also particularly quiet and retiring, as he stood near the door, and made us a most formal bow.

"What is your business, sir?" inquired my friend Henry Melton. "I fear there is some mistake."

"None whatever, gentlemen," responded Mr. Limbert, in the most saccharine tone imaginable. "I believe I have the honour of addressing Mr. Melton, of his Majesty's —th Light Dragoons."

"You have that distinguished honour," responded the young cornet with a smile.

"I have just been given to understand that you and your friend (bowing to me) are about to join your respective regiments, and that you are previously going to Leamington for a fortnight's hunting."

We both looked astounded at a stranger knowing so much of our private plans. He continued—"I also understand that you are anxious to purchase or hire sufficient horses to carry you and your three young friends at Littlewick Green, during your stay in Warwickshire."

We again looked astonished, or, to use an expressive, though rather inelegant term, regularly "flabbergasted."

"Warwickshire is an extremely stiff country, and requires not only first-rate hunters, but also first-rate men to ride them; but after the manner you and your friends went with the King's hounds at Farnham Common, there can be no doubt that you will not be found wanting."

This small dose of "soft-sawder" was so palatable, that we begged Mr. Limbert would approach the fire, and take a glass of the old bee's-wing port. After filling that gentleman's glass, we rang the bell for another bottle, same as last. In the meantime our mysterious visitor drank to both our good healths, coupling our names with that of fox-hunting, and wishing us good sport with the Warwickshire.

Mr. Limbert had one peculiarity: he kept his empty glass in his hand until the moment that we helped ourselves to wine; and just at the nick of time, when I raised the bottle to replenish my own goblet, down went the "dodger's" glass, and of course left me (raythor young in those days) no alternative short of ill-breeding, but that of offering to fill him a bumper. Amidst our hilarity, the stranger never for a moment lost sight of business.

"Here, gentlemen," said he, taking out a letter with a deep mourning edge, "is a favour I have just received from my first master, Squire Welland. Ah! the poor young gentleman—his only son—poor Master Frank. Oh! oh!! oh!!! it's a sad bereavement." And here Mr. Limbert drew out his "bird's eye" bandana, and, like the soldier in poor Haynes Bayly's ballad, "wiped away a tear."

After a few seconds he recovered himself, just in time again to put his empty glass upon the table, and to see the "purple stream" flow into it.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," continued the half-blubbering man, "you would be kind enough to read the letter; the contents quite overpower me."

Harry Melton took the document, and read as follows:—

The Cedars, Dunchurch,
December 21, 1820.

SAMUEL LIMBERT,

You have probably by this time heard of the melancholy death of my poor son Francis, whose gun going off accidentally, out shooting, killed him on the spot. I am heart-broken, and cannot trust myself to write upon this subject further than to say that I shall give up hunting entirely, and that both the poor boy's horses and mine are for sale. I inclose a list with prices, and shall send them up to your stables next Tuesday. They are all too well known in Warwickshire and Leicestershire to require any comment. I hope soon to be in London, on my road to Italy. After our long acquaintance, now five-and-twenty years, I feel confident that you will do your best for your old master,

JOSIAS WELLAND.

P.S. I would rather give the horses away than that they should get into bad hands. I have ordered poor Frank's favourite old hunter, Lustre, to be shot.—J. W.

"Very satisfactory indeed," said Harry Melton, as he

replaced the letter in Mr. Limbert's hands; "have you the list of the horses and their prices?"

"Here, sir, is the list," responded the lachrymose visitor.

My friend Melton handed me a sheet of paper, from which I read as follows:—

To be sold by private contract, the following hunters, well known in Warwickshire, the property of a gentleman declining hunting:—

	Gs.
Gerard Dow, six years old	100
Carlo Dolci, aged	90
Wouvermans, five years old	90
Ballad Singer, by Tramp, aged	110
Mountebank, six years old	85

Danae, 45 gs., and The Barber, 50 gs., two splendid hacks.

Also, the property of a gentleman deceased:—

Trumpeter, aged	85
Fortune-teller, sister to Ballad Singer, by Tramp, seven years old	100
Cinderella, five years old	80
Jack the Painter, aged	90
Beppo (thorough bred), by Touchstone, out of a Whalebone mare	110
Charley, a hack	50

For further particulars apply to Mr. Samuel Limbert, Duke's Head Yard, Little Castle Street, Blackfriars Road; where the horses can be seen and a fair trial granted.

No sooner had I finished reading this "sheet-list" of the "wonderful high bred cattle," than Harry Melton and myself exchanged significant glances. This was not lost upon the wary Mr. Limbert, who quietly took the paper I had just read, and placed it in his pocket-book.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," he said, "you would like to see the horses in the morning? I expect Mr. Hilliard, the Warwickshire dealer, at one o'clock; but I should be happy to show them to you first; for I am very anxious that my poor master's stud should get into good hands."

Again I looked at Harry Melton, and he at me.

"Could you let me see the list for a moment?" said my friend; "ten hunters, if I recollect rightly, and three hacks."

"Certainly, sir," responded Mr. Limbert; who now saw that he had more than a nibble. "Here's the paper; ten first-rate hunters; and the hacks could carry any light weights with the fastest hounds in England."

Harry took out his pencil, and began calculating some figures. "A regular bite," thought Limbert; "I must play my fish." So, upon the principle of all the pupils of honest Isaac Walton, the expert man, or rather *flat*-fisher, began his art. First he humoured us, then gave us line enough, then followed us down the stream; and at last—to use a piscatory phrase—he regularly basketed us.

Melton now passed me a scrap of paper, upon which I found his calculations. The "tottle" of the whole, as a useful member of the House of Commons was wont to say, amounted to nine hundred and forty guineas for the hunters, and one hundred and forty-five for the hacks. One thousand and eighty-five guineas for the lot. Under this was a remark, which ran as follows: "I am good for three hundred and fifty, you ditto, and the Green (alluding to our friends at Littlewick Green) must make up the remainder. Offer nine hundred and fifty, subject, of course, to our approval of the stud." This was signed Harry Melton. Taking my "cue" from this document, I began hemming and hawing, and at last screwed up my courage sufficiently to say that we would call in the morning, and that if the horses suited we were prepared to make an offer for the lot, and that perhaps under those circumstances some reduction might be made.

Mr. Limbert drew up and looked quite offended! but he shortly recovered his usual bland look, and said—

"Well, gentlemen, I will see what I can do; I know Mr. Welland must sell: and if he can only know that his own favourite hunters—and, above all, his poor departed son's horses—can get into good hands, he won't stand at a trifle. Good night, gentlemen. Here's my card. I hope to see you before twelve o'clock."

Mr. Limbert bowed and retired.

"Honest fellow!" said Harry. "So much feeling for his late master," I responded. "And so civil," repeated we in chorus.

We should scarcely have paid him the latter panegyric had we heard the remark that he dropped to a companion who was waiting for him in the yard of the Three Kings.

"Two regular flats. They're done to a tinder; but we've no time to lose. You must see Jem Snitch to-night; I'll be off to Harry Paddington's. At eight o'clock to-morrow morning meet me at the Marsh Gate." The friends parted.

Return to our room, where, while the "agony" coach, as they were then called, was being sent for, we talked over the stud, congratulated ourselves upon the lucky chance that had brought us acquainted with Mr. Limbert, and fully determined to take the whole lot, should they be found to come up to the character they had received from their master.

"Coach is at the door," said the boots, at the same time handing us our evening great coats (for, in the period we write of, "pea" jackets and Chesterfield wrappers had not been introduced).

How different was the fashion of that day to that of the present! Instead of having one's winter upper garment made of coarse blue pilot cloth or tweed, a handsome superfine cloth coat, trimmed with black lace, with sable collar and cuffs, was the order of the day.

Just as we were about to start, one of our young friends from Littlewick Green, to whom I shall give the fictitious appellation of Charley Combermere, made his appearance.

"Why, what brought you here, Charley?" we exclaimed together. "We thought you were booked till the twenty-third."

"So I was," replied our new comer, "but I wanted to be present at the deal; I think I can put you up to a wrinkle or two—I know all the tricks of the horse-dealing fraternity. Old Dominie would not at first hear of my coming away, so I got young Arthur Harris, who came over from Eton to see us this morning, to write a note in my uncle's name, particularly requesting that I might come up to attend my aunt Lady Merston's juvenile 'hop' this evening. The note was dated from Botham's, at Salt Hill, where my lord was supposed to be sojourning; and the bearer of it waited in a gig which Arthur Harris had hired and sent from Salt Hill. The Dominie swallowed the bait, requested his respectful regards to Lord and Lady Merston, and packing up my carpet bag, I got into the gig and drove post-haste to Botham's; there I had a snack, hired another horse, changed at Hounslow, and am just arrived, having done the twenty-seven miles in three hours, including stoppages."

"Well," I replied, "you'll take up your quarters here this night. Boots, take Mr. Combermere's coat and carpet bag out of the gig. We are just off to the play; will you accompany us?"

"No," replied Charley, "I can't stand the expense of an hotel: I shall sleep at my aunt's; who, instead of giving a 'hop' in London, is down at Brighton. Economy 's the life and soul of the army, and next Gazette I am to get my commission in the Guards. 'A penny saved is a penny got.'"

Charles Combermere was an exception to the usual run of boys, who, generally speaking, cannot spend money too fast. But his economy was more for the sake of doing what he considered clever things; instead, however, of "doing," he was generally "done." Thus, in the present case, he slept at his aunt's, had to fee the housemaid for her trouble, and to purchase the porter's silence as to his late hours, with a no inconsiderable "buckshee," as the Affghans call it, and which may be translated "tip," besides paying a lazy out-of-place servant who had domiciled himself during the family's absence, at Lady Merston's, and who expected a handsome present for "valeting" for the future heir of that noble house. At the Gloucester Coffee House, where the young "penny wise and pound foolish" was obliged to have his meals, the expense of the bed would have been trivial, compared with the customary dues at his uncle's house. We must record a specimen of the young economist's sharpness, which will give the lie to the old adage already quoted, "a penny saved is a penny got."

During our stay in London we visited Covent Garden Theatre together. Charley Combermere started a "cab," just then imported from France. As we pulled up in Bow Street, he took off his cloak—the regulation cloak of the regiment to which he was about to be gazetted—and told his groom to fold it up and sit upon it. "Why, what nonsense!" I exclaimed; "bring it into the house, and leave it with the box-keeper." "What, and pay a shilling for it! Catch a weazel asleep, and shave off his eyebrows. I think I see myself paying a fellow for doing that which my tiger can do for nothing," responded Combermere. We knew we might as well speak to the wind as to our 'cute young friend—that is, as far as gaining our point; so we gave up the argument, entered the theatre, de-

posited our fur coats with the box-keeper, and took our seats.

The play being over, we handed out the customary fee, got laughed at by Charley Combermere, who now chucklingly said, "Well, your heirs and executors will never see those shillings again." As we reached the portico the sleet was falling fast. "Coach, your honour?" shouted the link-boys, whose lights are now extinguished! After a great deal of "cutting out" and "cutting in," amidst the imprecations of coachmen, watermen, and linkmen, Charley's cab drove up. "My cloak," shouted our shivering friend. "Muv on that 'ere gig with a head," cried a superannuated constable. "You must muv on," echoed a dozen voices. "My cloak," again cried Charley. "My kingdom for a cloak." "Cut his reins," said a young pick-pocket, anxious for a row. "Run that ere pole into him, Jarvey," holloed a regular *gin-and-water*man. Harry Melton jumped in, and was quickly followed by Charley, still crying for his cloak. As we were all of the diminutive size, I scrambled in "bodkin," amidst the jeers of the British public, who shouted "snips, why don't you keep to your shopboard?" "Dandees."

No sooner had we gained Long Acre, than we stopped the cab. Jem was called, and told to get the cloak from under the seat The unfortunate "tiger" shook like an aspen leaf. "Please, sir—sir." "Why, what's the matter, are you drunk or mad?" "Oh, sir, such, such a misfortune. No sooner had you left the 'keb,' than a young feller 'ollows out, 'Why, your curb chain's undone, and I'm blow'd if the rein a'n't unbuckled.' I pulled and found it was the case; down I jumps, buckles the rein, takes off the curb chain, puts it into my pocket, gets into the 'keb,' and there, oh! oh! oh! I found that the cloak was gone. When I axed the orange woman if she

had seen any one about the 'keb,' she told me one of the young forty-thieves had it, called me a reg'lar flat, told me I ought never to go out without my nurse, and said if master was a liberal man, he could get it back by offering a reward."

We will not attempt to depict our friend's rage; but turning back to Bow Street, got the address of an intelligent "runner" of that day, offered a reward of two pounds, and the following day the cloak was restored. Thus, by an attempt to save a shilling, Charley Combermere found himself minus three pounds—the reward being two pounds, and a pound to the intelligent thief-taker.

To return to our adventures on the evening previous to our deal. We dropped into Covent Garden Theatre half price, and saw "Katherine and Petruchio;" Charles Kemble representing the principal character; with the farce of "The Sleep Walker," in which poor Yates acted the part of Somno, after—and as some one said, very closely after—the manner of Charles Mathews. Here was a second price treat. "Wallace," with Macready, Charles Kemble, and Mrs. Bunn in it, had been the first piece. And this leads us to digress, and mourn over the present state of the winter theatres. No disparagement to the present spirited lessee of Drury Lane. Look at the companies of the two major theatres in those days. At Covent Garden, in tragedy: C. Kemble, Macready, Vandenhoff; Mesdames Bunn and Faucit, Miss Dance. In comedy: C. Kemble, Jones, *the* Jones, W. Farren, Liston, Fawcett, Emery, Blanchard, Terry, Abbott, C. Taylor, Duruset, Connor, Farley, Grimaldi; Mesdames Davison, Gibbs, Davenport, C. Kemble, Misses Stephens, M. Tree, Foot, Beaumont, and Love. At Drury Lane: Kean, Cooper, Wallack, Booth, Munden, Elliston, Harley—the

evergreen Harley, fresh and lively as ever—Knight, J. Russell, Braham, C. Horn. Among the ladies: Mesdames Glover, Harlowe, Orger, Bland, Misses Kelly, Chester, and Smithson, Madam Vestris, and Miss Wilson.

In the season we allude to, Covent Garden Theatre was kept open from September 1820 to August 7th, 1821, again to open on the 27th September. Alas! we shall never live to see those good old days again, is the fear of one who mourns over the decay of the public taste. Opera and ballet, Costa and Carlotta Grisi, have driven Shakspeare, Sheridan, Colman, and Morton from the stage.

Upon the following morning we were up betimes, and having been joined by Charley Combermere, proceeded, after breakfast, to the Duke's Head Yard, Little Castle-street, Blackfriars-road. There we found Mr. Limbert in earnest conversation with a man in a suit of sable, who looked something between a groom, a methodist preacher, and an undertaker.

"This is my late master's bailiff—Mr. Smithson."

The latter personage took off his hat respectfully. Mr. Limbert then introduced us all by name; for he had ascertained our "birth, parentage, and education," first from the coachman of the White Lion, and subsequently from the "boots" at the Gloucester Coffee House.

After a few preliminary remarks, we walked down the yard, and, threading our way through some rather seedy-looking gigs and carriages, entered a stable calculated to hold about ten horses, but in which thirteen were now crammed—the bails having been taken down, and cords placed in their stead. The only light was from a small window over the door—at any time an inadequate one, but upon the occasion I allude to rendered doubly so by two out of the six panes being broken, and their apertures

stuffed with hay and torn rugs, while the remaining ones were so much covered with dust as scarcely to admit any light. The three hacks stood nearest the entrance, and looked clever, well-bred animals. Ballad-singer and Fortune-teller came next; but as we approached them, Mr. Limbert requested Mr. Smithson to shut the door, as he was fearful "The Barber" might catch that most awful evil, a London cough. All we could, therefore, do, was, to feel their legs, and measure their height. After putting the rest of the stud under the same test, we requested that the four highest priced ones might be brought out and saddled.

"Bill!" said Mr. Limbert, addressing a youth dressed in the usual gear of an ostler, "saddle Gerard Dow, Ballad-singer, and Fortune-teller; and perhaps, Mr. Smithson, you'll put your own saddle upon Beppo, and throw your leg across him."

In due time the horses were saddled and bridled, and brought to a narrow ride covered with sawdust. There a leaping-bar, covered with furze, was being prepared by a man in red velveteens and fustian jacket, evidently a coachman out of place and elbows, and who, from his general appearance, showed the marks of having seen better days.

"Top hole, coachman," shouted Mr. Smithson, as he cantered down the ride and charged the bar, which he cleared in a very sporting-like manner; for the *top hole* was placed so as to raise the bar to about three feet.

I was equally fortunate on Ballad-singer, as were my friends upon the other two celebrated hunters.

"That mare you are on has only one fault, Mr. Melton," said Mr. Limbert; the Cornet was all ears. "There's no stopping her at water; if she sees a brook, never mind the width, she will have it. She set the whole field last winter in Warwickshire at the Snowford brook."

Satisfied with the performances of the above-mentioned horses, we had the remaining six out, and subsequently the hacks. Harry Melton, who was the best judge among us, notwithstanding Charley Combermere having professed to give us a wrinkle, our gentle or ungentle reader will probably exclaim, "bad's the best"—fancied that Wouvermans went a little lame.

"Only his way of going," responded the ever ready Mr. Limbert.

"Cinderella, too, coughs a little," said my friend.

"Caught on the journey—soundest wind in the world," responded the dealer.

"Jack the Painter's legs look as if they've had a deal of work."

"Work! you surprise me, sir; they're like a foal's—fresh as paint!"

"Mountebank's eye seemed a little inflamed."

"You *are* a judge, I see, sir," said the placid Mr. Smithson. "It was last Wednesday fortnight the Warwickshire met at Ladbroke. Master rode Mountebank, and the poor young gentleman Trumpeter. They had a splendid run, fifteen miles from point to point, killing near Upton House. Just at the end, master charged a regular 'bull-fincher,' and cleared it splendidly; a branch of a tree struck Mountebank just above his eye, and caused the inflammation and running. It's quite a pleasure to deal with a gentleman that knows what he is about. Sam, did not you tell the officer of the accident?"

Limbert was beginning to "explain," when Smithson, with wonderful adroitness, added—

"And I dare say you forgot to mention that Carlo Dol*shee* was pricked in shoeing."

This remark was made in consequence of Charley Combermere, who had taken a great fancy to the namesake of

the celebrated painter, ordering that horse to be brought round, that he might trot him down the Blackfriars-road. This the quick ear of the wary *soi disant* bailiff had caught, and, making a virtue of necessity, was the first to pronounce the horse to be lame.

"But what said Field of him this morning?" inquired Mr. Smithson, in a half voice, but quite loud enough to be heard by all parties.

"Please, sir," responded the hobble-de-hoy ostler, "he declared it *war* nothing; he's ordered the shoe to be taken off, and says with a little fomentation it will be all right in the morning."

We had lingered so long in the stables, and had occupied so much time in the yard, that we were not aware that one o'clock had arrived, until we were made acquainted with the fact by the arrival of the great Warwickshire dealer, Mr. Hilliard. This portly gentleman drove up to the yard in a small gig, which would have held two ordinarily-sized persons comfortably, but which was not more than sufficiently large for the unwieldy figure of Mr. Hilliard. To judge by his manner, he evidently had no small idea of himself.

"Well, Limbert," he exclaimed, "how are the horses? Ah, Smithson, is it you? How's the farm? You know I am a man of few words; I know the stud as well as I know my own. There are two young Oxonians that want three hunters and a hack a-piece; what will you take to give me the pick?"

Our countenances fell. Harry Melton was about to stammer out something about first come first served, and unhandsome conduct in thus interfering with us: when Mr. Limbert, who had watched our elongated visages, said—

"I'm proud of your custom, Mr. Hilliard—no man more

proud. You have now dealt with me for more than ten years. I prefer selling the whole stud at once; these young officers have got the refusal. Should we not come to terms, then, Mr. Hilliard, I shall be in a situation to listen to your proposition."

"All fair and above-board," responded the modern Daniel Lambert, for the dealer looked the very prototype of that huge specimen of humanity; "I would not stand in the young gentlemen's way for the world. I shall be proud to see them in Warwickshire; not that I should have much chance of seeing them, nor would many of the field, for Squire Welland's horses are regular fliers, and no mistake. I sha'n't forget the run from Ladbrook; my son Jem killed one of my best horses; indeed, on that day, five, independent of mine, died. How's the brown horse's eye?—that might have been a bad accident."

This apparently off-hand statement of Mr. Hilliard's completely corroborated Mr. Smithson's assertion; and, thanking that gentleman for his courtesy, we requested to be shown into the counting-house, where we would look over the list of prices, and see what could be done.

"Well, gentlemen, I can wait. As I says to Jem—'Jem,' says I, 'never hurry no man's cattle; you don't know how soon you may have a donkey of your own.' I'll just drive down to the Circus Mews to look at a lady's horse, and be back in half an hour. Take off the rug, Bill—let him go."

And away whisked the great (in every respect) dealer.

We now made our way to a small room, about six feet by four, in which was a desk and a couple of chairs. Mr. Limbert requested us to be seated; but as two chairs among five persons was not very suitable accommodation, we declined the offer, and, lounging over the desk, again looked over the paper we had seen the previous evening.

"Nine hundred and forty guineas for the hunters, and one hundred and forty-five for the hacks," said Mr. Smithson—"cheap as dirt; why, the two mares and Beppo are worth six hundred. Mr. Welland is actually giving them away; but, poor man! in his present state, he scarcely knows what he's about."

After delivering himself of this speech, Mr. Smithson gave what is called "the office" to his friend Mr. Limbert, and they both retired, leaving our triumvirate to decide the important affair among ourselves.

"What's to be *done?*" exclaimed Harry Melton.

"Take care that we are not," responded the *soi-disant* sharp Charley Combermere.

"We've no time for joking," said I; "in less than half an hour Mr. Hilliard will be back, so we must decide quickly."

"Suppose," said Harry, "you and I were to buy the two mares, Ballad-singer and Fortune-teller, Beppo, and Gerard Dow—say, for four hundred pounds; and the two hacks, Charley and The Barber, for ninety. Combermere seems sweet upon Trumpeter and Cinderella; he ought to get the two for one hundred and fifty pounds. Six hundred and forty down may tempt Mr. Limbert; as for the other five, we'll propose to hire them for a fortnight, with the option of buying them at the expiration of that time. Twenty pounds ought to do it."

"Capital," I exclaimed.

"Let's propose to pay half down now, and the rest in a fortnight," said Charley Combermere.

"Agreed."

At this moment the worthy couple made their re-appearance.

"Well, gentlemen, what say you?" inquired Mr. Limbert; "Mr. Hilliard has just driven into the yard."

Harry Melton then proceeded to lay our offers before the parties—six hundred and forty pounds for the eight horses, and twenty pounds for the hire of the remaining five for a fortnight; thirty pounds to be paid down, three hundred in a week, and the rest at the expiration of the fortnight, with the option of purchasing any or all of the hired lot at the prices marked, pounds instead of guineas.'"

"Quite impossible," said Mr. Limbert.

"Entirely out of the question," remarked Mr. Smithson.

We remained silent; and, although not very much up to the tricks about town, had sufficient tact to put on our hats, and take our leave of the horse-dealing fraternity. We had actually proceeded fifty yards, without even casting a lingering look behind, when the well-known voice of the fat dealer was heard hailing us.

"Holloa, young gentlemen. Limbert has been too hard with you," said Mr. Hilliard, as he pulled up his horse: "if you will step back with me to the yard, I hope I shall be able to bring you together."

We were delighted; for great had been our disappointment when the offer was rejected. On returning to the yard, the silence was broken by Mr. Hilliard, who said that his man had brought him a note from the young Oxonians, saying that they had been well suited at Milton's; and that so anxious was he, the dealer, to see us in Warwickshire, that he would do his best to bring matters about—

"Make it guineas, and I have no doubt that Limbert will agree."

We, the purchasers, were silent; feeling that we should get the stud at our first offer. A horse-dealer who hesitates realizes the old saying applied to the fair sex, "Whoever deliberates is lost;" and such was the case in the

present instance, for Mr. Smithson now "took up the running," and said—

"I know master's so anxious to get the horses into good hands, that he won't stick at a trifle. Come, Limbert, I'll take all the blame upon myself—you must let the young gentlemen have the lot at their own price."

"Well, it goes against the grain to do an unkind thing; I love to encourage young sportsmen. Step into the counting-house, and I'll draw up the agreement," responded Mr. Limbert, leading the way to the small den before alluded to. "Bill, just step out for a stamp receipt for three hundred and thirty pounds."

We then proceeded to give checks for three hundred pounds, payable one week after date, and thirty pounds in cash; received an acknowledgment, and an agreement drawn up agreeable to our first offer. We then rewarded Bill with half a guinea, thanked Mr. Hilliard, and made the best of our way to Whippy's, to order saddles, bridles, and clothing, and finally to Tattersall's, where we heard of a couple of grooms, whom we engaged, and, giving them orders to procure sufficient helpers, ordered them to start the first thing in the morning with our stud towards Leamington.

In those days steam and railroads were not in existence; and instead of being able to whisk their cattle off in a box, as at the present time, at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, we were compelled to let them walk their journey at easy stages. Our day passed off agreeably; in the afternoon we visited the stables, found that the farrier had put Carlo Dolci's shoe on again, having pronounced him sound, and were all delighted with our bargain. Nothing occurred the next day; but the following morning brought us a letter, which astonished us not a little. It was dated St. Alban's, and ran as follows:—

"*White Hart, St. Alban's, December* 21, 1820.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"Agreeable to your orders, we proceeded at daylight yesterday morning to Mr. Limbert's stables, with the clothing and saddles lent us until yours are finished, and started for Dunstable. I rode the brown mare, and Jem the thorough-bred horse; I led Carlo Dolci, and Jem Cinderella. We had not got more than half way to St. Alban's, when Carlo Dolci fell, and cut himself dreadfully; and Cinderella coughed so much, that we were fearful her wind was touched. When we reached St. Albans, I sent for Mr. Arber, the veterinary surgeon, and he has pronounced the whole lot to be regular screws. He fears you have been sadly done by a gang of chaunters. I have enclosed his certificate, and shall wait there for further orders. If so be I might be so bold, I take the liberty of recommending that you should lose no time in coming down here.

"Your obedient servant to command,

"ROBERT FREEMAN.

"*To Harry Melton, Esq., Cornet, —th Light Dragoons, Gloucester Coffee House, Piccadilly, London.*"

Harry Melton and myself were busily engaged when the above letter was placed in our hands. We were ordering and trying on our hunting gear. Before a large looking-glass, that wonderful man of measures, the late Baron Stulz, was fitting on a red hunting-coat; while Mr. Elphick, of Jermyn-street, was measuring me for a pair of white cords. Near the door stood Paget O'Shaunessy, the first boot-maker of the day, with two pair of the neatest top-boots imaginable in his hands; and close to him was a man from Vincent's, and another from Crowther's, with hunting-spurs and whips. I had opened and read the letter, which I immediately handed over to my friend.

"That will do," I exclaimed hastily to the surprise of the respectable "unmentionable" maker, who had not half finished his measures.

"All right," said Harry Melton to the baron; "it fits beautifully."

And in his hurry to doff the pink, nearly carried away the two sleeves.

"Leave the boots, and call to-morrow; and the spurs, and the whips. We've a letter that requires our leaving London immediately; there, that's right."

Helping the gaping and astounded tradesmen in packing up their articles of dress, we politely hurried them out of our presence.

"Ring the bell," Harry exclaimed.

In my excitement I pulled down the bell-rope. The waiter made his appearance.

"Please to take breakfast, gentlemen?"

"No, not yet; fly, and ask if there is a coach to St. Alban's.

The waiter vanished, but shortly re-appeared.

"None, sir, until the mail."

"Order out a chaise for St. Albans."

"Chaise and pair, gentlemen?"

"Chaise and four—no time's to be lost. Now bring breakfast; and let us know when the carriage is at the door."

In a few seconds the hissing urn was on the table; we scalded our throats with hot tea, nearly choked ourselves with hard muffins, bolted a slice or two of cold beef, and, enveloping ourselves in box coats, hurried into the chaise; the "boots" having heard us say that we should pay according to the pace we went, held up ten fingers, thus intimating a reward of ten shillings, and away we whirled with four of Cripps's best horses.

We reached St. Alban's, and found the head groom and veterinary surgeon in the stables. In our haste we had omitted to look over the latter gentleman's report, which we had accidentally left in London; but a few words sufficed to show us that we had been regularly done by an organised gang of horse-chaunters.

The following account, written by Charley Combermere

to a friend at Littlewick Green, gives a tolerably vivid sketch of the animals. After pointing out how we had been taken in, he adds:—

"GERARD DOW—who ought to have been called Gerard *Doo*—was a regular cripple—not a leg to stand on.

CARLO DOLCI—ditto.

WOUVERMANS was also dead lame; he had undergone the operation of being *burned*, that he might go equally lame on both legs, and which passed for an awkward gait.

MOUNTEBANK—who was well named, for he was a decided *tumbler*—was blind with one eye, and could scarcely see out of the other.

DANAE was not worth the smallest particle of the gold that Jupiter showered at her feet.

The BARBER was glandered.

TRUMPETER was broken winded.

FORTUNE-TELLER was a deceitful jade.

CINDERELLA looked as if she had been all night at the Prince's ball—in a hackney coach.

JACK-THE-PAINTER had, like his namesake, been addicted to fire, his fore-legs having been completely *scored* all over.

BEPPO was foundered.

CHARLEY looked like a regular 'Charley,' old and done up."

Our next proceeding was to hasten back to London, taking the veterinary surgeon and the groom on the bar of the yellow bounder. Upon reaching London, we immediately proceeded to Mr. Limbert's stables which were shut up, nor could we receive any information where that respectable gentleman had taken up his domicile. Here we should have remained "at fault," had not the worthy "vet." put us on the right scent.

"Those fellows," said he, "have stables at the back of

Tottenham Court-road; I know the spot, though I forget the name of the mews."

We lost no time in going there, and in the bar of a neighbouring public-house found our worthy three friends sitting and enjoying their pipes. The veterinary surgeon opened our case by at once coming to the point—that we had been swindled; and declared that if the cheques were not returned forthwith, we should apply for a magistrate's warrant, and, what seemed to produce more effect, stop the payment of them. After a great deal of blustering from the gang, we at length brought matters to a tolerably good conclusion, by receiving back the cheques we had given, with a promise that the remaining thirty pounds should be refunded: as a matter of course, we never touched the latter sum. The "screws" were delivered up to Mr. Limbert, and in their place we hired a stud from Tilbury. We rewarded the "vet." handsomely, who informed us that Messrs. Limbert and Smithson constituted the firm. The former had travelled up with us from Maidenhead, and, ascertaining that we were in want of some hunters, he immediately communicated the same to his colleague, Smithson. Hilliard, alias Jem Snitch, who was a "putter up" of west-end robberies—a trade in which he was ably supported by one Harry Paddington—was always called upon with his confederate to assist in every horse case; the one to assume the form of a country dealer, and the other to act the coachman out of place. Let our young readers take a lesson from this tale of horse-dealing, and let them ever bear in mind that the system of 1820 is still being carried on in 1857; indeed, at no period did "Chaunting for the Million" flourish more than it does at the present time.

SPORTING LIFE FROM LONDON.

Hunting—Shooting—Pigeon Shooting—Tennis—Steeple-chasing—Fishing — Boating — Cricket — Larking at the Hippodrome Hunting Grounds.

SOME one used to say that the shortest way to every place was through the metropolis; and that more amusement and sport could be had from it than from any other spot in the whole world. Now, certainly, if that argument held good some five-and-thirty years ago, with what additional force does it now come into operation, since the introduction of steam power by land and water! With this conviction, then, upon our minds, we are about to lay before our readers the "sporting life" that may be had *from* London; and if our delineation is less graphic than that of "Life in London," so admirably pourtrayed by Egan and the writers of the weekly publication of that name; if our arguments are less *logical*, and our *columns* not quite of the *Corinthian* order, we still hope to throw out a few "wrinkles" for the consideration of those whose tastes or avocations induce them to pass the best of the year in this modern Babylon, and who fully bear out the Anacreontic Captain Morris in his sentiments of town and country life;

> "In town let me live, then; in town let me die;
> For in truth I can't relish the country—not I.
> If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

But to our sports. We will commence with the winter. Act the first, scene the first, must introduce our hero to the reader. A first-floor in St. James's Street, or Pall Mall—the Honourable Wentworth Mordaunt, a young man about town—James Matchem, commonly called "Jem," his head groom. Time, 12 o'clock at noon. Period, November 1st, 1856. Curtain rises, and discovers Mr. Mordaunt at his breakfast. The table, as the fashionable papers describe it, furnished with all the delicacies of a matitutinal repast; tea, coffee, deviled kidneys, grilled bones, cold pies, fish, curaçoa. A rap at the door is heard.

"Come in," says the Honourable Wentworth, putting down his newspaper.

Enter Jem.

"Well, Jem; I shall hunt on Monday. The Queen's hounds meet at Slough. You can start by the 9 o'clock train. How are the horses?"

"Quite well, sir."

"Take on Robin Hood for Monday; Swing will be ready for the Baron's hounds, in the Vale, on Thursday; and Eoline will be just the thing for the Oakley, on Friday. Potsheen can have a week's rest, as he has not quite recovered that last day with Mr. Drake's."

This slight dialogue will shew our readers that with four horses a man may hunt twice a-week, from London, with two packs of fox-hounds, and twice with two packs of stag-hounds—her Majesty's and Baron Rothschild's. Indeed, he may, if he has a proportionate stud, hunt daily from London. Tring, which is arrived at by the Birmingham rail in an hour, is within five miles of Mentmore, and is the very centre of Baron Rothschild's, the Oakley, Messrs. Lowndes's and Drake's countries. Slough, which you reach in five-and-thirty minutes, takes you within distance of the Queen's and Sir John Cope's hounds; Northampton, to some of

the meets of the Pytchley; and Leamington, to those of the Warwickshire; in short, whatever may be said or written against the rail, there can be no doubt that for cockney sportsmen it is the greatest boon imaginable. A Londoner may breakfast in the metropolis, hunt in Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Northamptonshire, or Warwickshire; see a deer run into, or a fox killed; be back in London for an eight-o'clock dinner at the Clarendon Hotel, White's, or Arthur's; and get in time for the pantomime at Drury Lane. I remember well the time, some thirty years ago, when, to hunt with the royal stag-hounds within five-and-twenty miles of London, it was necessary to send your hunter on over-night, to start yourself at eight o'clock, to post that distance, and perhaps not to get back to your town residence until nine o'clock at night.

I happen to have a memorandum of the expense of one of these hunting trips of 1820, which, if compared with that of 1857, would give a considerable balance in favour of the latter:—

1820.	£	s.	d.
Expenses of horse to Botham's, Salt Hill, and back to London, including ostler, turnpikes, keep, &c.....	0	8	0
Expenses of groom to ditto.....	0	5	0
Chaise to Salt Hill and back to London, gates, and boys	4	0	0
	4	13	0

1857.	£	s.	d.
Horse and man to Salt Hill and back, per rail to Slough	1	1	0
Fare to Slough and back, by rail, including omnibus ...	0	5	0
	1	6	0

This, carried on twice a week during the hunting season, would make a balance of sixty-seven pounds in favour of modern conveyance.

Another advantage in hunting from London is, that you may at all times hire a first-rate hunter by the day. There are

many highly respectable men to apply to for such purpose: their horses are always in the highest condition, and the bridles and saddles such as no gentleman need be ashamed of. The grooms, too, furnished by these "purveyors of horse-flesh," as the fashionable tradesmen now describe themselves, are steady, sober, well-conducted men, who will take their master's horse quietly to the cover side, and who will not follow the advice given by that celebrated specimen of the fraternity in "High Life below Stairs," to his fellow servant, as a hint to grooms:

> "Never allow your master able
> To judge of matters in the stable.
> If he should roughly speak his mind,
> Or to dismiss you seems inclined,
> Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

The advice to coachmen, from the same authority, is not less piquant:—

> "If your good master on you doats,
> Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger;
> But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
> And let the horses eat the manger."

I think I have now said enough to prove that the lovers of the "noble science" may indulge in it to their hearts' content, from London.

I now turn to another sport—shooting: and, by the assistance of the rail, a man may reach his friends' covers within fifty or sixty miles of the metropolis in ample time to have a day's sport, and return by seven o'clock to dinner. If money is no object, a London man can rent some manor within distance of town, and carry on his amusement with nearly as much facility as if he lived on the spot, and with a few additional advantages—namely, that in rainy weather he has the town instead of the country to dwell in, and

that he has clubs, exhibitions, theatres, concerts, dinners and balls to while away the spare time, instead of a stroll through a dripping wood, a ramble across the ploughed lands, ankle deep in mud, or a lounge in the miry farm-yard. In shooting from London, your dogs and guns are left with your keeper; and all you have to provide yourself with, is a change of dress and linen, and a hamper of provisions for lunch. If you adopt, too, the prevalent fashion, and turn dealer in game, you may bring back with you the produce of your day's bag, and find a ready sale for it at the great London mart. A well-stocked manor, rented at moderate terms, without the expense of keeping up a house or farm, would bring in a very fair return to the tenant, independent of the gratification of amusing himself and his friends during the winter months.

No sooner does the merry month of May set in than there is another sort of shooting available to the "man about town." I allude to pigeon-shooting: and although, except for the excitement of gambling, it is a tame amusement compared with that of the field, still it furnishes excellent practice to the novice, and enables the more experienced "gunner" to keep his hand in. Sparrow-shooting, too, which is ever to be had from the trap near London, is equally advantageous; and, to make it more difficult, a set of six traps should be procured, two of which should contain a pigeon or a sparrow each. As it is uncertain which trap will be pulled, it gives a man the knack of keeping his eyes about him, and making him a quick shot. A day, then, at Hornsey Wood, The Rosemary, or at some other of the suburban pigeon *battues*, will furnish excellent diversion for the lover of the trigger, who makes the metropolis his head-quarters. But as this amusement is of an old date, we must digress, to lay before our readers some of our

antiquarian researches upon the subject. According to Homer, we find that pigeon or dove-shooting was one of the sports of the ancients, for we read the following lines in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, describing the funeral games instituted by Achilles, upon the death of his friend Patroclus, and which consisted of the chariot race, the fight of the Cœstus, wrestling, the foot race, single combat, throwing the discus, shooting with arrows, and darting the javelin.

"Those who in skilful archery contend
He next invites, the twanging bow to bend:
The mast which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie—
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly."

The poet then proceeds to describe how "skilful Teucer" cuts, with his arrow, the cord that tied the bird to the main-mast, and how "experienced Merion"

"Directs the shaft above,
And following with his eye the soaring dove,
Implores the gods to speed it through the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels.
Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell, bloody, to the ground."

Return we to the modern sport. Pigeon shooting generally commences early in May; but, like many other sports, is rather on the wane. We can well remember the time, some twenty-five years ago, when the late Lords Litchfield and Bury, Lord Ranelagh, the Honourable George Anson, Captains Ross and Bentinck, with Messrs. Biddulph, Osbaldeston, Gillmore, Shoobridge, McDonogh, Anderson, Philipson, &c., were the principal performers. Gold cups and sweepstakes of 300 sovereigns were then contended

for. Without wishing to be invidious, we cannot help selecting a few feats that came under our own observation. In 1829, Captain Ross won the Annual Gold Cup, killing sixty-five birds out of eighty, at four days' shooting; twenty birds each day, at twenty-five yards, with five traps. Mr. Osbaldeston killed fifty-eight; Captain Bentinck, fifty-six; Mr. Anderson, forty-six; and Lord Ranelagh, forty-one.

In the same year Captain Ross won two handicap matches, a sweepstakes of fifty double shots, twenty-five each day, twenty yards, five traps, by killing fifty-seven birds; two matches and a sweepstakes of 300 sovereigns.

Lord Macdonald's shooting is too well known to require any faint eulogium of ours, as is the "Squire's;" and the late Lord Litchfield and his brother, the Hon. George Anson, were among the first of "Gunners," whether after wild game or "blue rocks" at Battersea. The same remark may be made with equal justice to the above-mentioned "Lords and Commons," many of whom are still flourishing, and equally successful in the field as in the times we write of.

Some extraordinary instances of pigeon-shooting are to be found in sporting records. It is stated that a Mr. Elliot, of Rudgwick, in the county of Sussex, undertook to kill fifty-five pigeons in fifty shots; and notwithstanding the high state of the wind, he killed forty-five. He never missed a bird; but, owing to the boisterous state of the weather, his shot scattered. He was only allowed one gun, the touch-hole of which was fairly melted. A game-keeper of Sir Harry Mildmay's shot six pigeons out of ten, with a single bullet. He afterwards hit a cricket-ball, with common shot, twelve times successively, though bowled by one of the quickest bowlers in the Hambledon Club. But it would fill pages to give all the feats of the trigger; and we must therefore refer our readers to the

records of former days. Suffice it to say that at no period has shooting been carried to such perfection as it has been in our own times; we allude to the last thirty years.

In a number of the *Sporting Magazine* we read of Sir William Massey Stanley's "doings" in the Highlands, and the returns of "killed" during the last season,* from Scotland, beat any that have hitherto been made. The Sikhs in the East, and the grouse in the North, had awful havoc made among them in the shooting seasons of 1845 and 1846. In addition, we find on record that Lord Elcho killed one hundred brace of grouse in one day, upon his moors in Scotland, and that Sir Richard Sutton, upon his Yorkshire moors, bagged one hundred brace in two days' shooting, from his pony. Of mounted sportsmen there are few, if any, who can compete with the late Marquis of Anglesey, who was one of the quickest and the cleanest shots we ever saw; and when we consider the disadvantage his lordship laboured under in the loss of his leg, it was quite wonderful to witness his prowess in the field. It signified little to the gallant warrior, whether the game rose in the front, in the rear, to the right, or the left, the well-poised Manton was in a second in its proper direction, and the chances were twenty to one that the pulling the trigger was the death-warrant to the bird. His lordship, who was an excellent horseman, both as to hand and seat, had some well-broke ponies, who carried the noble marquis safely over Cannock Chase, or through the woods that skirt his ancestral domain of Beaudesert. Honour to the memory of the noble Paget!

While upon the subject of pigeon-shooting, I will lay before my readers an extraordinary pigeon-match that took place in 1830. Upon the 10th of July of that year, two persons arrived in London from Antwerp, with one hundred

* Written in 1846.

and ten pigeons, to be thrown off here, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they would find their way back; and if so, in what time they would perform the journey. The birds belonged to the Cansdel Tavern Club, Antwerp; and eighteen prizes were to be competed for in this flight: —the first a gold medal of considerable value, and the others sums of money. Upon the day fixed for their departure, the weather was too hazy; but on the following morning, at a quarter before nine o'clock, the sun broke out; and it was at once arranged to proceed with the trial. The pigeons were contained in eight inclosures, constructed of wire and canvas, and capable of admitting a sufficiency of air to the birds; and on the top of each was a trap-door of tin. The baskets were all placed side by side, and after the means of opening the traps were so adjusted as to be opened simultaneously, at a given signal the doors were all lifted up, and out rushed the pigeons at the same time. They rose in a flock, and never hovered in the least, but bent their way straight (*bending straight* sounds Irish, but I cannot pause in my flight of truth—not fancy—to correct it), in the direction they were most likely to reach home.

They were all of a cross breed unknown to the English fanciers, having traces of the carrier, tumbler, and dragon pigeon, but all having one distinguished peculiarity in what is designated the "pearl eye." The men set off shortly after, for Dover, with a proper certificate of the hour of departure. A letter from Brussels, dated July 23rd, says—"The pigeons, one hundred and ten in number, despatched in London, with a strong breeze from the west-south-west, have arrived at Antwerp; the first one gaining the gold medal, in five hours and a half; the second, thirty seconds later. Six arrived five minutes after the winner; and all the prizes, eighteen in number, were gained within eight hours and a quarter from the time the birds left London." Twenty-six

birds reached home within twenty hours. Of the rest, who were "no where," we have no account upon record. We have now, at some length, digressed from our immediate subject, which was to introduce pigeon-shooting as an agreeable recreation from London; and certainly, *faute de mieux*, it is a very good way of passing a morning during the Spring season.

Tennis, although rather an expensive amusement, may be ranked as one which the constant sojourner in the metropolis can always (with a full purse) have in perfection. *The* Tennis Court, near the Haymarket, and the newly erected one at Lord's Cricket Ground, are, we believe, the only ones now kept up; and they are admirably superintended, and worthy the patronage of the public.

From tennis we pass to steeple-chasing; and here the metropolitan can easily enjoy this sport (if sport, from the way it has been carried on, it can be called), from London. Coventry, Northampton, Leamington, and Windsor, being all within distance by rail; and a man may breakfast and dine in "the village," having plenty of time between his meals to drop or pocket a hundred or two, as the case may be. We frankly own that steeple-chasing is not a favourite amusement of ours. More valuable horses are annually sacrificed to this sport (!) than in three times that period in the hunting-field. However, as we write for the million, we cannot refrain from giving a notice of it, under *protest*, that we highly disapprove of a system which encourages gambling, which sacrifices the noble animal, the horse, and which leads to a great deal of foul play and trickery, by which the real sportsman has not the ghost of a chance left him. The Parisian steeple-chases, although admirably conducted and contested for, make us blush for our countrymen, who, upon the principle of "doing at Rome as the Romans do," desecrate the Sabbath upon these occasions.

Were the principal Englishmen to represent to the authorities that their religion dictated to them a proper observance of this day, the scandal that has been attached to this breach of it would have been averted.

In referring to the sporting literature of the last century, we find that a steeple-chase took place, probably the first, on the 16th of January, 1792. The account is as follows:—"A match was run for a thousand guineas, in the county of Leicester, from Melton, Mowbray, and across the country to Dolby Woods, being a distance of ten miles, by a horse, the property of Mr. Hardy, got by the Rutland Arabian, and rode by Mr. Loraine Smith's butler, against the best hunter the Honourable Mr. Willoughby could procure, rode by his whipper-in, which was won by the former, by a distance of nearly two miles. At starting, the odds were 3 to 2 in favour of Mr. Hardy, whose horse went over the country in great style. The intrepidity of the riders was astonishing; but the advantage of superior skill and excellent horsemanship was evidently in favour of Mr. Hardy, whose rider showed much knowledge of hunting by his manner of choosing his leaps, many of which were well performed."

Steeple-chasing does not seem to have made a great progress, for in 1804 we find the following account in a sporting work:—

"Curious Horse-Race.—A wager betwixt Captains Prescott and Tucker, of the 5th Light Dragoons, was determined on Friday, the 20th January, by a single horse-race, which we learn is denominated *steeple-hunting*. The race was run from Chapel Houses, on the West Turnpike, to the Cow-gate, Newcastle; a distance of about three miles in a direct line across the country, which Captain Tucker gained by nearly a quarter of a mile. The mode of running such races is not to deviate more than fifteen yards from the direct line to the object in view, notwithstanding any impediments the riders may meet with, such as hedges and ditches. The leading horse has the choice of road

to the extent of the limits, and the other cannot go over the same ground; but, still preserving those limits, must choose another road for himself."

In the following year the newspapers of that day teemed with the following report. It will be seen by he account that the present rules for steeple-chasing did not then exist; for one of the riders gets an awkward fall in going through a hand-gate.—

"EXTRAORDINARY STEEPLE-RACE.—On the last Wednesday in November came on for decision a match which had excited much interest in the sporting world, and which, amongst that community, is denominated a steeple-race, the parties undertaking to surmount all obstructions, and to pursue in their progress as straight a line as possible. The contest lay between Mr. Bullivant, of Sproxton; Mr. Day, of Wymonham; and Mr. Frisby of Waltham; and was for a sweepstakes of 100 guineas staked each. They started from Womack's Lodge, at half-past 3 o'clock, to run round Wodal-head and back again—a distance exceeding eight miles. They continued nearly together, until they came within a mile and a half of the goal, when Mr. Bullivant, on his well-known horse Sentinel, took the lead, and appearances promised a fine race between him and Mr. Day; but unfortunately, in passing through a hand-gate, Mr. Day's horse's shoulder came in full contact with the gate-post. The rider was thrown with great violence, and, as well as the horse, was much hurt. Nevertheless, Mr. Day remounted in an instant, and continued his course. Mr. Bullivant, however, during the interruption, made such progress as to enable him to win the race easily. The contest for second place was extremely severe between Mr. Day and Mr. Frisby: the last half-mile was run neck and neck, Mr. Day beating his opponent by half a neck. The race was performed in 25 minutes, 32 seconds."

In 1810, we find the following notice in a sporting work of that year:—

"The amateurs of *break-neck* amusements will to-morrow be gratified with a race not very common in the annals of sporting. Two gentlemen, of riding celebrity, are matched to run their horses over four miles of *cross-country* ground, chosen by judges especially ap-

pointed, who, it seems, in marking the devious course, had no regard to whatever obstructions arising either from *gate, hedge,* or *ditch;* so that the most *undaunted* at *flying leaps* will probably win the race, which is for fifty pounds; one horse carrying 15 st., and the other 13 st. 12 lb. The race will take place at no great distance from Lewes."

We have no authentic record of this steeple-chase, but have no doubt but that it was between two officers of the 10th Hussars, then quartered at Brighton, and who kept the game up pretty well in those days. In the hunting-field, on the turf, on the road, there were few more sporting characters than the "elegant extracts," (as they were afterwards called), upon their being removed from the Prince of Wales's own corps.

A YARN UPON YACHTING.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim, the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm."—GRAY.

———"Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge."—SHAKSPEARE.

As soon as the English summer sets in—three hot days and a thunder-storm, as the libellers of our tight little island have it—the period for yachting approaches; the London costume is laid up in ordinary, and duck trowsers, pea jackets, pilot wrappers, Parama cloaks, and "Dreadnoughts," take the place of the well-cut coats of Cook, the neat pantaloons of Haldane, and the fashionable silk "tile" of Pretious of Piccadilly. The dog-days and nauticals ought to commence together, and it is delightful to quit the sweltering metropolis for "the glad waters of the dark blue sea." I should, therefore, strongly recommend every independent gentleman, who has time and funds at his command, to purchase or hire a craft. If his object is river sailing, a vessel from twenty to five-and-twenty tons will answer his purpose perfectly: if his views are sufficiently ambitious for Cowes and the Isle of Wight sail-

ing, then from thirty to fifty will best suit him. But, if he is tired of living "at home at ease," and wishes to sail to far distant foreign parts, then I should advise a yacht of from sixty to ninety tons. Except for "wager" boats, I should strongly recommend "the wooden walls of old England," in preference to iron ones.

As the aquatic season commences, the prices of vessels greatly increase; the purchaser, therefore, ought to look out in the autumn or winter, and he will save at least a third of the cost. An advertisement of "A Yacht Wanted," in *Bell's Life*, *The Era*, *The Field*, or *Sunday Times*,—we give the sporting quartette alphabetically, that we may not be accused of favour, partiality, or affection—will soon bring a packet of responses; and the secretaries of all the yacht clubs have a list of vessels in their respective squadrons that are to be disposed of.

Independent of the above, Mr. J. T. Ceeley (late with the immortal George Robins), at Garraway's, and other agents at Cowes, Southampton, Portsmouth, Ramsgate, Dover, Plymouth, Weymouth, Poole, and other maritime ports, will furnish every information upon the subject.

For river sailing, and an occasional coasting trip, a cutter of from twenty to five-and-twenty tons—coppered and well found—may be purchased from about three hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds. Of course, the age of the vessel makes every difference; but, in the above calculation, we include one of some two or three years: above eight or nine, the price will be considerably diminished. The lead ballast and mahogany fittings of the cabin form considerable items in the estimate we have made; and, if dispensed with, the prices may be greatly lowered.

For a good, wholesome, seaworthy craft, of from thirty to fifty tons, well found in every respect, and in which

a man might with comfort visit Jersey, Guernsey, Havre, Boulogne, Dieppe, Antwerp, Cherbourg, and all the ports upon the English and French coast. I should say that from £14 to £16 per ton would cover the purchase money. This scale will be equally applicable to a yacht of from sixty to ninety tons, in which a cruise to the Mediterranean can be easily accomplished. With regard to men, the wages vary from a guinea to five-and-twenty shillings a week; and the skipper of any tolerable-sized craft receives a hundred guineas a-year. Under fifty tons, thirty shillings to two pounds a-week would be about the mark. The usual complement is one man to every ten tons; and that, in a large craft, includes captain and steward.

There are always plenty of vessels for hire; from the Ryde wherry, manned and provisioned, at a guinea per diem, up to a cutter of sixty or seventy tons, at as many pounds per month. Everything—hire, wages, and provisions for the men—is included. Although the privileges of the Royal Squadron, and other yacht clubs, are very great at some foreign ports, there are ports in which the harbour duties are very high: such is the case at Havre. In entering Cherbourg, care must be taken to pay every attention to the guard ship, by passing under her stern, or a few pounds of powder will convey a pretty broad hint of the neglect to the authorities; and no one that has not paid the usual compliment to the French flag will be permitted to land.

To return to our immediate subject. By no other instances of magnificence in their expenditure, and taste in their sports, are foreigners of intelligence so much struck, as in the profuse outlay and patriotic feeling displayed by the members of the yacht clubs; the fit-out and discipline of many of these vessels approaching to those ranking in our country's service. The money actually

laid out by the members of the yacht clubs may be counted by hundreds of thousands of pounds in building, fitting, wages, and victualling. Ship-building, too, has greatly improved by the patronage of the clubs, which employ upwards of four thousand of the smartest seamen to be seen in the world, and who, at a moment's notice, should their services be required, would be ready to man our fleet, and protect our native land from the assaults of foreign foes. In every point of view, then, yachting ought to be encouraged, not only as an amusement, but as a national protection to our sea-girt island. While upon this subject, we cannot do better than quote from an admirable authority, Mr. Knight, the zealous secretary of the Royal Southern Yacht Club, the following statistics of the present force of the yacht squadron—(doubtless they will be considerably increased):—

	No. of Yachts.	No. of Tons.	No. of Men.	No. of Guns.
Royal Yacht Squadron	102	9,000	1,600	400
Royal Thames Yacht Club	146	4,400	540	220
Royal Western Yacht Club	74	3,000	400	260
Royal Southern Yacht Club	67	2,800	350	230
Royal Victoria Yacht Club	38	3,200	420	250
Royal Harwich Yacht Club.....	38	900	120	40
Royal Cork Yacht Club.....	42	1,650	250	120
Royal Mersey Yacht Club.....	45	1,470	240	110
Royal Northern Yacht Club ...	40	1,450	230	110
Royal Eastern Yacht Club	—	—	—	—
Royal Kingston Yacht Club ..	29	1,380	230	70
	621	29,250	4,380	1,810
Deduct about one-sixth for the same yachts belonging to the different clubs, you will have a grand total of	530	25,000	3,900	1,500

In the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Victoria Yacht Club, the guns are brass metal, varying from two to nine

pounders; the Thames and Cork Yacht Clubs from one-and-a-half to six pounders; and the remaining clubs, from one to six pounders.

The seamen are exclusive of masters, cooks, and stewards, which would give at least 800, in addition to the foregoing numbers. The wages alone for the masters and seamen exceed £120,000 per annum; and the intrinsic value of the yachts, with their armament complete, is more than three-quarters of a million of money. All yachts (besides their broadside guns) are provided with small arms of every description; and the crews, in most cases, are instructed in the use of them.

At the present time there are upwards of fifty yachts of large tonnage in frame, at the several building-yards of White, Ratsey, and Hanson, of Cowes; Wanhill of Poole; Inman, of Lymington; Moore, of Plymouth; besides the yards at London, Gravesend, Clyde, Kingston, Cork, and other private ones in the kingdom of Great Britain; so that, in the summer of 1857, six hundred sail of yachts may be calculated to be in commission.

The Royal Yacht Squadron claims our first notice, not only from its importance, but also from the respect we bear to its noble Commodore, the Earl of Yarborough,* and to one of its oldest members, the gallant Anglesey. There are other names, too, which command our admiration; the Dukes of Beaufort and Rutland; Lords Donegal, Wilton, Conyngham, Desart, Exmouth, Ilchester, Orkney; Sir Bellingham Graham; Messrs. Milner Gibson, Maxse, Saunderson, G. Bentinck, Lyon, Ackers, and Weld; and others whom we cannot, on the spur of the moment, call to mind. With every requisite, then, to render the squadron the most popular society in the world, we cannot

* This was written before the death of those truly popular and lamented noblemen, Yarborough, Anglesey, Beaufort, and Rutland.

but lament that a spirit of illiberality has grown up in it among some few of the members—enough, however, to carry their point; and who have, upon more than one occasion, excluded some most eligible candidates. Three most distinguished individuals were blackballed a few years ago, although proposed and seconded by two of the most popular men in the squadron; and we will take upon ourselves to affirm, that for princely munificence, profuse liberality, and true nobility, the rejected candidates could not be equalled. There must, therefore, "be something rotten in the state," as Marcellus says, that would keep out men who would confer an honour upon the society. Personally, we feel deeply indebted to the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, for their attention to us upon many occasions; but we must protest against that system of spite and ill-nature which shows itself in black-balling eligible candidates, from some personal pique or prejudiced feeling. Should this continue, we prophesy an early breaking-up of the society; for every high-minded man must regret to see the power invested in members by the balloting system so greatly abused.

The Victoria Club, at Ryde, is daily increasing in favour, and the committee are acting in the most liberal manner with respect to the admission of members. Let the Royal Squadron follow their example, and they will speedily redeem their popularity. While upon the subject of Cowes, we cannot refrain from mentioning a ludicrous circumstance which took place upon one occasion, when the Royal Yacht Squadron were about to proceed to sea for a cruise, to land upon the Hampshire coast for a pic-nic. The yachts, under the command of the gallant and noble commodore, were to leave their moorings at a given signal, and by twelve o'clock every vessel was awaiting orders. The decks of each were crowded with fair ladies; and the

weather being propitious, all were anxious to take advantage of it in the cruise to the Needles. Great preparation was going on, especially on board the commodore's yacht, when its public-spirited owner ascertained that one of his passengers, the late truly-open-hearted and popular Lord A—— F——, was absent. "Make a signal to the club-house, asking if his lordship is coming," exclaimed the commodore.

In a few seconds the signal was made. "What is the reply?" Here a young, fashionable landsman drawled out, "Oh, let me have the book; I'll find it out." The book was handed over, and the exquisite, taking out a Vienna opera-glass, looked to the shore. After a considerable delay in adjusting the glass and turning over the leaves of the book, during which process some loose memoranda of private signals were wafted overboard, the "man about town" exclaimed, "I've got it." "What is it?" asked many who were getting tired at the delay. "Lord A—— says, 'No go.'" This unusual reply, repeated in a most extraordinary tone, created a loud laugh, which was shortly suppressed, and the captain explained that the signal-officer was so far right: 3174 and 3259 had been made—the former meaning no, not, nothing, and the latter, go, going, gone; but that, instead of "No, go," the reply meant "Not going." The party proceeded to their cruise, and the self-appointed signal-lieutenant, who had made this absurd mistake, was rated not a little for his *gaucherie* upon the occasion.

Before we quit the Royal Yacht Squadron, we must place upon record their celebrated cruise to Cherbourg, some years ago, and which, at that period, created the very greatest sensation upon both sides of the "herring pond." We hope, during the course of next season, to hear of a similar expedition; as such in-

tercourse tends greatly to keep up a friendly feeling between England and France. But to our log.

About one o'clock A.M., on Sunday, the 29th August, 1824, the Royal Yacht Squadron, under Commodore Lord Yarborough, sailed for Cherbourg, with a fine breeze. In the evening, a thick fog coming on, the commodore made the signal to anchor, and the squadron lay all night off Lymington.

On Monday they sailed, with light winds; but an unusually thick fog prevented them from making the French coast until the next morning, when, on the day clearing, they found themselves within two miles of Cherbourg. On entering that port, Lord Yarborough made the signal—"Anchor as convenient." On anchoring, his lordship sent ashore a list of yachts, with the information to the French admiral that it was the squadron of the Royal Yacht Club, wishing to visit Cherbourg, and anxious to pay their respects to him by firing a salute.

On the return of the gentlemen, the answer from the naval and military officers in command signified their ready acquiescence. At half-past one o'clock the signal was made from the commodore's yacht—"Prepare to salute 17 guns," which was returned from the fort with 15 guns. Lord Yarborough then landed and called on the admiral, and also paid his respects to the general, the town-major, and other authorities, and was received with the greatest civility. The members of the squadron spent the day on shore, mixing with the French officers, and receiving the greatest kindness and attention from the inhabitants.

On the following day, the governor, general, and French officers, waited on the commodore and members of the squadron, on board their yachts, who received them with all due respect and hospitality, in return for the handsome

reception given them on shore. In the words of William Read, it might be truly said:

"This was a day of banqueting on board;
And swan-winged barks, and barges many-oared
Came crowded to the feast. The young—the gay—
The beautiful—were there. Right merrily
The pleasure-boats glide onward, with swift prow
The clear wave curling, till around each bow,
With frequent flash, the bright and feathery spray
Threw mimic rainbows at the sun in play.
The ship is won, the silken chair is lowered;
Exulting youth and beauty bound on board;
And, while they wondering gaze on sail and shroud,
The flag flaps o'er them like a crimson cloud.
Young pleasure kissed each heart."

At two o'clock a review took place on shore. After remaining at Cherbourg three days, during which time the yachts were visited by all the inhabitants of the port and its vicinity, who expressed great delight at the size and elegance of the vessels, and the hospitable urbanity of their owners, the commodore made signal to weigh, and the squadron having reached the outer roadstead, another signal was hoisted for Guernsey, where they arrived next morning at six o'clock A.M., and remained three days. It coming on to blow a gale of wind, the squadron was obliged to remain at anchor, instead of weighing for Jersey; and, as soon as it moderated, sailed for England.

The following yachts composed the squadron on the occasion:—Falcon, commodore Lord Yarborough; Louisa, Earl of Craven; Swallow, Duke of Norfolk; Mary, Viscount Deerhurst; Emma, Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart.; Ruby, Sir George Leeds, Bart.; Frisk, Hon. Wm. Hare; Jack O'Lantern, T. A. Smith, Esq.; Sabrina, James Maxse, Esq.; Arrow, Joseph Weld, Esq.; Admiral Cornwallis,

Captain Symonds, R.N.; Unicorn, Henry Perkins, Esq.; Giulia, C. Talbot, Esq.; Jane, Captain Wyndham, R.N.; Erin, Thomas Allen, Esq.; Cygnet, Joseph Reynolds, Esq.; Nautilus, W. H. Saunders, Esq.; Rosabelle, Fred. Pare, Esq.; Hind, Captain Herringham, R.N.

The national importance of this and other distinguished yacht clubs is daily increasing; and, in addition to the good effects resulting from the promotion of nautical science, and the employment of so many seamen, it will be obvious that a visit like the one we have recorded, productive as it is of cordiality, and an interchange of courtesies between the subjects of kingdoms, now happily in a state of amity, and cherishing the friendly spirit already manifested by the French government, in allowing the yachts of all our clubs to enter their ports free of harbour dues, cannot fail to tend most beneficially to the interests of both countries. Long may this feeling continue; and long may the harbours of England and France be graced with the presence of yachts of both nations. The meteor flag of our fatherland, and the tri-coloured ensign of the French, floating in amity, is a sight that must gladden the heart of every one who wishes for the peace and prosperity of his country.

Before we quit the Royal Yacht Squadron, we must take a slight view of Cowes, which has lately risen from a small, insignificant village, to a lively, bustling town of importance. The houses and lodgings are remarkably good, and we strongly recommend any of our readers, who wish to be comfortably and cleanly housed, to apply to Mr. and Mrs. Hewett, at the Baths, in High-street, who possess ample and excellent accommodation for families or single gentlemen. With one or two exceptions, the hotels do not come up to our ideas of perfection, which is an evil much to be lamented; and quite certain are we that, if some spirited

individual would start one upon the plan of the Great Western, at Paddington, the Clifton, at Gravesend, and the one at Folkstone, where a fair sum is charged in the bill for the chambermaid, waiters, and boots, it would be rewarded with success.

Although "Live and let live" is our motto, we cannot help pointing out to the Vectans (for our remark applies to the entire inhabitants of the Isle of Wight—Cowes, Ryde, Shanklin, and Newport) that their exorbitant demands often deter people from visiting the island, and that some of the land-sharks of the above-mentioned places do as much mischief in their way as the celebrated sea-monster, "Billy," did in his; at least, according to the excellent yarn of that Lord High Admiral of stage sailors—T. P. Cooke. One instance we can record which happened to ourselves a few years ago. Ordering a bottle of port wine to be opened in the room, that the slip-shod waiter of the day might not treat it as medicine, and shake it well before it was taken, some slight demur was made, but it passed off; great was our surprise, however, upon the following morning to find the following item in our bill:—"Port wine, 6s.; drawing cork in room, 1s. extra!" It was not for the "waluation of the thing," as Liston was wont to say, but "one hates as how to be *com*posed upon." We therefore paid the bill, and ascertained shortly afterwards, from a friend, that, according to the measure of the house, two black bottles universally furnished three decanters of sherry or port, and occasionally a glass of negus.

Having recorded one instance of the fleecing alligators on shore (and we could mention hundreds of others), we proceed to notice the voracious propensities of the sea-sharks and river-pikes—the boatmen, both of the Isle of Wight and Southampton, and who make it a rule never to be satisfied with the highest payment the utmost

liberality can award them. We ourselves have hired a small yacht, of from ten to fifteen tons, for a fortnight, at a guinea per day; and, perhaps, out of the whole time, from dead calms, we have not been afloat five days. If, during this period, a party wish to have the yacht to go round the island, the owners grumble loudly at their bad luck in losing five-and-twenty shillings for the day's job, quite forgetting the fourteen guineas they are to receive for mere holiday work, with scarcely any wear or tear of their vessel or gear. Independent, too, of the guinea a day, the crew, who are generally part owners, expect porter and provisions and a complement of a couple of sovereigns at the expiration of the fortnight; and if they were civil and obliging men this tax would be readily paid, but generally speaking they are quite the reverse, and their whole energies are exerted to screw their customers as much as possible. There are, however, some few exceptions to this general rule, and we may perhaps, in a future work, record their names, as also of those of the grasping community, both *per mare per terram*.

The Royal Squadron club-house is admirably managed, and, through the liberality of its members, strangers are temporarily admitted to it. By a new regulation, members may introduce two friends upon the platform, where they may write their letters, read the newspapers, smoke their cigars, and have their glass of sherry cobbler, gin sling, negus or grog. Members, too, may introduce one friend to dinner in the coffee-room. The annual ball that takes place during the regatta is conducted with the greatest spirit; and, for a man well known in the world, there are few places where he can better enjoy good society and yachting without the expense of a vessel of his own, than at Cowes and Ryde.

We must now quit the ocean for the river, and proceed to notice the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which was instituted in August, 1823, and which has, within a few years,

through the exertions of its late and present commodore, raised itself to the highest pre-eminence; and we cannot here refrain from offering our grateful acknowledgments to those officers—the late William Horatio Harrison, and Lord Alfred Paget, for the zeal and gentlemanlike bearing that have ever characterized their conduct. The Club is under the patronage of Her most Gracious Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The officers of the club consist of Lord Alfred Paget, Commodore; R. Green, Esq., Vice-Commodore; J. Hutchons, Esq., Treasurer; R. Cooke, Esq., Cupbearer; J. J. Ford, W. L. Hooper and F. M'Gedy, Esqs., Auditors, and Capt. P. C. Stuart Grant, Secretary. The Club consists of nearly four hundred and ninety members, and one hundred and seventy yachts. The privileges with respect to entering and frequenting foreign ports free of all government duties, are the same as those extended to the Royal Yacht squadron. The club-room, in London, is in St. James's Street, where a member may introduce an unlimited number of friends, and where the best edibles and buvables may be had at club prices.

The Royal Western Yacht Club, of which Lord Mount-Edgecumbe is Commodore, and Captain Bulkely, Vice-commodore, was formed in 1833, and has its club-house at Millbay, Stonehouse. In respect to number of vessels, guns, and weight of tonnage, it ranks next in order to the Royal Squadron and the "Sons of the Thames." Nothing can exceed the hospitality and friendly feeling evinced by its members whenever any brother sailor goes to the "far west:" not that we mean to infer that this spirit of good-fellowship is confined to the club in question; for we are proud to say that whenever a commodore's pennant of any royal club is hoisted, the reception of any yachtsman is equally courteous and liberal.

While upon this subject, we cannot refrain from saying

that a general yacht club-house in the metropolis would tend greatly to the promotion of aquatic sports; there the members, meeting in social harmony, would "spin many a tough yarn," "splice the main brace," tell of their voyages, cruises, and sailing matches; invitations would pass from one "blue jacket" to another to visit the different waters; and, over a glass of grog and a yard of clay—or, to speak of more polite things, a mild Havannah—many good fellows who have the same pursuits at heart would be brought together to enjoy the society of congenial spirits.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club is now daily advancing in public estimation. A grand national regatta takes place annually at the head-quarters of the club, Ryde, in the month of August; and the amount of money given to be sailed for is considerable. With the exception of a few prizes, the whole are open to vessels belonging to any royal yacht club. This liberality is highly praiseworthy, and we feel assured that, ere long, the Royal Victoria Yacht Club will be second to none. The club-house, the laying of the first stone of which was honoured by the presence of Prince Albert, is a building worthy of its members. In many points of view, Ryde is a superior marine residence to Cowes; and without the Royal Squadron correct the errors they have fallen into, and which we have already alluded to, Ryde and its club may prove a most formidable rival.

The Southern, Northern, Eastern, Mersey, and Harwich Clubs, are all thriving, as are those of the Emerald Isle—the Cork and Kingston. England and Ireland can boast of a fleet of yachts the wonder of the world; and happy should we be, if a suggestion that has been thrown out by Mr. Knight could be carried into effect, namely, a review of all the yachts of the United Kingdom by our most gracious Queen. If, during Her Majesty's sojourn at Osborne, orders were given to assemble the fleet at Cowes, and they

were to manœuvre round the Island, we will take upon ourselves to say that a more beautiful sight could not be imagined, nor one that would raise our national character for wealth, splendour, or enterprize, more highly in the eyes of foreigners. Sincerely do we hope, this summer, to see a fleet of five hundred yachts awaiting the orders of their noble commanders.

The Queen of our Isles is devoted to the sea, and would, we have no doubt, be highly gratified with the sight that would be presented to Her Majesty.

The Thames fleet would also furnish some neat little craft. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the yachts that such a review would produce; we should have every species of vessel, from the Brilliant down to the Mab cutter of four tons. Brigantines, schooners of every description, cutters, yawls, luggers, would all be put into requisition, and the gallant hearts that man them would rejoice, not only in showing their nautical skill before our beloved monarch and her royal consort, but in evincing that loyalty and devotion which the blue jackets ever feel towards the sovereign of our realms.

That a general yacht review may take place at an early period, is our most fervent wish; and now, having spun out our yarn upon yachting, we cannot better conclude than by giving some well-written lines from a spirited song, written by the talented author of "Rattlin the Reefer" and "Jack Ashore."

"Oh! is she not worthy the brave?
Then, then on her deck, as all proudly we stand,
We'll shout o'er the wave,
Till the echoes reach land—
The beautiful yacht is the home of the brave."

A VISIT ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES' FRIGATE "ST. LAWRENCE," IN COWES ROADS.

> "Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
> Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
> Above the far Atlantic."—BYRON.

IN a work of fiction* which the author of these pages published some years ago, the following remarks appear. Speaking of his hero, he writes :—"On entering the New World, Dudley resolved to leave behind him all paltry prejudices and national antipathies. He had none of that '*Hauteur excessive, froideur, taciturnité*, or *mécontentment de tout ce qu'on fasse pour lui satisfaire*,' that is so often and justly a subject of complaint against his countrymen; and he was therefore everywhere received with kindness and hospitality. He was met on every side with a cordial desire to be on terms of courtesy and friendship. He saw in the mass of Americans liberal and inquiring minds; men possessing that independence of spirit which is their birthright.

"Meddling and malignant spirits had not at that period wielded their mischievous pens, and propagated slanders which, trifling in themselves, yet tend to alienate countries. How well does a modern talented writer speak on this subject!—'There is a sacred bond between us, of blood

* "Compton Audley;" R. Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1841.

and of language, which no circumstance can break. Our literature must always be theirs; and though their laws are no longer the same as ours, we have the same Bible, and we address our common Father in the same prayer. Nations are too apt to admit that they have natural enemies; why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?' "

In commenting upon America, the Hon. Charles Murray writes as follows:—"In bidding you, American reader, farewell, I would induce you by every means in my power to remember that your literature is formed upon English models, your jurisprudence upon English law, and that the very love of freedom and independence which moved you to cast off the dominion of England, was imbibed by your first founders from the breasts of English mothers. Let not sneers, nor petty interests, nor petty jealousies sever these ties of ancient kindred; but rather let both nations endeavour with a noble emulation to show to the world, each under her own institutions, an example of every public and private virtue."

Anxious, then, to contribute my mite towards the attainment of so desirable an object as the promotion of a kindly feeling between the two countries, I lay before my readers a brief narrative of a visit paid to the United States' frigate "St. Lawrence" by myself and two friends (one a distinguished naval officer and talented author, to whom I am indebted for many valuable professional suggestions). The attention we met with from every one on board was most gratifying to our feelings; and the friendly spirit evinced towards our "tight little island" was particularly satisfactory to our national pride.

It was during the yachting season, that in crossing over from Southampton to Cowes, when off the west buoy of The Bramble, we were delighted at the appearance of a

noble ship, under all plain sail, to the westward, which the quick eye of my naval friend immediately detected as a double-banked frigate, and which soon proved to be the United States' ship "St. Lawrence"—a vessel well-known in those waters. Upon nearing her, we saw her shorten sail to topsails, courses, and jib, with the evident intention of anchoring in the Roads. Her manœuvres were strictly and critically scrutinized, not only by the above-mentioned professional authority, but by myself and other amateur sailors. The voice of the first lieutenant was distinguished from the quarter-deck, giving his orders in that quick and decisive manner which at all times ensures ready obedience. "Haul taut!" "Shorten sail!" "Stand by the small bower-anchor!" were all respectively heard; in a few minutes the splash on the water indicated the fall of the ponderous mass of iron, and immediately the transatlantic ship swung majestically into her berth. The men were then seen swarming up the rigging, and in an inconceivably short space of time the flowing white canvass was rolled on the yards, and reduced to the minimum space allotted to it. The men then descended from their lofty position; yards were squared; ropes hauled taut, and the warlike ship floated tranquilly upon the deep, a model of symmetry and silence. The appearance of this leviathan frigate, with her lofty spars, frowning battery, and high bulwarks, contrasted beautifully with the graceful models of the yachts anchored around her.

Upon the following morning three well-manned boats, with the "stripes and stars," came on shore; and having ascertained from one of the officers that the "St. Lawrence" was to sail for the North Seas at noon, I lost no time in applying to the American consul for a letter of introduction to the first-lieutenant. This was cheerfully granted, and we were shortly on board the frigate.

The "St. Lawrence" was built in 1817, but has only been in commission a few years. When she was taken out of ordinary not a plank was defective, and her timbers were found to be as sound as they were on the day she was first launched. She mounts fifty-two guns, and is pierced for sixty-two. She carries on her main-deck twenty-six 32-pounders of 9 feet, and four 68-pounders; quarter-deck—fourteen 32-pounders medium, and two 68-pounders; forecastle—six 32-pounders medium. She has four spare ports on each gangway; two spare ports on the quarter-deck; two spare ports on the forecastle. Her tonnage is under 2,000, and her complement, on the peace establishment, is 480 men. She is a fine roomy ship, clean and clear for action; her fittings are plain and substantial—all for service, nothing for show. Her guns are rather closer together than in the British rasée 50-gun frigates or ships of the "Pique" and "Inconstant" class. She is very high out of the water, carrying her main-deck guns remarkably well. The captain's cabin is spacious and airy, furnished with great simplicity. The gun-room is equally commodious—the more so from having no after-bulkhead. The officers' cabins are all that can be desired. The steerage is enclosed as a mess place for the subordinate officers—a great desideratum, and one well worthy of the attention of our Admiralty. Half the ship's crew are berthed in the main-deck—there are no mess tables or stools in the lower deck.

The gunner's store-room and the arms are in good order. A new carbine loading from the breech attracted our attention, it being admirably adapted for boat service, as the man charging it need not expose himself to an enemy's fire by standing up. A sword, resembling in shape those used by the ancient Roman legionaries, is a formidable weapon, being short, double-edged, sharp-

pointed, basket-hilted, and loaded by a tube conveying quicksilver down the centre, increasing its deadly effect by the weight of the thrust. The men are a fine, strong, active-looking body, neat in their appearance, and attentive in their manner. The dress of the marines is plain and serviceable. The galley-fire consumes nothing but wood, and the absence of coal-dust is an advantage which the smoke-dried Londoner can easily appreciate. A good look-out was kept on deck; for every yacht, however small, that dipped her burgee to the frigate, had the compliment returned.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy with which we were received by the captain and the first lieutenant; and it was gratifying to us to learn that every preparation had been made to render due honours to Her Majesty, on her passage from Osborne to Gosport. The ship was decorated with flags and colours, and a look-out was kept for the Royal Standard, which not being hoisted on board the "Victoria and Albert," indicated Her Majesty's wish to avoid public ceremony—probably owing to the death of the ex-king of the French.

Upon taking leave, the captain and officers expressed the pleasure they had derived from our visit, and paid us an unexpected and graceful compliment, by causing the band to play our National Anthem as we descended the ship's side. I cannot conclude without tendering my acknowledgments to the American Consul, and his assistant at Cowes, for their prompt attention to my request. In pulling off to the frigate I was telling my companions of my former intimacy with Commodore Bainbridge, a name well-known and highly respected in the service of his country—and passing a well-merited eulogium upon the private and public character of that distinguished man, whom I had had the good fortune to travel with from

Quebec to the Falls of Niagara. No sooner had I got on board than I delivered my credentials to Lieutenant Hoff, who received me with marked civility: in the course of conversation I alluded to the late commodore, and the happy hours I had passed in his society, when, to the delight and surprise of both, it came out that my new acquaintance had married the youngest daughter of my old American friend. From that moment all reserve vanished, and we talked over byegone days. Interesting as the conversation was, it was tinged with no little degree of melancholy when I was reminded that out of the merry party that *lionized* the towns of Quebec, Montreal, and Kingston, visited the Falls of Montmorenci, La Chaudiere, and the mighty cataract, traversed the lakes and rapids, and which consisted of the gallant commodore, his friend the postmaster-general of New York, three of the fairest of Columbia's loveliest daughters, myself, and a brother officer—only two remain.

ENGLISH SPORTS.

FISHING.

DESPITE of certain drawbacks that exist in the nature of our climate, I am prepared, if necessary, to prove that there is no country in the world in which out-of-door amusements can be so well enjoyed as in England. The scorching sun, the extreme coldness of the atmosphere, the rapid torrents which nearly inundate other lands, the burning volcano, the *avalanche* of snow, are all unknown in our native isle; and if occasionally the foggy air or the pelting rain confine us to the house, it is merely for a few hours, instead of for months, as is the case in foreign parts. With these preliminary remarks, I shall proceed to lay before my readers a detail of the sports that can be enjoyed during every month of the year in this our sea-girt island, giving at the same time such hints upon the subject as I trust may prove useful to the embryo sportsman, whether native or foreign, but more especially to the latter, who I find, by advices from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Brussels, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, and the Hague, study every English sporting work as a key to practical knowledge connected with racing, shooting, coursing, fishing, deer-stalking, otter-hunting, skating, golfing, and yachting. In this series of sporting papers I purpose to introduce anecdotes of the

hunting field, the turf, the gentle crafte, the ice, and the squadron; trusting that by so doing I shall be enabled to combine amusement with instruction. To the accomplished sportsman, a "wrinkle" or two may, I hope, be occasionally given, and with this flourish of trumpets, I shall at once commence with the vernal Spring, and its amusements.

> "In genial Spring, beneath the quivering shade,
> When cooling vapours breathe along the mead;
> The patient fisher takes his silent stand."—POPE.

So much has been already written upon the subject of flies, hooks, rods, lines, nets, and baits, that I almost despair of throwing any additional light upon the subject; still I cannot but flatter myself that a few practical remarks upon fishing may not be uninteresting. If my *pen* fail, there is one that never will, and to that *Penn* I beg to refer my readers, who, in a small work entitled "Hints and Maxims," will find every practical information upon the subject of the gentle crafte.

After a cold, dreary winter, there are few of the "lords of the creation" who welcome the approach of the opening season with more delight than the fly-fisher. The time approaches when, with rod in hand, he will place himself behind some stunted tree, secluded from the busy haunts of men, by the side of a rapid brook, which has so often yielded him many a speckled trout. In the mean time, as the days begin to lengthen, the anxious fisherman prepares to make ready his implements of destruction, not against fellow man, but against the finny race. See with what care and judgment he forms the luring fly. Feathers and silks, gold and silver thread, furs and hair, are all put in requisition. The lines of the tender-hearted fabulist, Gay, himself a fly-fisher, are brought to bear:

> "To frame the fur-wrought fly, provide
> All the gay hues that wait on female pride;

Let nature guide thee. Sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the glowing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fair promote the fisher's art."

The pliant rod, too, now attracts the fisherman's care; the joints and rings are looked to, the lines uncoiled, the landing-net repaired, the book replenished with the well-barbed hook, fine, round, strong cat-gut, whipcord, scissors, nippers, and wax. Daily, nay, hourly, is the barometer and weathercock consulted; the *patient* follower of old Izaak Walton grows sadly *impatient* for "a day with the trout." But, as the story-books say, to begin with the beginning, I find in Pennant's work the following advice to London and suburban anglers:—"If the air is cold and raw, the wind high, and the water rough, or if the weather is wet, it is totally useless to attempt to angle in the Thames. When the sky is serene, the air temperate, and the water smooth, you may expect success. The proper hours for angling are from the time the tide is half ebbed to within two hours of high water, provided the land-floods do not come down. Always put your boat under the wind; that is, if the wind be in the south, keep to the Surrey shore; if north, to the London side." He then proceeds to point out the best places for pitching a boat to angle in the Thames, near London, which, in these days of steam boats, with the addition of the numerous wharfs, bridges, barges, and piers, would be rather difficult. "The Savoy, York stairs, Somerset House, Dorset stairs, Blackfriars stairs, Water Lane, Trig and Essex stairs; on the Surrey side, Falcon stairs, Barge House, Cuper's stairs, the Windmill, and Lambeth."

Steam boats and gas works, the latter of which have been so fatal to the finny tribe, have driven the angler some few miles out of town, and Brentford is now the nearest spot to the modern Babylon, in which the followers of "old Izaak" can try their skill in the piscatory line. There is very good angling for roach, dace, gudgeons, and perch, from the sides of the aits, opposite Brentford, Isleworth, and Twickenham. Teddington Banks are famous for gudgeons and roach, whilst Kingston Wick and Kingston boast of barbel, roach, and dace. At Hampton and Sunbury there is excellent angling for barbel, roach, dace, chub, gudgeons, and from the aits for trout and large perch. Walton Deeps and Shepperton Pool are, however, the best places for the angler, who, like the map of the environs of London, is confined to a circle of fourteen miles round the metropolis. The rivers which empty themselves into the "fruitful Thames," and others not far from it, were, in days gone by, famed for piscatory sport; but the rapid strides of the march of improvement have converted all the green fields round London into streets and squares, and choked up the rivers with gas and garbage. The rivers south of the Thames are still well stocked, and those of Esher, Cobham, Weybridge, and Byfleet, abound with perch, jack, eels, carp, tench, trout, and the minor fry—dace, chub, roach, and gudgeons.

Howel, in describing the attractions of the city, says "When the idler was tired of bowls, he had nothing to do but to step down to Queenhithe or the Temple," and have an afternoon of such recreation as now alone can be found some little distance from London. "Go to the river," he continues, "what a pleasure it is to go thereon in the summer time, in boat or barge, or to go a floundering among the fishermen." In the regulations, too, of the "committee of free fishermen," recorded in Stowe's interesting work on London, may be found most severe and stringent laws

against eel spears, and angle rods, with more than two hooks; and there is a provision that fishermen were not to come nearer London than the Old Swan on the north bank of the river, and St. Mary Overies on the south. An especial enactment provides that it is unlawful to "bend over any net, during the time of flood, whereby both *salmons* and other kinds of fish may be prevented swimming upwards." Alas for the cockneys! that king of fresh-water fish, the salmon, has taken his departure, being no longer able to live in the troubled mire of that river, described by Drayton as renowned for "ships and swans—Queen Thames."

In the reign of King Charles the Second, it was the practice of the ladies about the court to angle in the canal in St. James's Park. Of this fact there are many proofs, and among others the following lines by Waller, from a poem on St. James' Park.

> "The ladies angling in the crystal lake
> Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
> At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
> They make the fishes and the men their prize."

Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall now proceed to notice the "gentle crafte."

That fly fishing is the sublimity of the sport, and the worm fishing is the antipodes of it, few will be bold enough to deny. For what can exceed trout and salmon fishing—the wild ramble by the river and stream of England, or by the "hill-girded lochs" of the land and mountain? The whole scene teems with life, every spot is full of beauty, every moment is replete with interest. Compare this with the regular flat, stale and unprofitable float and punt work, grilling under a broiling hot sun in the dog days, or a drizzling day in September, off Battersea Reach, Twicken-

ham meadows, or Eelpie Island, repeating Hood's "Comic Annual" lines—

"I ground-bait my way as I go,
And dip at each watery dimple;
But, however I wish
To inveigle the fish,
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple!*

'At a brandling once gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now;
Have they taken advice
From the *Council of Nice,*
And rejected their *Diet of Worms* now?"

But to our river sport. Dace and roach are much of the same kind, both in manner of feeding, cunning, size, and goodness. The haunts of dace are gravelly, sandy, and clayey bottoms, deep shaded holes, water-lily leaves, and under the foam caused by an eddy. Dace spawn about the latter end of March, and are in season the last week in April. The oak worm, red worm, brandling, and indeed any worm bred on trees or bushes, all kinds of flies and caterpillars, are the best bait for dace. For roach and dace, let your ground bait be bread soaked about an hour in water, and an equal quantity of bran; knead them to a tough consistence, and make them up into balls, with a small pebble in the middle, that they may sink at once, otherwise they would float, and draw the prey beyond the reach of your line. For dace you ought to fish within three, and for roach, within six inches of the bottom. They will bite at any fly, but especially at the Mayfly. The latter end of April and most part of May, it is an excellent bait, floating at the top of the water. About the latter end of July these fish swarm, and to those whose avocations compel them to remain in the murky metropolis, a day's fishing between Richmond bridge and Hampton may, for

for want of better sport, not be uninteresting. Sir John Hawkins gives an elaborate description of how these fish ought to be dressed; and which, according to his account, renders them a "very pleasant and savory food." He recommends their being strewed over with flour, and fried on a gridiron, with anchovy and butter for sauce. We rather advise their being handed over to any of the feline race that may infest the premises, to dress and despatch according to their own fancy.

In summer the barbel frequents the strongest, swiftest currents of the water, and often stations himself among the piles, hollow places, moss or weed of deep bridges and weirs. This fish is equally strong and cunning; if the bait is not sweet he will not bite, but when "agreeable to his palate" he will take it with great eagerness. The rod and line must have great strength, with a running plummet on the line, and a small piece of lead should be placed about a foot above the hook, to keep the bullet from falling on it, so the worm will be at the bottom, where they always bite; and when the fish takes the bait, the plummet will lie, and not choke him. By the bending of the rod you will know when he bites, as also with your hand you will feel him make a strong snatch; then strike, and you will rarely fail if you play him well; but if you do not manage him with dexterity, he will break your line.

Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on the "Complete Angler," relates some good anecdotes on the patience of the barbel fisher. The best bait for this sullen fish is the spawn of salmon or trout; and if you wish to have good sport, bait the places where you intend to try for it, a night or two before. And the earlier in the morning or the later in the evening that you commence, the greater your sport will be. The lob-worm is also a very good bait, care being taken to cover the hook all over with the bait. Indeed there are few

baits that the barbel will not eagerly devour; green gentles, greaves and bits of hard cheese steeped in honey. The best Period for fishing is the latter end of May, June, July, and the beginning of August.

Gesner informs us that the barbel is so called on account of the barb or beard which is under his nose or chaps. He is a leather-mouthed fish, and seldom breaks his hold when hooked; yet, if he happens to be a large one, he will often break both rod and line. We strongly advise the piscator who is fortunate enough to basket one, to do with him as we recommended with the dace, give him to the cat.

Carpe diem, a day for the carp now! The haunts of this fish are deep holes, nooks under roots of trees, hollow banks, and among green beds of weeds and flags. The angler of this fish must arm himself with an additional quantity of patience to that usually enjoyed by mortal man, for nothing can exceed the subtlety and caution of the carp. They will seldom bite in cold weather, and you cannot be either too early or too late at the sport in hot weather. If they bite, you need not fear their hold, for they belong to that class of the finny tribe called "leather-mouthed," who have their teeth in their throat. You must not forget in angling for carp, to have a strong rod and line; and, as they are extremely wary, it will be proper to entice them by baiting the ground with a coarse paste. They seldom refuse the red worm in March, the caddis in June, nor the grasshopper in June, April, and September. The carp is also fond of sweet paste made of flour, honey, and veal cut into small pieces, and well pounded up together. If you fish with gentles, rub them over with honey, and fasten them to your hook with a deep scarlet thread dipped in honey: this will prove an "artful dodge" in deceiving the fish. Ale-grains steeped in blood form an excellent bait for carp, tench, roach, dace, and bream.

In angling for carp it is necessary to fish near the bottom, with a fine gut next the hook, and a goose-quill float. The carp is frequently called the queen of fresh-water fish, and will live the longest of any fish (the eel excepted) out of its proper element. It has been said that they were not originally inhabitants of the ponds and rivers of this country, but that they were brought into England, and naturalised there, by a Sussex gentleman of the name of Mascal, who lived at Plumstead, in that county.

Sir Richard Baker, in his "Chronicle of the Kings of England," has the following couplet:—

> "Hops and turkeys, carp and beer,
> Came into England all in a year."

And a very good importation, say we. Izaak Walton, that "sentimental savage," as Byron calls him, dates the introduction of carp into this country before the time of Mr. Mascal. The truth probably is, that this worthy squire did not bring them hither, but that he encouraged the propagation of them. Wonderful stories have been told of the size that carp will attain, and the age they will grow to; but we must refer our readers to the works of that intelligent knight already alluded to, Sir John Hawkins, Swammerdam on Insects (edited, London, 1738), Gesner, and other piscatorial *literati*.

The chub affords good sport to the angler, though, in an epicurean point of view, he is perfectly valueless at the table. The haunts of this fish are chiefly in large rivers, having clayey or sandy bottoms, and in deep holes shaded with trees. They are in season from about the middle of May until the middle of February; their spawning time is early in April. The chub bites best a few hours before the rising and setting of the sun. In March and April

you should angle for him with worms; in June and July with flies, snails, and cherries; in August and September a paste made of butter and Parmesan cheese, coloured with saffron, is an excellent bait. Your line must be very strong, with quill float to it; strong gut at the bottom. The depth in hot weather, mid-water; in cold, near the bottom. In angling for chub it is necessary to place yourself behind a bush or stump of a tree, so as not to be seen; for this fish is extremely shy, and the least shadow will make him sink to the bottom.

In the Thames, above Richmond, the best sport may be had by using a fly or grasshopper, either natural or artificial; I strongly recommend the latter, having a great deal of what is called by the world "mawkish sentiment" for the insect. I am aware that in saying this I am laying myself open to a charge of inconsistency, for, as a lover of the "gentle crafte," I may be accused of cruelty. I admit the charge; still there are gradations of every vice; and so long as artificial means will attain their end, it is, to my mind, revolting to torture a wretched worm, fly, or grasshopper, by adopting the system so often recommended in books misnamed "Complete Anglers," viz., "In using the grasshopper, the first joints of the leg must be pulled off." No wonder, with this feeling upon him, that Byron should have written the well-known condemnatory lines—

> "And angling, too, that solitary vice,
> Whatever Izaac Walton sings or says:
> The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

The haunts of the perch are chiefly in the streams, not very deep, under hollow banks—a gravelly bottom, and at the turning of an eddy. If the day is cool and cloudy,

and the water a little ruffled, he will bite all day long, especially early in the morning and late in the afternoon. The best baits are minnows, leeches, sticklebacks, small lob, unboiled shrimps, marsh and red worms, brandlings, and gentles. In angling for perch, be careful, when he bites, to give him ample time enough; otherwise, as he is not a leather-mouthed fish, he will often break his hold. Though perch, like trout, delight in clear, rapid rivers with pebbly bottoms, they are often found in sandy, clayey soils. The best time for angling for them is from the beginning of May until the end of June; and as, unlike the solitary pike, the "bright-eyed perch" swims in shoals, the patient fisherman may have a good morning's sport if he is fortunate enough to find some two or three dozen of them "at home" under a hollow bank. This fish grows slowly, generally averaging about a foot in length, and three pounds in weight, and spawns once a year, in March or April.

To any lover of the "gentle crafte" who can get a day's holiday, we strongly recommend the train to Oxford, and a morning's recreation in the winding river that runs near this seat of learning. Let him select a dark, breezy day, without cold; early and late hours, say from six to twelve and from three until dusk; and I have no doubt but, as they would say at College, the *percæ fluviatilis* will quite reward him for his trouble.

There is a great variety in the growth and colour of trout, as every stream and lake differs in the quality of this fish. In the clear, pure lakes in rocky and mountainous countries the trout grow very large, and sometimes weigh nearly thirty pounds; large rapid rivers contain trout from ten to fifteen pounds weight, though the generality of them in our streams do not exceed five pounds. There is a small trout to be found in rapid brooks which, upon the

fall of heavy showers, swell to a great height, but which in fair weather have but little stream. Here, amidst the eddies, deep holes, and amongst the roots of trees, may be found plenty of "swift trout" from one to three pounds weight.

The rod for artificial fly-fishing should be light, so as to be easily managed with one hand; it should taper gradually to the very point, and be so pliant that it will scarcely support its own weight, so that when you have hooked your fish it should bend and yield to every spring which it makes, but regain its straightness and elasticity immediately upon the fish being loosed. Your line should be thick next the rod, and diminish by degrees, getting "beautifully less" at the end, where it should be very fine; and you should have at least five feet of silkworm gut next the fly. Your first care must be to keep as much out of the sight of the fish as possible, throwing your line as far and as lightly on the water as you can, so as not to make the slightest splash; your fly must fall on the water as light as a thistle-down would settle upon it, and the device by which you may deceive the trout is to keep the point of your rod in a tremulous motion, thus giving apparent life to the fly.

In natural fly-fishing it will only be necessary to observe that those are the best which present themselves by the waterside in the greatest numbers. The best weather for this fishing is a cloudy day, keeping the wind at your back, by which means your line will be carried fully out, and you will be enabled to keep your fly dancing upon the very surface of the stream. With a May-fly, and such a day as I have described, the fisherman may calculate upon having an excellent day's sport.

"The pike, the tyrant of the water plains," as Pope describes him, outlives all other fresh-water fish; but space will not permit me to enter either into his longevity,

or to the wonderful stories that have been told of his voracity. Fishermen, like travellers, see wonderful strange sights; and I myself have read of pikes attaining their two hundred and sixtieth year, weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, and devouring enormous carp, a gold watch, ribbon, and seals, a cub fox—an Italian one be it said—and, by a sudden jerk, pulling the clerk of Newport parish into Littleshall Pool, who, according to his account, had some difficulty in escaping the jaws of this voracious monster.

Dr. Block (rather an ominous name) relates—"In 1497, at Kaisers Lautern, in the Palatinate, a pike was caught which was nineteen feet in length, and weighed three hundred and fifty pounds; it was drawn and afterwards painted, which is preserved at the Castle of Lautern; the skeleton may be seen at Manheim. Emperor Barterousse had it put into a pond, in 1230, with a gilt ring attached to it, with a spring to enable it to expand according to the growth of the fish; it was caught two hundred and sixty-seven years after, and the ring is still preserved at Manheim in memory of this celebrated fish."

M. Kresy, in his treatise on angling as practised in France, suggests the following sport:—"If the angler wishes to amuse himself, let him take six or eight sheep bladders well filled and closed, then tie them to a strong cord, and fasten them to pike-hooks Nos. 1 and 2, baited with a small live fish, the cords about half the depth of the water; when put in, let the wind drive them about; but if the water is spacious, and no boat at hand, they must be fastened together at proper distances. Pike, when large, may be thus speared, or shot by a gun fixed under the fish!" Bravo, Kresy! a bladder battue at pike is quite a new sporting feature.

The pike is a solitary fish, never swimming in shoals:

he delights in a still, steady, unfrequented water, and usually lies amongst flags, bull-rushes, stumps of trees, or reeds. In trolling for pike your rod must be a strong one, and ringed, for the line to pass through, and about three yards and a half in length; your line about ninety feet long, wound upon a reel. The best baits, upon a dull, cloudy day, are small roaches, dace, and bleak; but when the weather is bright and the water clear, you should substitute a gudgeon. Be careful not to suffer weeds to hang on your hook, or the pike will not be tempted to touch it. September and October are the best months for trolling, because the weeds are then rotten, and the fish are become fat with their summer's feed. The pike spawns about the end of February or beginning of March. For the table, this fish requires a first-rate culinary artist; a good pudding, and some Dutch sauce, rendering it a dish worthy the board of any *gourmet*.

The eels' haunts are chiefly amongst weeds, under roots and stumps of trees, holes and clefts in the earth, and in the "verdant mud;" also about weirs, bridges, floodgates, and old mills. In winter they conceal themselves in the mud, and in summer seldom rove about by daylight; but by night you may take a great number of them by laying lines so leaded as to touch the ground, and baiting the hook with garden worms, minnows, leeches, small gudgeons, or lobs. There are two ways of taking the "silver eel" by day—sniggling and bobbing. The former is thus performed—take a strong line, with the hook baited with a lob worm, and go to such places as above mentioned, dropping the hook into the hole by the help of a cleft stick; if the "slippery gent" is there, he will assuredly bite: it will be necessary to tire him a little before you attempt to land him, or he will break your line. In bobbing for eels you must affix some large lob-worms to a

strong whip-cord two yards long; then make a knot in the line, about six or eight inches from the worms, running a hollow piece of lead of about three quarters of a pound weight down to the knot; then fix all to a pole, and use it in muddy waters: when the fish tug, give them time to fasten; then draw them gently up, and hoist them quick to shore. A punt is very useful in this kind of fishing.

I now come to pond fishing, and shall commence with the tench, which, by old authorities, is treated with the greatest contempt. It loves to feed in the foulest waters, and thrives but indifferently in a clear element. It is not usual for the tench to exceed more than four or five pounds in weight, though there are instances of much larger ones. They spawn about the middle of July, and are best in season from the beginning of September until the end of May. They will bite during all hot weather; I should recommend April and May to the tench angler. Among the most attractive baits are the lob and red worm, a gentle, or a paste made of the crumb of bread and honey.

The bream thrives better in ponds than rivers, and the baits recommended for the tench will be equally good for this fish. Gloomy and windy days are the best for this sport. As the bream is extremely vigorous, it is necessary to have strong tackle; you must also be careful not to show yourself, for your prey is both vigilant and cunning. In river fishing it will be as well to bait your ground with boiled barley malt or sweet honey paste. The best season for angling is from the first of May until the end of August. The bream is not much admired in England as a table delicacy, though our continental neighbours, the French, pronounce it to be a dish worthy the attention of the epicure.

I am now reduced to the lowest form of angling, the

gudgeon; a *sport* that must ever remind one of happy boyish days, when we were wont to fish with a crooked pin for tittlebats in a basin of water; and yet how often have I witnessed the patience and anxiety of a party of pleasure in a flat-bottomed boat off Richmond Bridge, bobbing for this lilliputian specimen of the finny race. See the resignation of the elderly gentleman, who, like patience upon a monument, or rather, like endurance in a punt, sits for hours ruminating over a legendary gudgeon; mark the excitement of the middle-aged "gent" in the fustian coat and planter's hat, when he sees the cork dancing on the surface of the waters; watch the eagerness of his better-half, when she finds the rod gently quivering in her trembling hand; listen to the half-uttered cry of joy that escapes the lips of the urchin, speedily suppressed by the gruff tone and sullen look of the parent as the youth lands his long-sought-after, unresisting prize; witness the care with which the young and innocent miss furnishes the hook with a living bait—the tender-hearted damsel, who would probably faint at the sight of a spider upon her dress, feels no compunction in thus torturing the writhing worm.

But it is nearly time to take leave of these cockney-punters, these gentles and simples, and proceed to the sport; although, as I write for all classes of readers, from the tyro of the Thames to the accomplished fisherman of the rapid Spey, I must enter a little more fully into gudgeon angling. Suffice it then to say that these fish are scattered up and down every river in the shallows during the heat of summer, and that in the autumn, when the weeds begin to rot, and the weather becomes cold, they congregate together, and get into deeper parts of the water. As this fish is leather-mouthed, when once struck he is seldom lost. The baits are usually gentles, worms, wasps, and cads; the small red worm is reckoned the best.

From the lowest form I now approach the beau ideal of the sport—trout and salmon fishing in the Highlands of Scotland; and so proverbial is the hospitality of the sons of the north, that it only requires an introduction to any proprietor of the soil to procure a good day's fishing. Picture to yourself, then, a morning at daybreak, a cloudy sky, and the wind from the south, which, according to the poet, "blows your fly into the fish's mouth;" your "gilly" and mountain pony are at the door of one of the neatest and cleanest of wayside inns. Start not, English reader; for there is cleanliness in the rural parts of Scotland. Witness the Gordon Arms at Fochabers, near the very river I am about to conduct you.

Your breakfast is over, and such a meal as your regular stay-at-home Englishman has no more idea of than a Highlander has of knee-buckles. What think you of kipper salmon, trout fresh from the river, venison and mutton hams, cold grouse and ptarmigan, oat cakes, milk porridge—none of your London sky-blue or *mi-eau*, as it is cried about the streets, and has not been inaptly translated *half-water*—marmalade, and mountain dew. You mount your pony, and after a rough ride through the most varied and stupendous scenery of mountain, wood, lochs, and burns, you reach your destination. A gigantic craggy cliff, at least five hundred yards high, over-shadows a rapid torrent, which rages like a cataract, occasionally subsiding into deep holes, and here your "gilly" informs you are the favourite haunts of the salmon.

Your tackle is speedily adjusted, and incased in a suit of Macintosh's lower habiliments, with boots to match—and here be it said that Peal, of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, is the best man in all England for waterproof leather—you plunge in waist-deep. After some little time, in which your patience may be put to the test, you find

yourself playing a very heavy fish; your "gilly" enjoins you to "take time and be canny." Now the "fresh-water king" dashes and struggles to break your line; then is the time for the watchful eye of the cautious fisherman to come into action; you must play your prey with the nicest judgment, exhausting him by hurrying him rapidly down the stream, keeping his head high up in the current, until his strength is irrecoverably expended, when you lead him gradually into still water. Then is the moment of victory; you fasten your gaff into the opening of his gills, "one struggle more" from the captured victim, and the prize, one of eighteen pounds, is yours. The salmon is generally to be found in all rivers connected with the sea, passing the winter and fine weather in rapid and clear streams; it spawns in the month of May in rivers with sandy or rocky bottoms. So many works have, however been written upon salmon and its fishing, that I am unwilling to trespass longer upon the attention of my readers. Much practice and art is necessary in killing a fine "eighteen-pounder," and no theoretical knowledge will avail the young beginner; I, therefore, recommend him to place himself under the guidance of some old fisherman, whether in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, and he will learn more in a few days by the river side than he would in months over the library fire, with all the "Salmonias" in the world before him.

While upon the subject of the salmon, I cannot refrain from mentioning that a French author asserts that this fish was the means of discovering the passage of the Caspian Sea into the Black Sea and Gulf of Persia. It was done in the following manner:—A certain number of salmon were caught, and, after their tails were run through with silver or gold rings, they were set at liberty, and some were afterwards found in the Black Sea and Persian

Gulf. When salmon are taken for profit, not pleasure, nets are used; they are of a large size, regulated by the depth and breadth of the river, with lead to sink one side and cork to support the other. One end of the net is held by men on the shore, while the other is fastened to the stern of a boat, which is rowed in a circular direction, and finally brought to the landing-place; the nets are then hauled on shore, and the fish packed in ice for the London market. The Duke of Richmond has a splendid salmon fishery on the Spey, which brings into his Grace's coffers some thousands per annum; the greatest portion of the fish that are caught are sent to the London markets, while others are packed and hermetically sealed in tin cases, and despatched to every part of the globe.

During a ramble through Scotland I found myself at Speymouth, where the process of catching and packing the fish was going on. Through the kindness of the spirited *entrepreneur*, Mr. Hogarth, I was permitted first to catch my salmon, then to put him into a little salt water, and then to seal him down. For nearly a year it remained unopened, and when the seal was broken, as the old nursery song says,

"Was not it a dainty dish to set before a king!"

Heliogabalus or George IV. would both have relished it.

After salmon fishing in the Highland rivers, there are few amusements that can come up to "a day with the trout," either in the English or Scotch lakes. At Pooley-bridge Inn, at the foot of Ulswater, boatmen and boats are ever ready to convey the brother of the angle to the lake; and there are few sports in England in which he will procure better sport. The Tweed, Loch Awe,—nay, indeed, almost all the rivers and lakes in Scotland will furnish excellent sport.

In Loch Awe the salmo ferox or bull-trout abound; they sometimes grow to the weight of thirty pounds. In trolling for this monster of the lake you must have strong tackle, with at least a hundred yards of line; the best bait is a small trout. When the fish is struck, you must be careful to give him rope enough; for, as he is a most powerful specimen of the finny tribe, he will unquestionably walk off with *his* trout, leaving you without yours, and a broken line to boot.

The best months for angling are from April to October, and the finest time of the day from four till ten in the morning, and from four in the evening until sunset. A southerly wind with a gloomy, lowering sky will suit the fisherman the best—next to that, a westerly wind; but be careful to avoid an easterly one, as you will probably catch nothing but a cold, and the rheumatism. Fish will seldom bite in a hoar frost, nor before a shower of rain.

An angler must be a paragon of patience; never dejected with bad sport, or elated with good. He should hide himself as much as possible, as his aquatic prey are usually timorous and shy. There is an old saying, that "a good workman is always known by his tools," and this is particularly applicable to the fisherman; for if his rod and tackle are not kept in the neatest order, if his baits are not in the greatest state of perfection, if his fly-book is not so nicely arranged that he can select at a moment's glance the feathered hook, his exertions will be futile.

The follower of old Izaak ought to avoid all bright or glaring colours in his fishing costume; a dark-tweed shooting jacket and trowsers of invisible green or stone colour, with a hat or cap to match, are the best for the sport. A leaping pole with a spike at the end of it, for the purpose of fording brooks and ditches, a forester's knife, and a well-stored basket of sandwiches and brandy,

are very agreeable auxiliaries, and ought to be entrusted to the care of your piscatorial "gilly."

In conclusion, let me add that large fish are to be found in deep water, and all kinds of small fish in clear, brisk-running streams with gravelly bottoms; salmon, trout, and—oh, the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous—gudgeons in the clear, rapid-running element with sandy bottom; carp, tench, eels and lamprey select the still, muddy waters; while barbel, dace, pike, chub, perch, bream, and roach luxuriate in lively running currents.

HUNTING.

SOMERVILLE, in his poem of the "Chase," proves himself to have been not only a speculative, but a real sportsman; and his language, sentiments, and the incidents he describes, all display a thorough knowledge of the subjects he writes upon. His true and correct description of the kennel, his vivid portraiture of the hounds, his spirited sketch of the hare and beagle, his philosophical discussion upon scent, his graphic picture of the fiery courser, his poetical language, in writing of the music of the chase, his striking vigour in bringing to our mind's eye the Indian mode of hunting, his historical account of the extirpation of the wolf, and last, not least, his lively and animated full-length portraiture of fox-hunting, the casting-off of the hounds, their working upon the scent, the unkenneling of the fox, his breaking cover, and the full cry of the hounds, are most exciting pictures, and inspire the greatest enthusiasm for the noble science. In short, the talent of the poet lies in delineating

every-day scenes with the greatest spirit and fidelity, added to a well-varied and flowing versification, free from over-strained and affected metaphors, and, literally speaking, suiting the language to the subject he so admirably describes. In his classical allusions he is not deficient, as will be evident by the following condensed quotations from his preface:—

"It is quite certain that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon says that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c., were disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great captains were first taught 'certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu.' And the Roman emperors, in the monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the chase to their most celebrated triumphs."

But we have commenced by quoting modern authorities, when we ought to have harked back to more ancient ones. The Greek and Latin poets write with vigour upon the chase, as we can well remember in our school days; there was not a Virgil or Homer, in the upper row of the fourth form, when we were at Westminster, that had not all the passages connected with the chase and other sports noted down, and translated; and although little Johnny Campbell, our tutor—and all old Westminster will remember this worthy dominie—was no great sportsman himself, never shall we forget his smile of approval, when, upon one occasion, he found a most graphic, if not classical, translation of the following lines:—

"En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Lithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitri que Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit."

VIRG. GEORG. iii.

To proceed with our classical lore. Ovid thus writes of his contemporary, Gratius:—

"Gratius shall arm the huntsman for the chase."

Unfortunately the works of the latter are scarce.

Of a more modern date we find among the contributors to the sporting literature of the day, Nemesianus, who seems superior to Gratius, but of whose writings only a fragment remains.

Virgil, in his third Georgic, gives a few lines upon greyhounds and mastiffs:—

"Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum
Pasce sero pingui."

But it would be endless to quote the numerous passages upon this subject from foreign writers; proceed we to our own native bard:—

"The hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

So writes the "deer-stealer," "call-boy," and "horse-holder," William Shakespeare, for each of these, according to ancient traditions, has the poet been called. Not that I put much faith in such legends; for I have but little doubt but that the deer-stealing was a *lark*, that species of young gentlemanlike poaching which few youths have not indulged in; as for the call-boy story, Mr. Collier has quite proved an *alibi* for the "worthy, gentle, and beloved" William; and the writer of "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" is not, in my mind, likely to have ever been a "cad" at the theatre door, exclaiming, "Please to want your horse holded,

sir?" Well, the bard of Avon was right, as were other poets who eulogize the

> "Echoes loud,
> Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
> Of mirth and jocund din."

For there is nothing more exhilarating to the senses of all keen and ardent sportsmen than the rich and deep-toned voices of the hounds, so full of music, as they are heard across the valley, echoing through the woods. Much has been written upon "first love," and we freely admit it is an "all-absorbing passion;" and so, at least as far as we are concerned, is the first initiation into the delights of the chase.

Never shall I forget the days when, as a boy of twelve years of age, I was passing the Christmas holidays at Stoke Park, near Chichester, Sussex; and during that happy period I was fortunate enough to get two mounts with the Goodwood hounds. Never will the impression of my first day with the foxhounds be effaced from my memory. Since that period I have visited Holland, France, Germany, Canada, and the United States; I have stood my shot as an amateur, being on the sick list, upon the ensanguined plains of Waterloo, have fished for cod on the banks of Newfoundland, have massacred some hundred hares at the tame battues near Vienna, have hunted the deer in the royal forests of France, have speared salmon in Lake Ontario, have caught beavers in the country of the Hudson's Bay Company, have smoked a cigar beneath the foam of the mighty Niagara, have drunk sherry cobbler on the banks of the Mississipi; and yet the recollection of every incident connected with the hunt I am about to describe is as vivid and fresh upon my mind as when, at the expiration of the holidays, I astonished my brother-boarders, at Mrs. Packharness's, Great Dean's-yard, Westminster, with the account of my first run.

The hounds met at the Valdoe, a tolerable-sized wood near Goodwood House, and in less than five minutes the tones of poor old Tom Grant, the huntsman, were heard, shouting "Gone away!" "Hold hard, gentlemen," cried that first-rate sportswoman, Mrs. Dorrien, then Miss Le Clerc, as she herself was preparing for a start. "Give 'em time," said old Tom, approaching me; who, rather cowed upon this my first appearance, had shrunk back behind the "red coats," whom I then looked upon as wonders of the world. "Come along, youngster; I'll show you the way: there, down that ride; turn short to the right; the fox is sure to sink the wind; as you're well mounted, set your pony's head straight, and you'll get the brush." Encouraged by this friendly hint, I followed the huntsman's advice, and upon emerging from the wood found myself close to the hounds. "Capital, youngster!" shouted Tom, as I took the first fence, a flight of stiffish rails, into one of the paddocks. I looked back, and found only the huntsman, the lady I have already alluded to, and some half-dozen men in pink, with the hounds. Having once got the lead, I determined to try and keep it; and as the pony I was mounted upon was one of the finest fencers in the country, I had little difficulty, with my light weight, in accomplishing this.

We approached Halneker: part of the palings had been broken down; I spied the gap, and went at it, as the huntsman afterwards said, "like a Briton." The fact is, that, even with the top broken down, the fence was a stiff one. The huntsman followed me; while the others, not seeing the place we had taken, turned away and skirted the park. "Bravo, young 'un!" shouted old Tom, "you're one of the right sort; we've set the field; steady, there's a grip on the other side of that fence." "Set the field!" thought I; Wellington, after Waterloo, was not prouder

than I was at this my first victory. But I will not tire my readers with the run; suffice it to say that the fox went straight down wind ten miles, over a beautiful flat country, and that the hounds ran into him upon Houghton-bridge, as he was crossing the Arundel river. No one except the huntsman, the first whipper-in, and myself, were up, the field having been thrown out at Halneker-park. The brush was presented to me with great congratulations, and to this day I retain it as a proud and well-earned trophy.

But I have digressed—a fault I often commit. To our subject, which is the "noble science;" and I think few will be found who will not bear me out in my opinion, that both upon public and private grounds this national amusement ought to be encouraged, for I am prepared to prove that it entails the greatest advantages upon our country at large.

In the first place, it induces noblemen and gentlemen to reside upon their properties; and by so doing produces the most beneficial effects upon every class of society; not only by the example set, which proves that the higher orders sympathize with their less fortunate brethren, both in acts of kindness, hospitality, good fellowship, and charity, but also by the actual gain that must accrue to the public at large by the enormous expenditure that takes place in every hunting country. Take, for example, the munificent establishments of the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, Earl Fitzhardinge, Mr. Assheton Smith, and others; and calculate the amount that is annually spent in hay, oats, beans, and straw, independent of the living of the numerous servants that are employed during at least six months in the year. To this you must add the advantages reaped by the farmers, breeders, innkeepers, artisans, tradesmen, merchants, and labourers, all of whom derive the

very greatest benefits from resident landlords, especially when they are devoted to the sports of the field.

Were I a perfect stranger in England, and had no family ties to connect me with any other country, I should decidedly select Warwickshire as my hunting country, making Leamington my head-quarters. Although for sport I am bound to yield the palm to Leicestershire, still I believe, that during the year, the Warwickshire hounds have *nearly* as many good runs as the Quorn. The remark of an old sportsman, that "it is the pace that kills," is daily realized in Leicestershire, and without a "flyer," a good start, nerve, and judgment, no man can see a run in that country. Now, although Warwickshire requires good nags to get over it, and first-rate men to pilot them, a slight mistake, a small mishap, or a bad start, will not put the Nimrod *hors de combat.* Independent, too, of the pleasures of the field, there is no town in England where the sportsman can be better lodged than at the Spa. First and foremost, the stables are excellent, and the charges for horse-keeping moderate. Secondly, there is superlative good entertainment for man at the numerous hotels that abound in this fashionable water-drinking place; or if a party of "sporting gents," as the waiters call them, like to "club" together, they will find houses of all sizes and dimensions upon the Grand Parade, and a first-rate resident artist, who will either cater for them and furnish a cook, or will serve them a dinner worthy of that modern Apician, Dr. Kitchiner, at a "fixed duty" per head, or "sliding scale," according to the dishes that are required.

As the sportsman of the present period is a very different character from the Sir Harry Beagles' and Squire Chases' of bygone times, and no longer thinks it necessary to become a four-bottle man, and to talk of nothing but

hounds, horses, and old port, so it follows that in these days the society of females is anxiously sought after, and there is no spot in the universe where better society congregates together, than during the winter, at Leamington. After a brilliant run and a good dinner, with *quantum suff.* of Crockford's Lafitte of 1831, far preferable to the gout-bringing bees'wing black strap, how much more agreeable is it to drop into some well-lit ball or concert-room, amidst a galaxy of beauty, than to realize the character of one of poor James Smith's heroes:—

"Spurred and booted, on sofas we sprawl."

Another advantage that Leamington offers is, that if you are not always fully mounted, you may hire excellent hunters and hacks in the town; flies, too, are to be had to take you to cover; baths are ready upon your return; in short, sport by day, and dinners, concerts, balls, private theatricals, whist parties, suppers, and billiards during the evening, will fill up your time very well, should you be disposed to visit this far-famed Spa.

In order that my reader may not suppose that I have any interest whatever in this region of saline, I beg to assure him that I know nothing of it, except as a hunting quarter; I was there during two winters, when Thornhill hunted the hounds; when Sanderson, H. Williams, Augustus Berkeley, J. Barnard, Piers Mostyn, and G. Wilkinson rode to them; when the late Sir Edward Mostyn kept open house; and when amateur plays and fancy balls were warmly espoused by Sir Charles, Mr. Chad, and the writer of this paper.

With regard to hunters, as almost every sportsman is in these days a tolerably good judge of a horse, I shall offer a very few remarks upon this beaten subject: suffice it to say, that "all is not gold that glitters," and that many a horse,

which is sold in London as a first-rate hunter, knows as much about his business as a clod does of the duty of a lord chamberlain. How often is a flyer from Newmarket unable to bear the shocks and strainings of a fifteen minutes' burst! and how still more frequent does the mammoth animal, who has been warranted to carry thirteen or fourteen stone weight, shut up heart-broken after a couple of ploughed fields! A right good hunter ought to possess strength without weight, courage without impetuosity, and speed without labour. The marks most likely to discover a horse of these properties, are a vigorous healthy colour, a light head and neck, a quick moving eye and ear, clean wide jaws and nostrils, large thin shoulders, and moderately high withers, deep chest and short back, large ribs, gaskins well spread, buttocks lean and hard; above all, let his joints be strong and firm, his legs and pasterns short, for there never yet was a long-legged horse who could get well over a hunting country, with a fair weight upon his back. In short, follow the hints of John Hesketh Lethbridge, Esq.:—Avoid a horse that cuts or brushes; avoid flat feet and low heels; avoid a weak, long deer neck; select one with a well-formed head, big nostril, short neck, deep ribs, short below the knee; well-formed ancles, width of loin, big thighs, and well-formed hocks.

With five good hunters and a couple of hacks a man may see a great deal of sport with the Warwickshire hounds, as I can vouch for from past experience; and if he does not like the trouble and expense of getting such a stud together, he has nothing to do but to hire them in the county. In the town and neighbourhood of Leamington, he will find plenty of sporting liverymen, farmers, and horse dealers, who, for a fair consideration, and with the chance of selling, will furnish him with horses that can go the pace, and do the trick. It was never my good fortune to

be in Warwickshire during the period that Mr. Bradley's staghounds were in existence; but, by all accounts, they showed considerable sport, and their loss has been severely felt by many who merely wanted a gallop, and will not undertake all the trouble, labour, disappointment, and exertion of fox-hunting. While upon the subject of "calf-hunting," I cannot refrain from giving an account of an Epping hunt I was present at, and which, for fun, life, and absurdity, beat anything I ever saw. The event came off some forty years ago, "in the days of my hot youth, when George the Third was king." I was then a subaltern officer in a crack regiment of cavalry, realizing the lines of the song—

> "How happy's the soldier that lives on his pay,
> Who spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."

Easter, as usual, had set in with its *Easter*ly winds, and the Monday was a regular "cat and dog pouring day." But the uncompromising appearance of the weather did not dismay the would-be sportsmen; for from nine till twelve o'clock the road from Whitechapel to Woodford was lined with carriages of every form and description, from the barouche-and-four down to the taxed cart, and an incredible number of horsemen, among whom were many cockney Nimrods, in smart red coats, corduroy breeches, top boots, and long spurs, each cantering his hired Bucephalus to attract the attention of the assembled multitude. A number of temporary booths for the sale of liquors, ham, beef, bread and cheese, periwinkles, buns, cakes, tarts, ginger beer, imperial pop, cyder, were erected on the forest, each distinguished by a sporting sign—"The Hare and Hounds," "Fox," "Reindeer," "White Hart," "French Horn," "Stag," &c. About twelve, the deer, which had travelled in his own carriage from the "Bush" at Wanstead, was

uncarted, his branching antlers being decorated with gaudy-coloured ribbons. After a few minutes' law, the hounds were laid on. Away went horses, sportsmen, deer, and hounds towards Buckhurst Hill, from thence to Fair Mead Bottom, and on to Loughton Wood, from thence to Robinson's Range, and round the enclosures to Deadman's Wood, returned to Fair Mead Bottom, and on to Golden Hill, thence passing Queen Elizabeth's Lodge to the Bottom again. Here, the noble animal, being hardly pressed, plunged into Burleigh's Pond, from which he was taken alive, and reserved for another year's sport. Many of the equestrians followed the sport till their horses failed them; and there was the usual number of falls and accidents.

Being admirably mounted myself, I saw the fun to the very greatest advantage. "There's nothing on the other side," cried one of my "pals," as he went at an awful pace at a hedge, upon the outside of which was a yawning ditch. "Come along!" I cried; "it's nothing;" and with this assurance I was followed by some half-dozen cockneys, who, not putting quite so much powder at it as we did, floundered all in the green and fœtid water. "Catch my horse!" "Oh! I'm smothered!" "Help me out!" were the cries of these would-be Nimrods, as they and their steeds were extricated by the gaping clods. But I have not space to enlarge upon this subject in the present article, but may perhaps refer to it again, as no one now can have any idea of the real fun at an Epping hunt of old.

ARCHERY.

ALTHOUGH archery cannot be ranked among the principal sports of the present day, yet, as there are a variety of

toxopholite societies still kept up, and as these meetings are always attended, and the prizes contended for, by the fairer portion of the creation, we cannot exclude the bow and arrow from our catalogue of national amusements. Since the invention of cannon and gunpowder, the bow and cross-bow have been in disuse both in battle and in what Byron calls "the faint image of war"—the chase; but still they furnish recreation for those *beaux* and belles (we mean no pun) who love to congregate upon a summer's day at the romantic *plaisance* of Kenilworth Castle, the interesting precincts of Carisbrook, in the picturesque glades of Kent, on the wild wealds of Sussex, by the side of the winding Wye, in the merry forest of Sherwood, under the battlements of Belvoir's proud castle, or in the peaceful vales of Gloucestershire.

With regard to the modern prowess of archers we shall have little to say, as their deeds are blazoned forth in the fashionable columns of the *Morning Post* and *Court Journal*. We shall, therefore, go back to by-gone times.

At the earliest period we find the bow in use, not only as a weapon of hostility, but also as one employed in the chase; and there are few nations that have not employed archers in their warfare as well as hunting-fields. Even to this day the North and South American Indians retain the bow and arrow. There is no mention of archery in this country until the time of the Saxons; Camden, however, gives the following remark as to its introduction into England:—"Amongst all the English artillery, archery challengeth the pre-eminency as peculiar to our nation as the sarissa was to the Macedonians, the gesa to the old Gauls, the framia to the Germans, the machœra to the Greeks; first showed to the English by the Danes, brought in by the Normans, and continued by their successors."

William the Conqueror was a first-rate archer, as was Richard Earl of Pembroke, called "Strongbow;" Cœur de Lion was killed by an arrow from a cross-bow at the siege of Chaluze. It was during the reign of this monarch that the sylvan hero Robin Hood and his merry men flourished; but for an account of his exploits we must refer our readers to the old ballad, or to Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," in which there is a most soul-stirring account of a trial of skill with the long-bow between Locksley, as Robin Hood was called, from the place of his birth in Staffordshire, and Hubert, a forester. This brave free-booter died in 1247, at the priory of Kirklees. Previous to his death, when all hopes of recovery were abandoned, he pointed out the place of his sepulture by discharging an arrow, and the spot upon which it fell was to be his grave. The first falling in the river, another was procured; and there, in the park, where the shaft dropped, was the outlaw buried.

The inscription upon his tomb, which has long been obliterated, but which was preserved by Dr. Gate, Dean of York, ran as follows:—

"Here, underneath this little stone,
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington;
Nea Archir ver az hie sa geud,
An piple kauld im Robin Hood.
Sick utlaws az hi an iz men
Vil England nivir si agen."

Of William Tell it is unnecessary to speak, as his history is well known to all. In our own country we find the youthful Edward the Third issuing orders for bows and arrows for the intended war with France. At Cressy and Poictiers the superiority of the English archers is well known. At the victory gained over the Scots, near Halidon Hill, Lord Percy's archers did great service with

their deadly arrows; and at the battle of Shrewsbury the bowmen on both sides evinced the greatest valour. It was here that "sweet wag Hal," afterwards Henry the Fifth, was wounded in the face by an arrow. In the reign of Edward the Fourth an act was passed, compelling every subject of the realm to have a bow made of his own height; and also establishing butts for practice. We to this day have a reminiscence of this edict—Newington and Brentford Butts still continuing. The crook-backed tyrant, at the battle of Bosworth field, placed his bowmen in the midst of the line.

"Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head."

Henry the Seventh, in 1486, established fifty yeomen of the guard—the first standing army—who in those days used bows. This monarch, in his early days, was extremely fond of archery, as were his sons, Arthur and Henry. Henry the Eighth passed a law in the third year of his reign, that every youth, when he attained the age of seven, should be provided with a bow and two arrows—by his father; and it was subsequently enacted that all, except the dignitaries of the church and bar, should be obliged to practise at butts.

In 1515, Henry the Eighth and Queen Catharine, accompanied by many lords and ladies, rode a maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where they found a company of two hundred tall yeomen, all clothed in green, with green hoods, and bows and arrows. One, who was their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, and desired the king and all his company to stay and see his men shoot; to which the king agreeing, he whistled, and all the two hundred discharged their arrows at once; which they repeated, on his whistling again. Their arrows had something placed in the heads of them that made

them whistle as they flew, and altogether made a loud and very uncommon noise, at which the king and queen were greatly delighted. The yeoman who assumed the character of Robin Hood then desired the king and queen, with their retinue, to enter the green wood, where, in arbours made with boughs, intermixed with flowers, they were plentifully served with venison and wine by him and his merry men.

Edward the Sixth, according to Barrington, was fond of archery. The martyr Charles seems also to have promoted the use of the bow, as did the "merry monarch" and his brother, James the Second. From this period archery has been on the decline, and the only remains of ancient bowmen may be found in the Artillery Company, formerly the Finsbury Archers, and the Scotch Archer Guard. Robertson describes the Caribees as very expert archers—a fact that will be borne out by the following circumstance, mentioned by that historian as having occurred to Columbus, in his second voyage. "A canoe," says the historian, "belonging to these people, having accidentally fallen in with the fleet under his command, a vessel with a few men was sent towards it, while the other ships surrounded it, in order to cut off a communication with the shore. When the persons in the canoe saw it was impossible for them to escape, they fought with great resolution, and wounded many of the Spaniards, although they had targets and other kinds of armour; and even when the canoe was upset, it was with difficulty the people were taken, as they continued to defend themselves, and to use their bows with *great dexterity* while swimming in the sea." The Persians, too, are first-rate shots with bows and arrows, especially upon horseback; and at the cavalry reviews, as the troops gallop by in single file, each man as he passes the king, shoots an arrow against a target, and

the successful competitors are, at the end of the day, rewarded according to their deserts. In every village throughout the country the inhabitants are taught to shoot at a very early age.

THE RING.

"Onerandus est Pugnis probe."—AMPHITRYON—PLAUTUS.
"My fists must lay a good load on him."—COOKE'S TRANSLATION.

Although the pugilistic ring has fallen greatly from its former high estate, we cannot, as true chroniclers of English manly sports, exclude it from our notice; and while upon the subject, we cannot refrain from paying that eulogium to the memory of one of its most distinguished supporters, who, since many of the following pages were written, has "shuffled off his mortal coil:" we allude to the late Mr. Jackson—a man who, during a long life, never made an enemy; whose kindness, charity, and liberality were unbounded; and who amidst temptation's flowery path, never for a moment swerved from the strict line of rectitude. Poor Jackson! Peace to thy manes!

In approaching then, this subject, we cannot but admit that within the last ten or fifteen years some most disgraceful transactions have taken place in the prize-ring. Not only as respects foul play, but also robbery; scenes have been committed which are a disgrace to a civilized country, and which have called down denunciations, not only from those canting hypocrites who would entirely put an end to all the amusements of the humbler classes, but also from those sportsmen of the old school who would support every practice that tends to enhance our national character, both for courage and independence.

The ring has, as I have already said, latterly lost one of its greatest ornaments and supporters. I allude to Byron's old

friend, and corporeal pastor and master, the late John Jackson, who up to the day of his death "retained the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments." The superior regularity, the good conduct of the fighting men, and the entire absence of those barbarous and demoralizing abuses which have lately disgraced the ring, were entirely attributable to having a man of respectability and fair character at its head. Such was Mr. Jackson, who for so many years presided over the pugilistic club, and in the school, with such honour to himself and advantage to the science. I cannot conclude this faint tribute to his memory without quoting some lines from Moore's Memorial to the Congress. In a note to that work the poet writes as follows: "This gentleman"—Mr. Jackson—"(as he well deserves to be called, from the correctness of his conduct and the peculiar urbanity of his manners) forms that useful link between the amateurs and the professors of pugilism, which when broken it will be difficult, if not wholly impossible, to replace."

In 1811 a sparring exhibition was got up at the Fives Court for the benefit of the Portuguese sufferers; and in 1812 a similar one took place (both instituted by Jackson) for the British prisoners in France. The receipts of the latter amounted to £130, which was forwarded by Mr. Jackson to the subscription fund. All the professionals gave their attendance gratuitously. The court was crowded with noble amateurs. How different is the present state of the prize-fighter to what it was in the palmy days of Jackson! Occasionally now a benefit is got up at the house of some "professor," which turns out, as Shakspeare says, "a benefit forgot." See the ragamuffins that now grace these sparring exhibitions, and compare them to the time when the Fives Court flourished—when kings, emperors, field-

marshals, foreign potentates, and the cream of the English nobility, patronized this then popular gymnasium. Well do we remember the period when the late Dukes of Norfolk (great-grandfather to the present), Gordon and Beaufort, Earls of Sefton and Harrington, Lord Hertford, poor Byron, the Honourable Berkeley Craven, Barclay of Ure, were the liberal patrons of the ring and sparring school, and when honest pugilists were treated as men well deserving the countenance and support of the highest classes; the dexterous use of the fist being looked upon as an exercise worthy the sturdy Englishman, and one which had raised his renown as the bravest of the brave. But we must "hark back" to the deeds of former days, and as we were wont to say,—"*Arma virumque cano.*"

Amongst the general games celebrated in honour of Patroclus in Homer's Iliad, boxing is mentioned; and the "stand up fight" of Ulysses is one of the most diverting incidents narrated in the Odyssey. Indeed, the king of Ithaca seems to have been well calculated for this heroic diversion, and, from his strength and courage, would have been no contemptible opponent for any of the pugilistic champions of England. He was also a generous antagonist, and fought rather for honour than revenge or lucre; for we are told that, when confident of victory, he

> "Check'd half his might, yet rising to the stroke,
> "His jaw-bone dash'd—the crashing jaw-bone broke;"

an instance of magnanimity that the pugilists and their backers of the present day would do well to imitate. Our limit and space will not permit us to enter into greater detail upon the "mills" of other days. Return we then to the doings of our own times.

Among the advantages and benefits which may be brought forward in support of self-defence, we will quote the words

of a highly respected authority. In the late Chief Justice Best's charge to the grand jury of Wiltshire, his lordship said: "The practice of boxing has often been a subject of discussion in this country. I must say that it seems to me a practice that may very advantageously be encouraged to a limited extent. It is in some sort *a law of peace*, for it discourages the use of unfair means of attack: it prevents malicious retaliation; it only enables men to employ the full advantages they may naturally possess, and in the use of which they are restrained by the point of honour; and while it encourages a proper English spirit, it prevents courage from degenerating into brutality, and secures men from the treachery and malignity of those whom they may have offended." This is precisely the view we have for many years taken of the fistic school. While human nature is constituted as it is, and ever has been, there will be brawls and fighting. And see the effects of such quarrels where boxing and the laws of the ring are not recognised: the knife and stiletto supply the place of the fists.

Look at Italy, and the thousands of assassinations that annually take place in that highly eulogised land of song. Witness the bloody horrors that took place in France during the grand revolution, and that still disgrace that country, when private squabbles can only be settled by murderous weapons. Cross even to America—England's daughter—and, independent of their Lynch law, they still practise, in their pugilistic encounters, that abominable, unmanly, and thorough savage practice of gouging and biting, throttling, kicking, and jumping upon the disabled foe. Nay, we need not go out of our own country; for, to the disgrace of Britain be it said, there is one county in the northern part of England where "up and down" fights are still known, and where the most beastly and brutal exhibitions take place. Ireland, too, is a melancholy example;

for murder and burnings too often take place in that distracted country. Enough, we think then, has been said to prove that man's natural weapons are better than the dagger to assuage his vindictive passions and unbridled rage. The fine old school-boy principle of "fighting a quarrel out" is far preferable to all waylayings, secret assaults, cutting, stabbing, maiming, or wounding; and the true English spirit of pugilism is to restrain those murderous practices, and to divest combatants of all savage means of vengeance. In another point of view, and that a national one, boxing may be defended: I allude to the advantage it gives to the soldier and sailor. And to bear me out in that proposition, I have only to refer to the daring deeds of our red coats and blue jackets during the last war. Admiral the Honourable Sir Maurice Berkeley, than whom a more gallant officer in her Majesty's navy does not exist, records the prowess of seamen who had been brought up in those good old days when the art of "self-defence" was supported by all the leading personages of England. The author of "Lalla Rookh," too, has immortalized Shaw the fighting life-guardsman, who certainly gave many a *knock-down* argument at Waterloo in favour of this our national sport.

> "Oh! shade of the cheesemonger! you who, alas!
> Doubled up by the dozen those *Mounseers* in brass,
> On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes,
> When kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes."

The late C. Apperley, Esq. (Nimrod), too, no mean judge upon sporting affairs, gives the following views upon pugilism; and as it leads to the anecdote I have hinted to above, as connected with Sir Maurice Berkeley's opinions, I will lay them before my readers. In Nimrod's visit to Berkeley Castle, the hospitable domain of one of England's noblest sportsmen, he writes as follows:—

" Another subject was then started, which, being one of very general interest, I may be allowed to revert to. It was the present unfortunate revolution in the manners and habits of John Bull, by the introduction of the 'foreign knife,'*—it is not inappropriately called—and which was introduced to our notice by a comment in the 'Globe' newspaper, and I believe these were the words:—'Knives are unworthy of the national character, and associated with practices, on some parts of the continent, from which Englishmen recoil.' My opinion on the interdiction of prize-fighting, fairly and honourably conducted, has already been before the public; and that of Earl Fitzhardinge has been still more clearly avowed by the encouragement he has so often given to the ring: and how forcibly is the correctness of our opinions at this moment displayed, not by the introduction of the knife—not *exactly* by sentiments delivered from the bench—but in the case of a prosecution of a pugilist for an assault, by a straight-forward declaration by the counsel, Mr. Doane, *retained for the prosecution*, who, in his address to the court, *in aggravation*, stated—'that to the absurd and mischievous interference of the county magistracy with the proceedings in the ring was the increase of the unmanly crime of stabbing, among Englishmen, to be attributed.' These sentiments, I say, have not been exactly delivered from the bench, but something closely approximating to them escaped the lips of Lord Wynford, when Chief Justice Best. Moreover, I could now name a judge who, only a short time since, when *not on the bench*, expressed his regret at prize-fighting, properly conducted, having fallen into disrepute, from a conviction that infinitely more good than harm was the

* It is somewhat curious that the name of the man who was convicted of manslaughter, for stabbing a cabman with one of those knives, and very heavily sentenced, should be John Bull.

result of it amongst the middle and lower classes of the people. His lordship was quite right in the expression of this sentiment. It has been our boast that the bowie-knife is unknown in the British dominions; but experience shews that by the almost total abolition of prize-fighting, in a fair and honourable manner, as heretofore conducted, the knife or the stiletto will be generally had recourse to, to avenge the quarrels of the vulgar.

"When on the subject of boxing, Sir Maurice Berkeley instanced a curious but powerful example of its imparting highly honourable and generous feelings to minds, if naturally not frequently impressed by them, whilst serving as a midshipman in the Blanche frigate, in the West Indies. The Blanche had an engagement with an enemy who would not strike her colours until she was boarded. Amongst her complement of marines was a private who had distinguished himself in the British ring. Whilst boarding the enemy he became opposed to a man who had nothing in his hand wherewith to defend himself. The marine—*at this time wounded by a shot in his leg*—observing this, threw down his cutlass, and vanquished his opponent by a blow of his fist on his head!" Nimrod then concludes the subject with the following short remark:—"I am equally an advocate of all manly diversions, being aware that they have greatly contributed to the honour and credit of my country, and she will rue the day when they shall be supplanted by those of a frivolous and demoralizing character."

The foregoing observations may be said with truth to apply to pugilistic contests arising out of private cases of quarrel, and not to systematic prize-fights, where the combatants have no cause of disagreement, and where the victor is rewarded by lucre. Independent of which the ring has too often been disgraced by disreputable and disorderly persons there assembled, who, when they find their man can-

not win fairly, resort to every outrage and stratagem to defeat his antagonist by foul means.

In answer to this, I must at once admit the difficulty of the question. If, upon the one hand, prize-fighting were abolished, the rules and regulations that govern the ring would fall into disrepute; men would settle their differences without seconds; "*up and down*" fights would prevail, where the best man (if *best* can be applied to such a wretch) continues to kick, trample, and fall upon his vanquished foe, too feeble again to stand on his legs; or hundreds of huge bullies would arise, to vent their malice on those, too weak to stand up against them. Now encounters in the ring in some degree get rid of these blemishes. On the other hand, the utmost butchery too often takes place within the ropes of the P. C.; men are brought to the scratch by their seconds, after having been primed with spirituous liquors, sometimes nearly blind, deaf, and often too weak to stand upright. Foul blows, unfair play, and cheating, too frequently characterize the proceedings of the prize-ring; and men are unblushingly sold to the best bidder, very much after the fashion of the beasts in Smithfield market. Both systems, then, being open to censure, and acting upon the principle of choosing the least of two evils, I should strongly urge the discontinuance of prize-fights *for money;* and in order to render pugilistic combats for the settlement of differences fair and manly, I should suggest a new code of laws. First and foremost, that seconds and an umpire should be selected, the authority of the latter to be, like that of the Medes and Persians, decisive. Secondly, that no spirituous or exciting liquors should be given to the combatants. Thirdly, that each man should, unassisted, leave his second's knee, and walk, unaided, some three or four yards to the scratch. That in the event of the breach of any of the above rules, or in case of a foul blow, a fall

without a blow, or any other *un-English* proceeding, that the aggressor should be deemed vanquished. Strenuously, too, would I call upon the magistrates to inflict the most severe punishment upon those who should be found guilty of any such conduct, or who should resort to that remnant of barbarism, before alluded to, of up and down fighting.

That pugilists may be honourable men we have ample proofs—witness the late poor John Jackson; Mr. Gully, formerly member for Pontefract, than whom a more straightforward man does not exist; Tom Cribb, Spring, with many others that I will not enumerate, for fear of being looked upon as partial. To show the opinion held of the prize-ring in 1821, I have only to remind my readers, that at the coronation of George IV. the late Mr. Jackson was selected to organize a body of bruisers, to keep the peace within and at the entrance of Westminster Hall, and no men ever did their duty better, as was proved by the official thanks they received from the public authorities.

In conclusion, we sincerely hope that manly English fighting will ever hold its supremacy over the cowardly weapon of the assassin, and that if pugilistic encounters are to take place, that they will be divested of the brutality and dishonesty that have too often characterized them.

RACING.

" And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace
So swift, it seemed a flight, and not a race."

" First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers on the dusty course.
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke.
The third, a charger yet untouched by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame.
Two golden talents for the fourth were placed,
An ample double bowl contents the last."—HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE advantages derivable from the encouragement of turf amusements are too well known to require recapitulation. Suffice it then to say, that independent of the great benefit our country has derived from its breed of horses, not a little gain has been derived from having festive meetings, where the patrician and the plebeian, the rich and the poor, the landlord and the tenant, the peer and the peasant, the farmer and the labourer, accompanied by their respective families, may meet for one common purpose, that of recreation and innocent amusement.

Since the cant of modern times has put an end to fairs, wakes, May-day games, and other harmless amusements of

the humbler classes, I feel happy to think that the turf is flourishing; and now that the spirited exertions of a late Under Secretary of State for the Home Department have put an end to the low, cheating, gambling booths, the race-course is what it ought ever to have been—an arena for good sport and fellowship.

The Earl of Bath, in his description of Newmarket and its races, in 1753, writes as follows:—"This is, indeed, a noble sight; it is a piece of grandeur, and an expensive one too, which no nation but our own can boast of." What would his lordship have said, had he lived to have attended the Ascot or Goodwood meetings of 1856?

Nesbitt, in his "Treatise on Sports and Games," gives the following interesting and classical account of the antiquity and progress of horse-races:—"Horse-races were customary at public festivities even so early as the patriarchs' times. They began in the most eastern nations, and from them other countries followed their example. At first, the horses drew their burthens, rarely carrying them on their backs, as they now do; saddles were not invented until ages after. The Persian monarchs celebrated the festivity of Mithras with great pomp; and amongst other amusements they had their chariot races. The Greeks had their Hippodromes, and the Ludus Trojanus was instituted in Sicily. Montfaucon tells us, the Equiria at Rome were so called from the races that took place in the Campus Martius. Augustus, the Emperor of Rome, was a great admirer of these sports, as Virgil tells us in a most inimitable description; and after the emperors had instituted solemn festivities, they formed a principal part thereof. How far the horses ran before they got to the winning post from the starting-place, is not expressed by historians; but we are informed that the Grand Circus was about 2167 Roman

feet in length, and 960 broad; and the races commonly ended at the seventh turn round the *meta*. ' The number and length of the heats also varied, the usual number of matches was about twenty-four, although sometimes a far greater number was exhibited; for Suetonius says that the Emperor Domitian presented a hundred in one day. At those races the Romans, as in the present day, rode in different colours, particularly the company of charioteers, to distinguish themselves; these were generally four—viz., *prussina* (green), *russita* (red), *alba* or *albata* (white), and the *veneta* (sea colour). Montfaucon gives a copper-plate of a drawing of an urn which has two inscriptions upon it—the uppermost, regarding the horses; the lower, human beings. Over the quadruped was the following inscription:—' That this was to the memory of the horse Equilo, begot by Equilo, which had conquered 137 times; won the second prizes 88 times, and the third 37 times.' In Spartianus we find that Hadrian was so fond of his horses, that he built sepulchres for them; and there yet remains an epitaph to Borysthenes, called Alanus, from the country he came from, who was the property of the Emperor."

The breed of race-horses is descended from stallions brought from Medea, Persia, and Arabia, the mares being selected for size, strength, and wind; in all which we have excelled other countries. Roger de Belesme, created Earl of Salisbury by the Conqueror, is the first upon record that introduced a Spanish stallion into his seat at Powisland; from the produce of which, that part of Wales was celebrated for a swift and noble breed of horses. Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the reign of Henry II., takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, contemporary with Shakspeare, sings their excellence in his Polyolbion. This race was

destined to mount the flower of the nobility in their tournaments.

James Markham, who wrote in 1579, mentions running horses; but these were only designed for matches between gentlemen. This diversion, however, rose in favour, and subscriptions were entered into to make a purse, or to purchase plates for the winner. Thus the turf-men of those days went on breeding for shape and speed alone, without considering bottom, until the reign of Queen Anne; when a public-spirited individual left thirteen plates or purses to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint, upon condition that every horse should carry twelve stone for the best of three heats—four miles. By this means a stronger horse was raised, who, if he was not good enough upon the race-course, made a hunter.

Races appear to have flourished greatly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such an excess as to have ruined many of the nobility. The celebrated George Earl of Cumberland is said to have wasted more of his estates than any of his ancestors, and principally by his love of the turf and the tilt-yard. It does not seem that the Virgin Queen was addicted to the sport, for races are never mentioned among the courtly diversions of that day, nor did they take place at the far-famed *fête* at Kenilworth, where Leicester introduced every amusement calculated to gratify the taste of his royal mistress. In the following reign, they seems to have thrived better, as we read of some celebrated courses. Camden also states that in 1607 there were meetings near York, and the prize was a small golden bell. Hence the origin of the saying of "bearing off the bell." Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, denounces the system. "The exercise," writes this gallant philosopher, "I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I see why a brave man

should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away."

In 1720, George the First discontinued the cups or bowls, originally given by that merry-hearted monarch Charles the Second, estimated at one hundred guineas value, and upon which the names of the winning horse, owner, and jockey were usually engraved. Since that period, Kings' plates and Queens' plates have been paid in specie.

In the historical list of horse matches published by Cheny, there were, in 1727, only eleven of these royal plates run for—viz, three at Newmarket, and one at Black Hambleton, Guildford, Ipswich, Lewes, Lincoln, Nottingham, Winchester, and York. Since which period the royal patronage has been extended to the following places:—Ascot, Bedford, Burford (discontinued in 1802), Canterbury, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Chester, Curragh (Ireland), Caledonian Hunt (Edinburgh), Doncaster, Edinburgh, Egham, Guildford (this ought to be transferred to a more sporting meeting), Goodwood, Hampton, Ipswich, Lichfield, Leicester, Lewes, Liverpool, Lancaster, Manchester, Northampton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Plymouth and Devonport, Richmond (Yorkshire), Shrewsbury, Salisbury, Warwick, Weymouth, Winchester, and York.

Harrod, in his Antiquities of Stamford, Lincolnshire, has the following curious remarks:—"From an ancient copy of articles, which came into my hands, it appears that there were races formerly run over Whittering Heath yearly, on the Thursday before Midlent-Sunday, for a plate of ten pounds value, provided by the town, the fifth article of which is here copied for its singularity: 'Art V. That if anye of the matched horses, or theire riders, chaunce to fall in anye of the four heats, the rest of the riders shall staye in theire places where they were at the tyme of the fall,

until he so fallen have his foote in the stirrope again.' I apprehend that the running horses at the time of making the above article were not so fleet as now, for it appears to me that it would be very difficult to stop them in their present career."

Among the distinguished men who have supported the turf in this country, may be mentioned George the Fourth and William the Fourth; the late Duke of York; the Dukes of Richmond, Cleveland, Grafton, Bedford, and Beaufort; Marquises of Exeter and Westminster: Earls of Glasgow, Stradbrooke, Wilton, Chesterfield, Eglintoun, Verulam, and Lonsdale; Lords George Bentinck, Foley, Kinnaird, &c.; and last, not least, the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. In a memoir of this celebrated statesman, we find the following notice:—"An orator from his infancy, and a sportsman by intuition, or the prevalence of fashion, it can create no surprise that we find him a blazing comet of the senate and a member of the Jockey Club. Upon the turf he was always accustomed to animadvert upon his own losses, and repeatedly observed 'that his horses had as much bottom as other people's, but that they were such slow, good ones, that they never went fast enough to tire themselves.'"

He had, however, the gratification to experience some few exceptions to this imaginary rule; for in April, 1772, he was so lucky at Newmarket as to win nearly sixteen thousand pounds, the greater part of which he got by betting against the celebrated Pincher, who lost the match by only half a neck. The odds at starting were two to one on the losing horse. In the year 1790, his horse Seagull won the Oatlands stakes at Ascot, of one hundred guineas each (nineteen subscribers), beating the Prince of Wales's Escape, Serpent, and several of the very best horses of that year, to the great mortification of His Royal Highness, who

immediately matched Magpie against him, to run four days afterwards, two miles, for five hundred guineas. This match, on which immense sums were depending, was won with ease by Seagull. At this period, Lord Foley and Mr. Fox were confederates.

In the same year, these spirited Turfites had thirty horses in training, the majority of which were of no great celebrity; but the winnings of Seagull, in stakes alone, amounted to no less than fifteen hundred and twenty guineas, exclusive of at least double that sum in bets. In those days, we must remind our readers that the plates averaged from fifty to one hundred pounds, which will account for what in that time was looked upon as a large sum of public money to win, but which in ours would be trifling.

The death of Lord Foley in 1793, the friend in whose judgment Mr. Fox most confided, relaxed his ardour for horse-racing. His Lordship entered upon the turf with a clear estate of £1,800 a year, and £100,000 ready money, which was considerably diminished by his losses at Newmarket, Ascot, and Epsom. At the Spring Meeting at Newmarket, in 1789, Mr. Fox is said to have won not less than fifty thousand pounds; and at the October meeting, at the same place, the following year, he sold two of his horses, Seagull and Chanticleer, for four thousand four hundred guineas. In the course of 1788, Mr. Fox and the Duke of Bedford won eight thousand guineas between them, at the Newmarket Spring Meeting, and during these races, Mr. Fox and Lord Barrymore had a heavy match, which was given as a dead heat, and the bets were off.

On coming into office with Lord North, in 1783, Mr. Fox sold his horses, and erased his name from several of the clubs of which he was a member. It was not long, however, before he again purchased a stud, and in October, 1783, he attended the meeting at Newmarket. The King's

messenger was obliged to appear on the course, to seek one of the ministers of England among the sportsmen on the heath, to deliver dispatches upon which perhaps the fate of the country might have depended. The messenger on these occasions hid his badge of office, the greyhound, not liking that the world should know that the King's adviser should be amusing himself at Newmarket, when he should have been serving him in the metropolis. But Charles Fox preferred the betting rooms to Downing-street.

The race-horse of this country excels those of the whole world, not only for speed, but bottom. There is a great difference, however, between the present race and that of fifty or sixty years ago; for in those days four-mile heats were the fashion. The sporting records at the end of the last century give the following exploits of horses of that and previous periods:—Childers (known by the name of Flying Childers), the property of the Duke of Devonshire, was looked upon as the fleetest horse that ever was bred: he was never beaten; the sire of this celebrated horse was an Arabian. Bay Malton, by Sampson, the property of the Marquis of Rockingham, won nearly £6,000 in seven races; at York he ran four miles in seven minutes forty-three and a half seconds. Dorimant, belonging to Lord Ossory, won prizes to the amount of £13,360. Eclipse was allowed to be the fastest horse that ever ran in England since the time of Childers; after winning largely for his owner, he covered, by subscription, forty mares at 30 guineas each. High-flyer, by King Herod, was the best horse of his day; was never beaten, nor paid forfeit but once: his winnings amounted to above £9,000, although he only ran as a three, four, and five years old. Matchem stands high both as a racer and as the sire of many of our most favourite horses: as a stallion he realized for his master more than £12,000; he died in 1781, at the advanced age of thirty-three. Shark

won a cup value 120 guineas, eleven hogsheads of claret, and above £16,000 in plates, matches, and forfeits.

The Whip, supposed once to have been the property of Charles the Second, is of a very antique form; and the legend runs that the royal "father of his people," as he well might be called, presented it to some nobleman of his day, and whose arms it now bears. The handle, which is very weighty, is of silver, with a ring at the end of it for what is usually called a cord and tassel, but which, in this instance, is made of the mane of Eclipse, while the lash is made of the tail of that celebrated horse. There is no official record of the origin of the challenge for the whip, nor the year in which it was first made; but as the nobleman above alluded to was probably the Master of the Horse to the merry regal Giovanni of 1670, it is not unlikely that it commenced during that monarch's reign.

The following are the results of the respective struggles for this ancient trophy:—

1756.—Mr. Fenwick's Matchem, by Cade, won it, beating Mr. Bowles's Trojan. The odds fluctuated not a little; 2 to 1 at starting upon the winner, which varied to 5 to 1 on the loser. During the race, it was, at the turn of the lands, Windsor Castle to a Highlander's bothie on Matchem. On being taken out of training, Matchem became a covering stallion, by which his owner cleared upwards of £17,000.

1764.—H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland's Dumplin, by Cade, beat Lord Grosvenor's Pangloss, by Cade. 7 to 4 on the loser

1768.—Lord Rockingham's Malton beat Lord Grosvenor's Cardinal Puff, in a canter. 5 to 1 on the winner.

1770.—Lord Grosvenor's Gimcrack beat Lord Rockingham's Pilgrim. 5 to 2 on the winner.

1775.—Lord Grosvenor's Sweet William beat Lord Abingdon's Transit.

1777.—Mr. Pigott's Shark received 100 guineas compromise from Lord Grosvenor's Manbrow, the noble Lord retaining the Whip.

1778.—The prize was carried off by Mr. Pigott's Shark, beating Lord Ossory's Dorimant; Lord Abingdon's Pretender paying forfeit. 7 to 4 on Dorimant.

1781.—Lord Grosvenor challenged for the Whip, and named Potooooooooo; and no one being bold enough to enter the arena with this son of Eclipse, the whip was passed to his Lordship.

1783.—In this year Potooooooooo retained the prize, beating Sir John Lade's Nottingham.

1783.—(October Meeting) Mr. Parker's Anvil beat Lord Foley's Guildford and Mr. O'Kelly's Boudrow, who fell lame. Anvil the favourite, at 11 to 8 on him.

1786.—Mr. O'Kelly's Dungannon beat Mr. Wyndham's Drone. Anvil sold to the Prince of Wales, paid forfeit.

1792.—Duke of Bedford's Dragon beat Mr. Wilson's Creeper and Lord Clermont's Pipator.

1794.—Mr. Wharton's Coriander, by Pot8o's, beat Mr. Wilson's Creeper, who again ran second, realizing the lines of the poet:—

> "Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
> Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo."
>
> PERS. *Sat.* v. 71.

1795.—The Whip was challenged for in the Second Spring Meeting, by Lord Darlington naming St. George; and no one being found to encounter the patron Saint of England, the prize was handed over to his lordship. It did not, however, long remain in the possession of the noble owner of Raby, as in the Second October Meeting of the same year it was challenged for by Lord Sackville's Kitt Carr, and passed into his hands.

1808.—Lord Grosvenor named his mare Violante as a

competitor for the prize; which not being accepted, it for the fifth time went to Eaton.

1815.—The Hon. George Watson challenged for, and came into possession of, the Whip, naming his horse Pericles.

1822.—Mr. Lechmere Charlton took the prize without a contest, having challenged with his Orville horse Master Henry.

In 1823 Lord Foley named Sultan by Selim, and became possessor of the Whip. In this year Master Henry paid £400 in forfeits to Sultan.

In 1827 Lord Anson challenged with Sligo.

In 1828 Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter, 5 yrs. old, received forfeit from Lord Cleveland's Memnon, 6 yrs. old.

In 1829 Mr. Gully's Mameluke beat Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter.

The Whip may be challenged for on the Tuesday or Wednesday in the Second Spring, or on Monday or Tuesday in the Second October Meeting in each year; and the acceptance must be signed, or the Whip resigned, before the end of the same meeting. If challenged for and accepted in the Spring, to be run for on the Tuesday in the Second October Meeting following; and if in the October, on the Thursday in the Second Spring Meeting following, B. C., weight 10st., and to stake 200 sovs. each, play or pay.

At the first October Meeting, 1768, Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton, who died highly respected May 4, 1811, entertained a large party of noblemen and gentlemen, principally members of the Jockey Club, at Euston Hall, who then and there determined upon the purchase of what was in those days considered a splendid gold cup, to be called the Jockey Club Gold Cup; each member, twenty-seven in number, subscribing five guineas each. The late Sir

Charles Bunbury—the George Bentinck of the turf of that day, as far as spirit and liberality are concerned—was appointed treasurer. The following are the names of the subscribers:—Dukes of Ancaster, Bridgewater, Grafton, Kingston, and Northumberland; Lords Barrymore, Bolingbroke, Grosvenor, Molyneux, Ossory, and Rockingham; Sirs Charles Bunbury, L. Dundas, John Moore; Colonel Parker; Messrs. Blake, Fenwick, March, Meynell, Ogilvy, Panton, jun., Pigot, Pratt, Shafto, Stapleton, Vernon, and Wentworth.

In 1768 Mr. Vernon's Marquis won the Jockey Club Cup, beating three others.

In 1769 Mr. Shafto's Goldfinder gained the prize, beating Marquis, the winner of the previous year, and four others; four paying forfeit.

In 1770 Mr. Shafto's Goldfinder walked over. On the following day he broke down in his gallop, or he was to have started for the King's Plate against Eclipse. Goldfinder possessed great speed and power, was never beat, nor paid forfeit. He was sold to Sir Charles Sedley in 1771 for 1,350 guineas.

In 1771 the Duke of Cumberland's Juniper beat a field of four, three paying forfeit. But the cup was not doomed to grace the royal sideboard long, for in 1772 Lord Ossory's gr. f. Circe won it in a race reduced to a match; the Duke of Cumberland's Pompey paying forfeit.

In 1773 Mr. Foley's Pumpkin won it, beating two horses, two paying forfeit. One of the latter was Mr. Blake's Firetail, who in the preceding Spring Meeting had beat Pumpkin, 8st. each, R.M., 500 guineas. 5 to 2 on the loser.

In 1774 Lord Grosvenor's Mexico was proclaimed winner, beating two others; one paid forfeit. 4 to 1 against the winner.

In 1775 his lordship was again successful. Sweetbrier, by Syphon, walking over; it being his last appearance upon the turf. Sweetbrier was never beat. In 1790 he was sold at Tattersall's for 20 guineas.

In 1776 the star of good fortune still shone on the house of Grosvenor; Sweetwilliam, by Syphon, walking over for the cup.

In 1777 Lord Ossory's Dorimant walked over.

In 1779 and 1780 Lord Grosvenor's Pot8o's walked over.

The conditions are, that the cup may be challenged for on the Monday and Tuesday in the First Spring Meeting in each year; to be run for over the B.C. on Tuesday in the First October Meeting following, by horses, &c., the property of members of the Jockey Club; four years old carrying 8st. 7lb., five years old 9st. 2lb., six years old and aged 9st. 6lb. Each person, at the time of challenging, is to subscribe his name to a paper, to be hung up in the Coffee-room at Newmarket, and deliver up to the keeper of the Match-book the name or description of the horse, &c., sealed up, which shall be kept till six o'clock on the Saturday evening of that week; and if not accepted, or only one challenger, to be returned unopened; but if accepted, or if more than one challenger, to be then opened and declared a match or sweepstakes of £200 each, play or pay. If the challenge be not accepted, the cup to be delivered to the keeper of the Match-book, in the meeting ensuing the challenge, for the person who may become entitled to the same.

In order to lay before my readers the system that was adopted during the last century and at the commencement of the present, I have selected some of the most extraordinary races upon record; and, in looking them over, it will be seen that their principal characteristics were

length of course, weights, and heats. In the days we live in, heats are nearly abolished; there are few races of more than three miles, and the weights, except for Welter Stakes, gentlemen riders, never exceed ten stone. How it could have paid a *plater* in the days of Queen Anne to run twelve or sixteen miles for £30, £40, or £50, I know not. The wear and tear of the animal, added to the expense of training, the jockey, and winning money, must have left what was usually called a Flemish account, but which more recently may be called a Pennsylvanian one, *id est*, no balance in hand. But proceed we with a card and a sheet list of races in the olden time.

1709.—York (on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings). A Gold Cup, value £50, for six years old horses, 12st. each, four-mile heats.

Mr. Metcalfe's b. h. Wart	1	1	3
Mr. Heblethwaite's gr. h. Stout	2	2	1
Mr. Wilke's b. h. Captain	3	3	2
Colonel Norcliffe's b. h. Squirrel	4	dis.	

According to the rules of racing at this period, the horse which had won the first and second heats was obliged to start for a third, and to save his distance to entitle him to the prize.

1711.—York. Sir W. Strickland's gr. h. Castaway won a Plate of £20, four-mile heats, beating a large field of horses.

1714.—York, Friday, July 30. A Plate of £40 for aged horses; 11st. each. Four-mile heats.

Her Majesty Queen Anne's Star	3	3	1	1
The Lord Chamberlain's Merlin	1	2	3	2
The Hon. Mr. Cecil's Creeper	2	1	2	3

During the running on the following Monday, an express arrived with the news of Queen Anne's death.

1717.—York, August. A Plate of £40, four-mile heats.

Mr. Pulleyn's Sly	1	1	1
Lord Huntingdon's Bully Rock	2	2	2
Mr. Stapleton's Bridget	3	3	3

Mr. Howard's Crutches dis.

High odds on Crutches, who was leading, near the distance-post; when his rider, Thomas Duck, intentionally threw himself off. The horse won the heat notwithstanding, but was deemed distanced by not bringing in his weight.

1718.—Newmarket. Duke of Wharton's Chance and Lord Hillsborough's gr. m., 9st. each; four miles; 500gs., h. ft.; *ran a dead heat.*

1719.—Newmarket, April. Three Matches, six miles each.

1719.—Newmarket, October. Two Matches of six miles each, one of *eight*. In the latter the Duke of Devonshire's b. m. by Barto, beat Mr. Frampton's Nutmeg, 8st. 6lb. each; 150 guineas, h. ft.

1720.—Newmarket, March. One Match of eight miles, six of six miles, and two of five miles. In one of the six-mile races Lord Drogheda's Galloway beat Mr. Fagg's pony. Owners on. 50 guineas, h. ft.

1720.—Newmarket, September. Duke of Wharton's Coneyskins, 11st. 10lb., against Lord Hillsborough's Speedwell, 12st.; twelve-mile heats, 1000 guineas, h. ft. The match was drawn. Mr. Frampton's Hobler, 11st. 1lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Pickle Herring, 11st.; eight miles, 200 guineas, h. ft. Lord Hillsborough's Winchester beat Lord Drogheda's Beelzebub, 8st. 3lb. each; eight miles, 200 guineas, h. ft.

1721.—Newmarket, October. Mr. Panton's Molly, 9st. 2lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Tickle

Pitcher, 9st.; four miles. 200 guineas, h. ft. Mr. Panton's Molly, 9st. 3lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Tickle Pitcher, 9st.; four miles, 200 guineas, h. ft. Mr. Panton's Molly, 9st. 5lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Tickle Pitcher, 9st.; four miles, 200 guineas, h. ft. The second of these three matches was to have been run forty-four minutes after the first, and the third at the same interval after the second.

1722.—Newmarket, October. Mr. Panton's Molly beat Mr. Morgan's Bean, 9st. each; six miles, 300 guineas. Duke of Devonshire's Childers, 7 years old, beat Lord Drogheda's Chanter, 12 years old, 10st. each; six miles, 1,000 guineas. Mr. Cotton's Fox beat Lord Drogheda's Snip mare, 8st. 6lb.; six miles, 150 guineas, h. ft. Lord Hillsborough's Sparks received forfeit from Colonel Pitt's Merry Pintle, 8st. each; six miles, 200 guineas, h. ft. Mr. Clarke's Tinker received forfeit in a racing match from Colonel Pitt; 7st. each; twelve miles, 500 guineas, h. ft.

1723.—Newmarket, October. Town Plate of 20 gs., 12st. each; four-mile heats.

Mr. Glassock's Neal	2	2	1	1
Mr. Morgan's Ruffler	1	1	2dis.	

Lord Drogheda's Othello, whose occupation went in the second heat.

1724.—Newmarket, September. Lord Halifax's Red Robin and Lord W. Manners's Venus, 10st. each; six miles, 100 guineas, h. ft.; *ran a dead heat.*

1727.—Grantham. The Whimsical Plate of £40, added to a Sweepstakes. The horse that wins the first heat to win the plate, and the remainder to run for the sweepstakes.

1728.—Newmarket. Colonel Howard's ch. m., by a foreign horse, won the King's Plate, 10st. each; four miles.

1732.—Newmarket. Mr. Hutchin's b. m. beat Mr. Levin's b. m., 7st. 7lb.; twelve miles, 50 guineas, h. ft.

1745.—Chester, April. The annual City Plate, value £30, for any horse carrying 10st. exclusive of saddle and bridle; four-mile heats.

Mr. Brograve's Smiling Billy	5	1	4	1
Mr. Parker's Shrimp	7	2	1	2
Sir H. Harpur's Darling	1	5	5	3

Six others started.

1746.—September, Curragh of Kildare. His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas for any horse carrying 12st.; four-mile heats.

Mr. Keating's Grenadier	5	4	1	1
Mr. Dillon's Ground Joy	4	1	3	2
Mr. Johnson's Forfeit	1	3	5	3

And two others. Heavyish work, sixteen miles, with 12st.

1747.—Burford, September. £50 for five and six years old, which had not won a Royal Plate; four-mile heats.

Mr. Keek's Lady Charlotte	5	1	2	1
Sir J. Moore's Shadow	4	2	1	2
Mr. Dutton's Rat	1	3	4 dr.	

And two others, drawn third and fourth heat.

1749.—Newmarket, October. A £50 Plate for five and six year olds; four-mile heats.

Lord Portmore's Skin, by Crab, 6 years old	3	4	1	1
Mr. Greville's Noble, 5 years old	4	1	3	2
Duke of Kingston's Jolly Roger	1	3	2	3
Duke of Hamilton's Chance	2	2	dr.	

1761.—Carlisle, May. £50 for four year olds, 9st. each. Two-mile heats.

Dr. Dunn's Cadabora	1	7	0	3	0	1

Mr. Dalton's Bold Burton	8	5	6	1	0	2
Mr. Lupton's Stella.....	3	1	4	5	3	3

Five others started. One fell; another ran against a post, and hurt his rider so much that he expired the same night.

In 1793 Mr. Donner's b c. by Drone (afterwards called Meanwell) ran fourteen heats for three plates within five weeks; viz., September 11, at Stockton, four heats; October 3, at Boroughbridge, five heats—the third a dead heat; and lastly, October 16, at Malton, five heats—the fourth a dead heat. The same jockey (J. Shepherd) won both of the five heats; riding Drowsy, by Drone, at Boroughbridge, and Mr. Donner's b. c. by Drone at Malton. After that task, what's in a name? A drone colt running two such races is prodigious!

1797.—Doncaster, September. One hundred pounds; weight for age. Two mile heats.

Mr. G. Crompton's Warter	5	0	5	1	0	1
Sir C. Turner's Pepper Pot	3	0	1	5	0	2
Sir F. Standish's Stamford.....	1	3	6	2	dr.	

Four others started. 5 to 1 against the winner at starting. After each heat the betting fluctuated pretty considerably.

1800.—Egham, September. The Ladies' Plate, for two, three, and four-year olds. Two mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti, by Pigeon, three years old (W. Chifney)	0	0	1	1
Mr. Slark's Lady Skirmish, by Pegasus, three years old	3	3	2	2
Sir C. Bunbury' Gig, by Whiskey, three years old ..	0	0	2	dr.

1803.—Cardiff, July. A free Plate of £50. Four mile heats:—

Mr. Phillipps's Rolla, by Overton, six years old	1	1		
Colonel Kingscote's Tango, by Buzzard, four years old	2	2	0	0
Mr. Jenner's Highlander, by Rattler, six years old ..	3	3	0	0

After the *two dead heats*, Colonel Kingscote and Mr.

Jenner divided the stakes. Sixteen miles for £25 *raythe*r sharp work.

Six days afterwards, Highlander had a twenty mile job for the Stewards' Plate of £50, at Carmarthen, beating Rolla, who won the first heat, but fell and was distanced in the third. The brave Highlander got the second heat, King Edward by Pegasus the third, and the fourth proved a *dead* heat (query, dead *beat*) between Highlander and King Edward; the fifth was won by Highlander.

1804.—Lichfield, September. £50 for three and four-year-olds, that never won a plate of greater value. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's Sir Ulic M'Killigut, by Whiskey, four years old	4	4	1	0	1
Mr. Coventry's Laura, by Pegasus, four years old	0	1	3	0	2
Mr. Kellerman's Mary, by Precipitate, four years old	3	3	4	3	dr.
Mr. Brookes's Optician, by Telescope, three years old	0	2	2	dr.	

1806.—Bilbury, June. Handicap Plate of £50. Heats, the new mile.

Mr. Douglas's Ducat	5	3	1	1
H. R. H. The Prince of Wales's Pedestrian	0	1	0	3
Mr. Mellish's Norod	0	4	0	2
Mr. Lindon's La Mancha	3	2	dr.	
Duke of St. Alban's b. m. by Young Eclipse	4	dr.		

1807.—Malton Craven Meeting, March. £50 for all ages. Two-mile heats.

Mr. N. Hodgson's Lady Mary, by Beningbrough, six years old	0	0	1	1
Mr. Marris's Sir Sampson, by Stamford, three years old	0	0	2	dr.

Six miles for a three-year-old! "Train a child how he should go!"

1809.—Leicester, September. The Burgesses' Plate of £50. Four-mile heats.

Lord Lowther's Hylas, by Beningbrough, five years old	0	2	0	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's Viper, by Serpent, five years old	1	3	0	2	dr.
Duke of Rutland's Ned, by Teddy, four years old	0	1	3	3	dr.

1816.—Newton, June. A Plate of £70, the gift of T. Blackburn, Esq., weight for age. Three-mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's Charioteer, by Young Chariot, four years old	3	4	1	1
Mr. Sykes's Outcry, by Camillus, five years old	0	0	2	2
Mr. Garforth's by Camillus, dam by Ruler, four years old	0	0	dr.	
Mr. Fletcher's Viceroy, by Sancho, six years old	4	3	dr.	

1820.—Newcastle, Staffordshire, August. Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 guineas each, with 50 guineas added, for all ages. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Sir J. G. Egerton's Astbury, by Langton	3	3	3	1	1
Mr. Mytton's Handel, by Governor (afterwards Theodore Majocchi)	0	0	0	2	2
Sir W. Wynn's Tarragon, by Haphazard	0	0	0	3	dr.
Sir T. Stanley's Cedric, by Walton	4	dr.			

The horses were handicapped by Dr. Bellyse, of Audlem, Cheshire, the Honourable Henry Rous of that day; and furnished evidence of his knowledge of the turf, Handel and Tarragon running three dead heats.

1825.—Wells, July. Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £30 added. Heats, one mile and a distance. Four subscribers.

Mr. Dundas's b. c. by Pyramus	0	1	0	1
Mr. Dilly's Parody	0	2	0	dr.
Mr. Small's Eaglet fell				

The Pyramus colt walked over for the last heat, Mr. Dundas dividing the stakes with Mr. Dilly. Small profit this, after the expenses of jockey, winning money, &c.

1827.—Newmarket, May. Handicap Plate A. F.

Mr. Scott's Stonehewer's Goshawk	0	0	1
Mr. Wyndham's Stumps	0	0	2
Mr. Payne's colt by Octavius	3 dr.		

Three others started. Some money must have changed hands, as before the race it was 5 to 1 against the winner. After the first dead heat, 6 to 4 on Stumps; after the second dead heat, 5 to 4 on Stumps. Lots of *stumping*-up that day.

Among the curiosities of the turf I find the following names:—At Malton, 1735, Mr. Parson's "I am little, pity my condition." At Salisbury, 1742, "Coughing Polly," and "Peggy grieves me." At Hereford, 1743, "Have patience and you'll see." These are worthy the attention of some of our modern name-givers, who call their horses —"I wish you may get it;" "Stop awhile, says Slow;" and "To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-head."

In 1737 I find a match between Lord Portmore's Squirt and Lord Lonsdale's Sultan, *crossing and jostling barred!*

To show what gentlemen jockeys did in by-gone days, I see that in April, 1745, Lord Byron's Robin Hood beat Lord R. S. Manners' b. h., ridden by the owners; twelve stone each: *four-mile* heats; 200 guineas. And again, Mr. Parson's b. h. beats Lord Byron's gr. m., and Duke of Kingston's b. h.; *fourteen stone;* owners to ride.

In January, 1795, a match was run over the race-course at Doncaster, one four-mile heat, for a stake of £200 guineas, between Mr. Sitwell's grey mare and Mr. Johnson's ch. gelding, carrying *sixteen stone* each; won by the former. The chronicler of those days adds: "This was a hard race, and most powerfully contested; the extra high weights exceeding the *customary annals of racing etiquette!*"

We cannot conclude this account of the turf without recording two celebrated matches that took place at New-

market and York; in the former of which the late Duke of Queensbury figured, and in the latter Mrs. Thornton, who, though defeated in her first match, finally bore off the bell.

In Mr. Pick's "Historical Racing Calendar" we find the following account of the carriage-match, made by the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensbury, and Earl of Eglintoun, with Theobald Taaffe and Andrew Spoule, Esqs., for 1000 guineas. "The conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, and a person in or upon it, drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour; their lordships were to give two months' notice what week it should be done in, and had the liberty of choosing any one day in that week."

The match was performed on Newmarket Heath on the 29th of August, 1750, in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The machine, with a postilion of Lord March's fixed thereon, weighed about twenty-four stone. The horses were all properly trained for racing; the two leaders, including riders, saddles, and harness, carried about eight stone each, and the wheel horses about seven stone each. Tawney (late Mr. Greville's), the near leader, was ridden by W. Everett, Mr. Panton's groom, who had the conducting of the pace. The off leader, Roderick Random (late Mr. Stamford's); the near wheeler, Chance (late Duke of Hamilton's); and the off one, Little Dan (late Mr. Thompson's, of Beverley, Yorkshire), were ridden by three boys, who had bolsters to preserve their shoulders. A groom, dressed in crimson velvet, rode before to clear the way. The postilion was dressed in a white satin waistcoat, black velvet cap, and red stockings; and Mr. Everett, and the three boys that rode the horses, were in blue satin waistcoats, buckskin breeches, with white silk stockings, and black velvet caps. The traces of the machine (by an ingenious contrivance) ran into boxes with springs, so that when

any of the horses hung back, they prevented the traces from getting under their legs, and a rope went from the further end of the carriage to the pole, being brought back under it, to keep it steady. By the side of each wheel there were tin cases with oil dropping on the axletree, to guard against firing. The boy placed thereon was only to fulfil the articles. It started about seven in the morning, near the six-mile house, and ran between the Warren and Rubbing-houses, came through at the ditch called the Running Gap, then turned to the right, and ran three times a corded piece of ground four miles, and then back to the place it started from. The first four miles were ran in nine minutes. The match was performed before a great number of spectators, without any person attempting to ride with it, except Mr. George Tuting and Lord March's groom, who were to assist in case of accident.

The late Sir Charles Turner's leaping-match, made with the Earl of March, for 1000 guineas, and performed on Fell, near Richmond, Yorkshire. "The conditions of the match were, that Sir Charles Turner should ride ten miles within the hour, in which he was to take forty leaps; each leap to be one yard, one quarter, and seven inches high." Sir Charles performed it on a Galloway, with great ease, in thirty-six minutes.

We now approach the celebrated Thornton match, which created so great an interest at the time; and certainly the novelty of a lady riding over a public race-course, against, in one instance, a professional jockey, was one that surprised not a little the weak minds of the sportsmen of that day. Certainly, as far as horse*man*ship, courage, judgment, and seat went, few could be found in any period to have competed with this fair equestrian.

The match took place on the last day of York Races, August 25th, 1804, for 500 guineas, and 1000 guineas

bye; four miles; between Colonel Thornton's ch. h. Vingarillo, and Mr. Flint's br. h. Thornville. Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight against Mr. Flint's. Three days before the races, the fair jockey, mounted upon Vingarillo, took a four mile gallop. She was dressed in mazarine blue, and wore a neat black jockey-cap, looked very well, and was in high spirits. Starting off in a canter, she sat her horse firmly, drew him out to the top of his speed, and showed that she had all his powers perfectly in her command. All the knowing ones were astonished at the style of *horsemanship* in which she performed her gallop, and declared it equal to any Chifney or Buckle, of Newmarket celebrity. Unfortunately, when within about three distances from home, the saddle-girths gave way, and she came with considerable violence to the ground. By great good luck, the bold equestrian did not sustain the slightest injury. But to the race. "Never did we witness," says the chronicler of that day, "such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion — one hundred thousand at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmere that did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a-half behind. Indeed, expectation was raised to the highest pitch from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and, much to the credit of the military, a party of the 6th Light Dragoons, who were on the same duty were unquestionably the cause of many lives being saved. About four o'clock Mrs. Thornton appeared, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton; afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o'clock.

The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles in a most capital style; her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two, but when within a mile from home, Mr. Flint came up, and passed her. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion; but, finding it impossible to win the race, she pulled up, in a *sportsmanlike* style, when within about two distances. Before the race, the odds in favour of the lady were 5 and 6 to 4; and in running the first three miles they got up to 2 to 1. During the last mile the tables turned, and Mr. Flint was backed at high odds. Never, surely, did a woman ride in a better style. It was difficult to say whether her *jockeyship*, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired — the whole was perfect. Mrs. Thornton wore a leopard-coloured body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Thus ended the most interesting event ever witnessed upon Knavesmere. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she bore her defeat, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which the lady took her gallop on the previous Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour; her *close-seated* riding astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success. Not less than £200,000 were pending upon this match."

The following letter shortly afterwards appeared in the *York Herald*, which shows the pleasantry, as well as the pluck of the lady. We ought to mention that Mr. Flint was brother-in-law to the intrepid horsewoman, having married her sister

"Mr. Editor,—Having read in your paper that Mr. Flint paid me every attention that could be shown upon the occasion of the race, I request you will submit the following elements of politeness to the

gentlemen of the turf, for them to sanction or reject, upon any future match of this kind taking place :—

"ELEMENT 1.—Mr. Baker, who kindly offered to ride round with me, on account of the dangerous accident I met with on the Wednesday before, from my saddle turning round, was *positively* and *peremptorily* refused this permission.

"ELEMENT 2.—At the starting-post the most distant species of common courtesy was studiously avoided ; and I received a sort of word of command from Mr. Flint, as thus—'Keep that side Ma'am!' For a morning's ride this might be *complimentary ;* but it was here depriving me of the *whip hand.*

"ELEMENT 3.—When my horse broke down in the terrible way he did, all the course must have witnessed the very handsome manner in which Mr. Flint brought me in, *i. e., left me out,* by distancing me as much as he possibly could.

"If these should be received as precedents, the art of riding against ladies will be made most completely easy.

"CHALLENGE.—After all this, I challenge Mr. Flint to ride the same match, in all its terms, over the same course next year; his horse, Brown Thornville, against any one he may choose to select out of three horses I shall hunt this season.

"ALICIA THORNTON."

"*Thornville Royal, Sept.* 1, 1804."

In the August Meeting of the following year, at York, Mrs. Thornton's two matches came off. The first was one for four hogsheads of claret, 2000 guineas, h. ft., and 600 guineas, p. p. (which the lady stood herself), Colonel Thornton's Mr. Mills, alias Clausum Frigit, by Otho (rode by Mrs. Thornton), walked over ; Mr. Bromford having declined to ride. The second was entered as follows :— Colonel Thornton's Louisa, by Pegasus, out of Nelly, 9st. 6lbs. (rode by Mrs. Thornton), against Mr. Bromford's Allegro, by Pegasus, out of Allegranti's dam, 13st. 6lbs., Mr. Buckle to ride. Two miles. 500 guineas. The following account of the race, from an old record, will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers :—

"Mrs. Thornton appeared dressed for the occasion in a purple coat and waistcoat, long nankeen coloured skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings; she was every way in health and spirits, and seemed eager for the decision of the match. Buckle was dressed in a blue cap, with blue-bodied jacket, and white sleeves. At half-past three they started; the *she*questrian (as the late Charles Mathews was wont to call female equestrians), taking the lead, which she kept for some time. Buckle then put in trial his jockeyship, and passed the lady, keeping in front for only a few lengths, when Mrs. Thornton, by the most excellent—we may truly say—horsemanship, pushed forwards, and came in in a style far superior to anything of the kind we ever witnessed; winning her race by half a neck. The manner of Mrs. Thornton's riding is certainly of the finest description; indeed, her close-seat and perfect management of her horse, her bold and steady jockeyship, amazed one of the most crowded courses we have for a long time witnessed; and on her winning she was hailed with the most enthusiastic shouts of congratulation." Rather a good afternoon's work, say we, £2205, and four hogsheads of claret.

In conclusion, I am too happy to find that the turf is flourishing. Her Majesty's patronage at Ascot tends considerably to the encouragement of horse-racing, as did that of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, until the unfortunate event occurred that deprived Newmarket of the presence of his royal highness. He was, indeed, ἱπποχάρμης βασιλευς, the horse-delighting prince of the Greek poet.

The Queen's Royal Consort has wisely abstained from mixing himself up with turf affairs; albeit the Prince encourages hunting, is a first-rate shot, and a good practical farmer. The country, to whom his Royal Highness is

allied by the dearest ties, looks up with gratitude to the patrons of field sports, to those who, sympathizing with their less fortunate brethren, support the manly exercises and amusements that our ancestors have handed down to us. May they never degenerate in our days!

The space allotted to me prevents my entering into a detail of the racing of the present day; suffice it to say, that through the strenuous exertions of that great supporter of the turf, the late Lord George Bentinck, racing has been brought to great perfection. There has been a greater sum of money subscribed for the last three years, for Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, and Goodwood, than has ever previously been known; more horses are in training; and the system of punctuality in starting, which is as necessary upon the course as it is in private life, is now being carried out at almost all the great meetings. Roguery has been exposed, Levanters have been warned off, and the whole system has a more healthy aspect. Despite, then, of what modern innovators may say, the turf will flourish, so long as it is supported by such men as the Dukes of Richmond, Bedford, and Beaufort, the Marquis of Exeter, Earls of Eglintoun and Glasgow, General Peel, and others, whose names would swell a column.

COURSING.

"Thy greyhounds are as swift as breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe."—*Introduction to* TAMING OF THE SHREW.

AMONG the dogs which attended our ancestors to the chase, none seem to have been so highly prized as greyhounds. They were, indeed, the favourite species during the middle ages. When a nobleman travelled, he never went without these dogs: the hawk he bore upon his hand, and the greyhound, which ran before him, were certain indications of his rank: and in ancient rolls, payments appear to have been often made in these valuable animals. They were chiefly useful in the pursuit of the hart, stag, and roebuck. Dr. Caius, the able assistant of Buffon, tells us the leporarius, takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs, and that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest laws of King Canute, who enacted that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep one. And still more strongly from an old Welsh saying, "*Weth ei Walch ei Earch a'i adwaener Bowbeddëig*," which for the benefit of English country gentlemen we translate: "You may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound." Froissart tells an anecdote which does not reflect much credit upon the fidelity of this dog; for when Richard the Second was confined in Flint Castle, his favourite deserted him, and fawned on his rival, Bolingbroke. This animal according to an ancient authority (Wynkyn de Werde, 1496), ought to answer the following description:—

"Headed like a snake,
And neckyd like a drake,
Footyd like a cat,
Tayled like a ratte,
Syded like a teme,
And chyned like a breme."

We find that at a very early period in our history, no country gentleman in the time of the courtier-snubbing Dane, Canute, was ever seen abroad without his hawk on his hand and his greyhound by his side. Henry the Second, John, the three Edwards, Queen Elizabeth (in whose reign the laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk), and Charles the First, were all devoted to that race. The Isle of Dogs, now converted to purposes of commerce, derived its name from being the place where the spaniels and hounds of Edward the Third were kept: and this locality was selected as being contiguous to Waltham and other Royal forests in Essex, whither his Majesty proceeded from his sporting and hunting quarters at Greenwich, in pursuit of woodcocks and red deer.

The story of the faithful Gêlert, the favourite greyhound of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, is well known to most of my readers. How graphic is the description that William Spencer gives of the "hound smeared with gore," of the "frantic father plunging his vengeful sword in Gêlert's side," then his remorse after finding his "cherub boy unhurt by the side of a great wolf "tremendous still in death"—

> "Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
> For now the truth was clear:
> The gallant hound the wolf had slain
> To save Llewellyn's heir."

In the days of Elizabeth, when the virgin Queen was not herself disposed to take an active part in the pleasures of the chase, she usually stationed herself at the window to see the deer coursed. At Cowdray, Sussex, the present seat of Lord Egmont, formerly the property of Lord Montecute, the Queen witnessed from a

turret "sixteen bucks, all having fayre lawe, pulled down by hounds."

In ancient times the coursing of deer was of two kinds — the paddock, and forest. For the former a brace of greyhounds were only used, with a mongrel, whose business it was to drive the deer before they were slipped. The paddock was usually a piece of ground paled in within a park, about a mile in length, and a quarter in breadth. At the further end the spectators took up their station, while at the starting-post were houses for the dogs, and pens for the deer. The course was duly marked, and posts were placed at certain distances — the first, called the "Law Post." was one hundred and sixty yards from home—at the quarter and half, came the "Pinching Post," and then the "Ditch," which was made to receive the deer, and save them from their pursuers.

The articles of coursing were as follow:—"The dogs who are to run the match will be led into the dog-house, and be delivered to the keepers, who are to see them fairly slipt. The owners will draw lots for places. The dog-house door will then be shut, and the deer will be turned out; after about twenty yards' law, the mongrel will be let loose to hunt the deer forward, who when he passes the law-post, the greyhounds will be slipped. If the deer swerves before he gets to the pinching-post, so that his head is judged to be nearer the dog-house than the ditch, the match will be off, and will be run again three days after. But if there is no such swerve, and the deer runs straight beyond the pinching-post, then the dog which is nearest the deer (should he swerve) gains the contest; if no swerve happens, then the dog which first leaps the ditch shall be the victor."

In coursing deer in the forest two ways were adopted: the one from cover to cover, and the other upon the open green sward. In the first, some hounds were used to make

the deer break cover, while the greyhounds were slipped when he got on the open. A relay was often used when the deer went away at too great a distance for one brace; while on the other hand, if the stag was not of a proper age or size, he was allowed to escape scot free, or rather was permitted to live, so that he might be hunted upon another occasion. In coursing upon the green sward, the keeper selected a deer, which he lodged for the purpose; and the distance given, depended mainly upon the merits and demerits of the respective animals.

The English greyhound of the present day differs greatly from the wolf dog of former times. He no longer possesses the ferocity of that race, but has become gentle and passive. Still he comes up to that description given by the great Magician of the North:—

> "Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
> O'er holt and hill there never flew,
> From leash or slip there never sprang
> More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

Some years ago, the Earl of Orford, who looked upon the present breed as deficient in game and perseverance, crossed one of his favourite bitches with a bulldog. The female whelps were then put to some of his fleetest stallions; the result was, that after a certain number of generations all trace of the bull-dog was lost except his courage. This cross is now universally adopted; and although the noble lord was not a little *bull*-ied at the time, for what was then considered a most irregular proceeding he lived to see his plan adopted. An ancestor of the noble lord's established the Swaffham Coursing Society in the year 1776, confining the number of members to those of letters in the alphabet; and when any one died, or retired, his place was filled up by ballot. On the decease of the worthy founder, the mem-

bers of the society unanimously agreed to purchase a silver cup to be run for annually; which was to pass from one to another, like the whip at Newmarket. This, however was given up; and it was agreed that a cup should be purchased by the Society to be run for every November.

For many years the pedigrees of the most celebrated greyhounds have been recorded with as much care as the best bred horses upon the turf. This originated with an ancestor of the present Lord Orford's (the late Colonel Thornton), and Major Topham. Czarina, Jupiter, Claret, Snowball, Miller, Schoolboy, and Major, were the property of the two last-mentioned sportsmen, and are entitled to some little notice. Czarina, bred by Lord Orford, and purchased after his Lordship's decease by Colonel Thornton, with a view of improving the breed at Thornville Royal, completely answered the purpose. She was the dam of Claret and young Czarina, both of whom challenged all Yorkshire, and won their matches. This bitch showed no signs of any progeny until she had completed her thirteenth year, when she produced eight whelps by Jupiter, all of whom lived, and turned out most worthy scions of a dam who had won forty-seven matches, without ever having been beaten. Snowball and Major, two own brothers, by Claret out of a favourite bitch of Major Topham's, proved themselves superior dogs; Snowball won four cups (couples), and upwards of thirty matches, at Malton and upon the Yorkshire Wolds. He also beat the Scotch Champion, Schoolboy, bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, and was very successful at Newmarket. The Miller, who at nine months old was so heavy, clumsy, and unpromising that no hopes were ever entertained of bringing him into the field, proved the truth of the old adage, that a bad beginning often makes a good ending," for he won seventy-four successive matches without having been once beaten.

but we have not time or space to enumerate the prowess of the greyhounds of the present period or bygone days; suffice it to say that the breed has not degenerated, and that coursing is now as popular as it ever was; and sincerely do we hope to see the time when every farmer, freed from excessive taxation may be enabled to keep greyhounds and "his bit of blood," devoting his leisure hours to that manly and exhilarating sport—coursing. If hares are looked upon as enemies to the farmer, let the latter have at least the amusement and satisfaction of hunting them down.

Among the most distinguished patrons of coursing may be mentioned the names of the late Duke of Gordon, Lords Orford, Craven, and Rivers, Sir H. P. Dudley, the present Lord Stradbroke, the late Colonel Thornton, and Major Topham. Lord Orford may literally be said to have possessed "the ruling passion strong in death," for on the morning that his lordship's favourite bitch, Czarina, who had started forty-seven times and had always proved victorious, was matched in a heavy stake, the noble patient eluded the care of his medical adviser, and appeared on the course. The greyhounds were in the slips, the owner of Czarina was all anxiety: again was she successful; but at the moment this fresh honour was heaped upon her, her kind, though eccentric master, fell from his pony, and, pitching upon his head, was killed. The late Lord Rivers's kennels at Strathfieldsaye were the finest in England, and at one time his lordship carried off every prize: but breeding too much in-and-in, and looking for speed more than stoutness during the latter years of the noble lord's life, his greyhounds often suffered defeat.

There is an old saying, that handsome children seldom grow up beauties; and this remark may be applied to

greyhounds, for the raw-boned, lean, loose-made, and unseemly whelps in every point, usually turn out the best-shaped dogs; whereas those that after three or four months appear round and well-proportioned, are not worth bringing up, as they seldom are either useful or ornamental, swift or comely. It is also generally believed that the female turns out more speedy than the male. At two years old the greyhound is full-grown, and ought to possess the following points: a fine skin, thin hair, long lean head, sharp nose, a full, clear eye, large eyelids, small ears, a long neck, broad breast, body not too long, back straight and square, with a rising in the middle, little belly, broad shoulders, round ribs, strong stern, a round foot with large clefts, and his fore-legs straighter and shorter than his hinder. This prose description will be found quite to come up to the old poetical lines we have quoted at the commencement of this paper, and which proves that sportsmen have, in every age, agreed as to the quality of the dog we have thus briefly alluded to.

Coursing is one of the earliest of field sports in which we were initiated—we still keep up the editorial *we*—and never shall we forget the day when, mounted upon our pony "King Pepin," we accompanied farmer Halsted, a great lover of the leash, over the Southdown-hills to enjoy a day with his greyhounds. It was during the holidays that this important event took place; need I say that I hardly closed my eyes during the previous night? At daylight I started from my bed, and looked out to see whether the morning was fair or frosty. Then with what haste did I deck myself out in my new corduroy breeches, my well-cleaned top-boots, my velveteen shooting-jacket! and, after eating a hasty meal, run down to the stable to see that my pony was well. There, to my great delight, I found the worthy farmer in attendance with Hero, Hector,

Hebe, and Hellespont, and two or three other brace of as fine greyhounds as ever were seen.

"Good morning," said the kind-hearted tiller of the soil. "I am happy to see you are not an idle, lazy lie-in-bed. We shall have glorious sport to-day."

After returning this kind greeting, I led "King Pepin" out, mounted him, and proceeded to the South Downs. With what delight did I witness the *first* course! Never shall I forget the excitement of my gallop down hills I now scarcely dare crawl along, or the fences I flew over, which at present I fear I should crane at! Even to this moment I can conjure up that day to my mind's eye: I see Hellespont and Hector dashing gallantly through brakes and bushes; with what fire and resolution does the latter take a smuse after the timid hare! See how poor puss turns and doubles, and evades her swift pursuer. Now Hellespont gives the Trojan the go-by. A thicket is in view; the hunted animal shortens her stride, and is about to make a sudden spring, when Hector strikes at her, and in a second has secured his prey.

Strange as it is, that while all the ingenuity of man has been exercised in bringiug the breed to the greatest perfection, so as to acquire speed, courage, and resolution, and every experiment has been tried to train and break-in the dogs, the hare, left to nature, continues to beat the greyhound single-handed. There are exceptions to every rule, and I well recollect upon one occasion the following circumstance taking place not far from Stoke, Sussex; a brace of hares were started by the finder exactly at the same moment, one taking to the right and the other to the left of the valley underneath Bow-hill. The greyhounds happened to be a little wide of each other, and in consequence each dog only saw one hare. Away they went gallantly after their respective game, and the field of

sportsmen separated, following their favourite dogs. After a beautiful course, or, strictly speaking, two courses, the running being strong, both Luath and Loyal succeeded in killing their hares.

Although deer-stalking ought properly to have a place to itself, yet as the dogs used in this sport of sports differ but little from the Irish or Scotch greyhounds, we shall briefly allude to it in this chapter. Deer-stalking in the Highlands has been so admirably described by Scrope, that I shall merely say it requires the greatest caution, patience, and perseverance; "a quick h'eye and a good h'observation," as the thimble-riggers were wont to say, before a late Secretary of State for the Home Department annihilated their body; add to these a first-rate "Purdy" rifle, and a couple of Grampian deer-hounds, an intelligent forester, and in the forests of Athol, Marr, Ben Ormin, Gaulock, Glenfiddich, and Corrichbah, you may have as fine and exciting a day's amusement as is possible to be enjoyed by mortal man. It may here not be uninteresting to novices to give a slight insight into the sport, by laying before them a sketch of "a day with the deer" in the noble forest of Glen Gaulock.

It was early in the morning of a bright October day that I was summoned by Duncan McAlister to accompany him to a spot near the above-mentioned and far-famed forest. After some little delay, a stag, attended by some does, was discovered, by the aid of a glass, at the distance of a mile and a half; and the trusty forester, crawling upon all fours, made me a sign to follow him. For a good half-hour did I, in breathless silence, creep after my guide, until I approached within one hundred yards of the noble animal. With what anxiety did I look along my rifle-barrel! with what a trepidating pulse did I pull the trigger! and with what stillness did I await the result of my shot! Until Duncan, jumping up, unslipped two splendid deer-hounds,

and laid them on the slot, exclaiming, in the broadest Scotch dialect, that he never would cross the foaming torrent, that dashed from an eminence some little distance from where I stood. And true were the words of the forester: after a gallant run, the wounded monarch of the woods fell a victim to the game and good training of Fang and Lutra; and after being broke, was borne off in triumph upon the lusty shoulders of McAlister, and my gillie, Geordie Cameron.

The following account, which I lately met with in the "Inverness Courier," will point out the "wide awake" propensities of the red deer. These animals, says our authority, are uncommonly acute, and seem to employ the whole of their sagacity in inventing and adopting plans of self-preservation. Wherever a red deer is found, if his seat be carefully examined it will appear that it possesses a more commanding view than any other part of the surrounding scenery. If a deer travels in snow to his form, he gazes at and watches his own track with the greatest anxiety. If the wind blows from the direction of his pursuers, he will smell them at several miles' distance. If any of them are in a state of perspiration—not an unlikely event in a hot day in September—he will detect them much further. It must have been frequently observed that almost every herd carries a young one along with it. The young one is the sentinel. He is placed on an eminence to watch, while the others browse beneath; and if he attempts to quit his post, the stags pursue and butt him with their horns until he resumes his station. When the leading stag is perplexed with baffling winds, he works up the herd to a pitch of terror in a peculiar manner. He leaps from his form as if in extreme fright, scampers off, but soon returns, followed by the others. After a little, when no danger is apparent, they begin to browse, and the stag suddenly

repeats his *ruse*. In this manner he convinces the others that some danger threatens, and they all become watchful as so many lynxes. They also adopt this system in instructing their young. There is a perpendicular rock above the village Shieldaig, on the summit of which a stag selected his form. He lay with his flank towards the precipice, and commanded a view of the surrounding country, and did not seem in the least degree alarmed at the approach of the shepherd or his boy, or even the cuttermen; but if the gamekeeper entered the ground, he bounded away directly.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES IN ENGLAND.

COMMUNICATED BY A FRENCH NOBLEMAN.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM now about to give you an account of the sports and pastimes that I met with in the "free fair homes of England," and in so doing I shall studiously and carefully avoid that personality which has too often been introduced into the works of foreign travellers; with this flourish of trumpets I "throw off," and if occasionally I fall into a false idiom, I must claim your indulgence, and that of your readers, and remind you of a letter of one of your countrymen to me, who, having a card of the hotel he resided in at Paris before him, thus dated his letter—"Hotel de Wágram, *bien meublé*." To proceed.

I know nothing more striking to a foreigner than the country-house life of an English nobleman; the comfort, magnificence, liberality, and gaiety that is carried on is unknown in France. Woburn, Beaudesert, Knowsley, Berkeley Castle, Badminton, Belvoir, Goodwood, are the *beau ideal* of princely munificence; and it astonished my weak mind not a little when I was first initiated into the delights

of many of the above mentioned *châteaux*. Where all are agreeable, it would be invidious to select one for notice; I shall, therefore, say that on a mild drizzling morning in December I left the Clarendon Hotel for —— Park. The first part of my journey was performed by rail, and, securing a *coupé* to myself, I revelled in one of Eugene Sue's volumes during the hours that I was thus confined. Upon reaching the station where I was to transfer my precious self to a yellow post-chaise, or dice-box on wheels, as it has been felicitously called by a noble lord who contributes to the Sporting magazine; I was agreeably surprised at finding a carriage-and-four with two outriders waiting my arrival; a note was placed into my hands, saying that it would convey me to the seat of my noble correspondent and host.

After a most delightful drive I entered the park, and at the end of about two miles the mansion was laid open to view; a fine, extensive wooded plantation screened the domain from the cutting east wind; a herd of deer were at one extremity of the well-trimmed lawn, which extended from the southern part of the house. The day was setting in, and I passed the labourer returning from his day's work, looking cheerful and happy; a group of sportsmen with guns in hand attracted my attention, and they seemed elated with the success of their day's sport, and which I soon found was not without sufficient cause — the game-cart passed me filled with hares, pheasants, and rabbits.

The carriage now stopped at the principal entrance, and almost simultaneously with the bell ringing, the doors were thrown open, and some two or three servants in livery, headed by one of the upper class, received me on alighting. Without the slightest noise or bustle, orders were given to unpack the carriage at the stables, to show my servant to

my room, and I was conducted to the warm and well-furnished library, where my host and many of the gentlemen staying in the house were occupied reading the newspapers, finishing their letters, or talking over the run with the foxhounds in the morning.

After a most kind, hospitable, and unaffected welcome, I took my seat before the huge wood fire, and entered into general conversation. We were now joined by the shooters, who declaimed at considerable length on their prowess—four guns; the return of the killed amounting to three hundred pheasants, twenty hares, and a dozen rabbits. A huge gong now sounded, which was the signal for adornizing. As I proceeded to my room, escorted by a groom of the chambers, I passed through a large hall, where some young Englanders, male and female, were dancing the last introduced polka, and who seemed not a little scared at my presence; the graceful and beautiful Lady Caroline, the daughter of the house, rose from her seat at the pianoforte, and welcomed me with a modest warmth of manner that she knew was due to one of her father's friends and guests. The room that I was ushered into was the quintessence of comfort; a large blazing fire on the hearth-stone shed its influence over me, and as I looked at the well-lit and beautifully furnished apartment, I could not help contrasting it with some of the cold, cheerless country houses of *La belle France*, and gave the palm to your native land.

At seven o'clock the gong again sounded, and following a well-dressed lacquey, who had been sent to pilot me through the long passages and large halls, I was shewn into the drawing-room, where the hostess, after a kind greeting, introduced me to the ladies assembled around her. In a few seconds dinner was announced, and offering my hand (which I soon found ought to have been my arm) to the beautiful mistress of the domain, we passed through a

line of servants in livery on one side, and the well-dressed "gentlemen's gentlemen" on the other, into the dining-room. This was splendidly illuminated; and the sideboard, which reached nearly to the summit of the apartment, was stored with gold and silver plate, including vases and prizes which had been won by the noble owner and his ancestors upon the turf and at the agricultural shows, or which had been presented to him by the farmers, in consideration of the great estimation he was held in as a landlord and friend to the soil.

The dinner was excellent, and the wine splendid—every sort, from "humble port to imperial tokay." The long sitting after the ladies had retired, was to me the only drawback, for during that tedious period the poor and corn laws were so prosingly discussed that I own I wished myself almost in the union workhouse to escape the dulness of the conversation. At length our host inquired whether we had had wine enough; and all answering in the affirmative, we speedily joined the ladies.

The evening passed off delightfully; there was no formality; every one amused himself or herself according to their own fancies. Some strolled into the billiard-room; others played at *ecarté* or chess; a few grouped themselves round the pianoforte to hear the dulcet strains of Rossini, Mozart, and Haydn, sang by a most exquisite voice; while a larger party of the young retired to a large gallery, where polkas and waltzes were the order of the evening. At eleven o'clock the stately butler, accompanied by two powdered and pampered footmen, entered the drawing-room, and deposited a tray with sandwiches, wine, negus, whiskey and water; and from that hour the party separated according to their own pleasure.

I was awoke from my "rosy dreams" by the loud-toned stable-bell tolling the hour of eight; and, getting up, I

strolled into the picture gallery to admire the mellow touch, the glowing and lively colouring, and the exquisite finish of a Rubens; the elegance, grace, and natural animation of a Vandyke; the unrivalled brilliancy of a Titian, the faithful portraiture of a Rembrandt, the beautiful expression of a Guido, the bold and grand conception of a Salvator Rosa, the warmth of a Lely, who—

> "On animated canvas stole
> The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul;"

the admirable delineations of a Teniers and an Ostade, the finished perspective of a Canaletti, or the rich vein of satire of a Hogarth. Whilst thus amusing myself, a gentleman of most agreeable manners and deportment, and who I afterwards ascertained to be the librarian, accosted me, and, volunteering his services, entered at great length into the art of painting. "Plato, who flourished four hundred years before the Christian era," said the talented bookworm, "assures us that the Egyptians practised painting 1000 years before he wrote, both on the bandages of mummies, on the walls of the temples, and in the tombs at Thebes, Denderah, and other places in Upper Egypt. Cleanthes of Corinth was the first Greek painter of simple outline; Telephanus of Sicyon, and Ardices of Corinth, improved on outlines, though still without colour." Finding I was so deeply interested at the research of my newly formed acquaintance, he continued: "Bularchus painted the battle of the Mangerians seven hundred years before the Christian era, and this picture was bought by the king of Lydia for its weight in gold. Anacreon, who lived five hundred years before our era, mentions the practice of the art, and that it was effected by mixing wax with their colours, called encaustic painting. Pliny is lavish in his eulogy on the powers of Polygnotus, who lived four hundred and

thirty years before the birth of our Saviour; and we find that during this and the three following generations the names of Aglaophon, Cephisodorus, Phyrylus, Evenor, Apollodorus, Zeuxis, Timanthes, Pamphilus, Euxenidas, and Apelles, as artists of no mean renown. After the founding of Rome, Aurellius, Ludius, Amulius, in Nero's reign; Turpilius, Cornelius Pinus, Accius Priscus, in the days of Vespasian, were the painters of the period."

Thanking my guide for his information, and begging that he would not devote his attention to so unworthy an amateur as myself, he replied by assuring me that it would give him the greatest pleasure to show me the *lions* of the house at any time. This courteous offer I gladly accepted, and was shortly afterwards summoned to breakfast. From what I had heard of this repast in England, and remembering the lines of your poet Anacreon Moore, who, in eulogizing a French *déjeuner à la fourchette*, thus expresses himself—

> "There, Dick; what a breakfast! O not like your ghost
> Of a breakfast in England—your vile tea and toast,"

I own I was not prepared for the luxury, comfort, and independence of this repast. In addition to a long table covered with the finest Irish damask cloth, there were two or three smaller ones placed near the windows; and no sooner had you entered the room and selected your party or taken your solitary place, than a servant out of livery brought you a small bill of fare, on which was written a variety of the most dainty dishes, the piquant cutlet, the well-flavoured *rognons au vin de Madere*, the stimulating grilled pheasant, the simple eggs and bacon, the savoury *omelette aux fines herbes*, the rich slices of salmon, and the unpretending fried sole: the sideboard, too, literally groaned under the weight (I give the usual newspaper

fashionable phrase) of cold eatables; the baron of beef, the pheasant, partridge, fowl, ham, game pies, *paté de foie gras, thon marineé*, Sardines, and every other luxury of native and foreign produce; the purest white bread in every size and form, tea, coffee, chocolate, with the richest cream and the best tasted butter, furnished a meal that would have gladdened the heart of an Apicius, Louis dix Huit, or any other *bon vivant* of ancient or modern days.

During breakfast my noble host begged that his guests would arrange their plans for the day. The hounds were to meet within three miles of the house, and there were horses for those who would like to join in the chase, or accompany some of the young ladies to see the hounds throw off. There were pony carriages for those who preferred driving, to equestrian exercise. The keepers were to be at the lodge gate at eleven o'clock for those who patronized shooting; and the parties, if they exceeded eight, were to be divided into two beats. The race-horse stable was to be open immediately after breakfast, and the tennis-court and billiard-table ready throughout the day for those who liked in-door exercise. The ladies were to fill up their time in little "nothings;" playing, singing, working, and sauntering in the summer-houses, orangery, and conservatories until that all-important female meal, luncheon, the early dinner of your ancestors, who supped at the hour you now dine, was announced. No sooner was that finished than the carriages were to be at the door to take any who liked shopping to the neighbouring country town. Such was the routine of the day.

Being myself devoted to horses and the sports of the field, I availed myself of my host's kindness, to walk through the racing-stable, and afterwards accepted a mount with the hounds. The stable was a splendid building,

forming a large quadrangle, and the stalls and the loose boxes the most perfect I ever saw. The trainer was a downright, good, honest man, and who had the pedigree of every horse at his tongue's end, from the days of Flying Childers down to the last winner of the Derby. He had an anecdote of every sporting character that had flourished at Newmarket during his time; but as I was reminded that the hounds met at half-past eleven, I was compelled to postpone my visit to the stables until a further occasion. The hounds met at a small wood not more than three miles from the house, and upon reaching the covert's side I was presented to the master of the pack, a plain-spoken English country gentleman, who was a stanch Conservative, more especially of foxes, and a thorough-bred sportsman. The field was not numerous, consisting of some dozen gentlemen in pink, and a few farmers well-mounted, anxious to display the powers of their steeds, with a view of pocketing a couple of hundred pounds for their young though promising hunters.

A party of ladies from the park arrived on horseback, and we were indulging in what your talented authoress, Mrs. Gore, calls "the coffee-house part of hunting," when a cry was heard, and away we all scurried at an awful pace. "Gently, gentlemen; hold hard, if you please," exclaimed the huntsman. "Blue Bell has it! Good old bitch! Hark to Blue Bell!" The fox made his first point for Warbleton Gorse, went through it, away to Eastdeen Brake, and then over some fine grass fields in the direction of Beacon Hill, but, being hard-pressed, he declined facing the hill, turned, and went to ground in a drain. From the drain he was quickly bolted, and then made his point at once for the covert where he was found, went through it, and on to Warbleton over nearly the same line as the first ring. Here a long check occurred; the hounds hit off the

scent again, and after a run of forty-five minutes we killed in the open. As a foreigner, I was presented with the brush; an honour which, "though I say it as should not," was fairly won by me, for being admirably mounted, I went all day, as one of my most popular countrymen now naturalized in England said, "as if I had a letter for the fox, and was in a great hurry to deliver it."

Upon my return home I visited the kennel, and was delighted with the management of it; there was a place for everything, and everything was in its place. Warm baths for hounds and horses, and every other comfort and luxury that modern art and science have brought to bear for the advantage of the canine race. After seeing the hounds fed, I began to feel that my own inward man required some refreshment; and whether I looked half-starved and hungry, or whether the huntsman wished to try what effect a few glasses of strong ale would produce upon a Frenchman's head, I know not, but he begged me to walk into his snug parlour, where I found the table laid out ready for his dinner, and upon the sideboard was a huge loaf of bread and large piece of cheese, with a brown jug of frothing October. I drank success to the hounds, then to the huntsman, and, taking my leave of him, walked across the park; for I was too good a horsemaster to have kept my hunter out, as I have too often seen done in your country after a long day's run. One of the greatest modern luxuries in England is a warm bath, which is kept ready at all hours during the day and night. At —— Park this was the case; both in the ladies' and gentlemen's galleries were three baths, cold, warm, or shower; and at any moment you could indulge in this eastern fashion. It would be tedious to recapitulate my evenings; I shall therefore pass over them, and proceed to give a sketch of the next day's *battue*.

At eleven o'clock we met at the keeper's lodge, about two miles from the house; mustering six guns. Nothing could exceed the perfection of the arrangement. A party of fine stalwart youths, amounting to nearly five-and-twenty, with large sticks in their hands, were drawn up as beaters; while to every "gunner" three men were allotted, one to carry his loading rod and ammunition, and the other two to pick up and carry his game to the cart. Each of these three men had a number from 1 to 6 printed on card and placed in their hats; corresponding with those allotted to us. No sooner had the keeper read the list of the sportsmen than he said, "Count —— No. 1," and the three men marked No. 1 joined me; and so on to the rest of the party. Independent of this, we each had our own man with a second gun, which he loaded throughout the day, as also a "pocket pistol," as it is called, well charged with Glenlivet or sherry. The beaters were then put into the wood, half the guns accompanying them, and the others going forward to the spot they were to beat up to. At the end of every cover the game was collected, marked down to the respective killers of it, and placed in the cart; and it was curious often to see how much more was claimed than was actually bagged; and this always reminds me of an anecdote told me by a noble lord, who is a leading contributor to the sporting literature of the day.

His lordship was once shooting at a princely domain not very far from the town of Liverpool, and although not a first-rate shot, had in one furze-field killed five pheasants; his companion was the noble owner of the property, and, upon counting up the game, the keeper claimed "nine pheasants for his master," leaving two birds only for his guest. Although rather startled at this, his lordship said nothing; but, finding the same system carried on throughout the day, he was bent upon exposing the grasping pro-

pensities of the keeper, and with which he was aware his noble master was not conversant.

At an early hour the next day my friend proceeded to Liverpool market, where he purchased a couple of woodcocks; and returning to breakfast, his absence had passed unnoticed. During the day the same system as the previous one was carried on, the lion's share being still given to the proprietor of the domain. Towards dusk, as they were shooting out a small but thickly-wooded plantation, my friend cried, "Cock," and fired his gun; in less than two minutes the same was repeated. "Now let us have the whole amount of the day," said the keeper: "my lord, fifty pheasants, thirty hares, twelve rabbits, and," casting his eye upon the long bills, which had been picked up by one of the beaters, "two woodcocks. Yes, that's what I claim for my lord." "Two woodcocks?" asked my friend in an inquiring tone. "Yes, my lord killed them in the last plantation." "It was too dusk for me to see," replied the noble owner; "I heard a cry of 'Cock,' and fired twice at random. I really cannot claim the birds." "Jem and I seed you kill 'em, my lord; did we not, Jem?" Before the respectable 'Jeames' could give additional evidence upon the subject, my friend stepped forward, and said he could throw some light upon the subject; he then recapitulated all that had happened, and that the birds had been bagged that morning by a silver shot in Liverpool market; adding, that if there was any doubt upon the subject, it could speedily be removed by looking under their wings, where a small piece of paper would be discovered attached to a thread, and upon which was written the number of the stall at which they had been purchased. A hearty laugh followed this announcement, and the keeper received a delicate hint to be in future more straightforward and circumspect in his conduct towards his master's sporting guests.

But to return to our *battue*. At two o'clock we suspended our warfare against the feathered race for half an hour, during which period bread and cheese and ale were distributed to all the party, gentle and simple; and those who are apt to talk of the proud aristocracy of England, would have seen dukes, lords, and peasants enjoying the frugal meal, and each partaking of the same quality both of eatables and drinkables. The shepherd's boys, who were placed to mark the game over the walls of the preserve, fared as well as the proprietor of many thousands of acres. It is thus that the aristocracy of your country win the hearts of the rural population. They mix in their sports, they patronize the recreations of the people, they get familiarly acquainted with them and their wants, and they cherish and support them in their hour of distress, sympathizing with their griefs, and alleviating, as far as lies in their power, the miseries and ills that human nature is heir to. After luncheon we again renewed our sport, and upon our return to the park the game was laid out upon the lawn; it consisted of 480 pheasants, 50 hares, 6 partridges, 30 rabbits, 4 woodcocks—total, 570.

The next day was a regular "cat and dog" raining affair; but the pelting, pitiless storm did not in the slightest degree damp our spirits, for both billiard-tables were in requisition: the one, an excellent slate table—which when unused was locked up—was occupied by some first-rate professors of this interesting game; while the other, which was always open to the public, attracted a party to play a half-crown pool. In the house were three rather good tennis players, and joining this trio, we all, incased in Parama cloaks and waterproof boots, walked to the tennis-court, which was situated within half a mile of the house. Here we passed our day until dusk set in; then returning to the house, we found the hall well tenanted; battledore

and shuttlecock, bagatelle, trou madame, and other games, being the order of the afternoon.

Tout a vous.

A. V.

LETTER II.

MON CHER LORD,

The morning after the one referred to in my last letter, the harriers, a small pack belonging to one of the sons of my noble host, were to meet in the park; and, to the delight of those who underrate the "currant jelly" pack, on finding a hare, the hounds ran nearly ten miles over a magnificent grass country without a check, forming nearly a circle round the park and home-farm. The fencing was very severe, and not a gate was left unlocked; it was one of the smartest scurries I ever saw, and we killed nearly in front of the stables, where a host of grooms and racing boys were assembled to witness the death of poor puss. I, being well mounted, was fortunate enough to be in the first flight; indeed as the field was confined to the party staying in the house, with the addition only of the farm-bailiff's and steward's sons, and as we all got an equal start, it resembled a steeple-chase more than a hunt.

I was delighted with my day's sport, but remembered that whenever I talked of it as a wonderful run, a smile appeared on the face of my listener. There was a mystery evidently which I could not solve; at last the secret came out by one of the boys remarking 'how they had done the foreigner,' and upon further investigation I found that our magnificent run, the sport which I had entered in my jour-

nal as decidedly the best I had almost ever seen, was not after even a timid hare, but—a red-herring. The fact was, the young master of the harriers had heard his pack disparaged, and determined to show us a run. He had dipped a red-herring in aniseed, which, after selecting a very stiff course, he gave to an active son of the soil to carry nearly a circle round the park, ending near the stable, where a *real* hare, as they say in the London playbills, was turned out. No wonder then that the foreigner was gulled; and I firmly believe that I was not the only dupe, for one or two of the field talked to me in downright earnestness of the splendid sport. So well was the affair managed, that wherever the red-herring bearer made a gap in a hedge a labourer was placed, apparently for the purpose of trimming it, and who, prompted what to say, declared "that he had zeed the *animal* cross close by, pressed by the hounds." Our biped game had selected not only the stiffest bull-finches, but also the highest gates and rails; and I very much doubt whether the same number of miles over so severe and stiff a country was ever performed in such a short time.

This gallant, though rather *fishy* run (as it was called by some) gave rise to a conversation upon the merits of the horses and men that had taken part in it, and led a spirited individual to propose giving a whip, value forty guineas, open for any horse that had been present at the red-herring hunt; four miles over a stiff country, with an artificial brook; same weights as ridden upon that occasion; and posts to be placed with flags at a distance of fifty yards, within which the horsemen were to go. An entrance of two sovereigns, p.p., was to be paid to the second horse, and the owner of the last was to pay an additional five sovereigns to the gallant plough-boy who had so successfully *dragged* us over a most sporting country. The entrances were fourteen; one only of the

whole field having paid forfeit, and that for a very efficient reason—his horse had not yet recovered his appetite, still less his soundness.

It has often been said that a wager is an Englishman's argument; and certainly this accusation is perfectly true, for even during the presence of royalty at the hospitable mansion of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood, when the King of Holland upon one occasion, and the Duc de Nemours upon another, honoured his Grace with their presence during the races, the list of the following day's sport was read aloud, the moment the ladies had quitted the dining-room. The betting books were then taken out, followed by that Babel-like confusion of tongues which necessarily attaches itself to the "done and done" system. Upon the entry for the steeple-chase being declared, scarcely any conversation took place between the lords of the creation, except as to who was to be the fortunate winner; nor were the ladies quite exempt from this feeling, as was proved by the numerous wagers made for gloves, studs, whips, and gold pins. "I'll take ten to one," exclaimed a young scion of the house, the moment the gentlemen were left to themselves to enjoy (or be bored with, as the case might be) their own society, "that Paul Clifford wins." "Done," responded a sporting baronet; "two hundred to twenty." "Done." The bet was entered, and Bulwer's hero became the first favourite. "What odds against Polka?" inquired the youthful master of the harriers, a lad of sixteen. "What do you want?" asked a good-humoured elderly gentleman, anxious to give the young sportsman a pull in the odds. "I want fifteen to one to a ten-pound note." "Well, you shall have it; book me a hundred and fifty to ten." The lad ran out of the room to communicate to the groom that he had taken the odds, of which he was to stand half. Nell Gwynn, Moonraker, Cœur de Lion, Faulconbridge, were all backed at thirteen to

one; while the remaining seven, myself included, were scarcely mentioned. Strange, thought I, considering the place I had in the run; so, modestly addressing the company, I inquired what odds to twenty pounds they would bet against Marmion. Scarcely had the question escaped my lips than a dozen voices, at least, responded; but there was such a confusion of sounds—"What do you want?" "I'll bet you the odds;" "Three hundred and twenty to twenty"—that I could not clearly understand who addressed me and who did not. My opposite neighbour, however, an old hand on the turf, very quietly wrote on his betting book, which he passed across the table, "I'll bet you three hundred and forty to twenty." "Done," I wrote in reply. "What do you want, Count?" again inquired a majority of the party. "I've taken the bet," I replied; "three hundred and forty to twenty." "I'll bet the same odds to five or ten." "To five," I replied; and closing my book, shut it and myself up for the evening.

The important morning arrived when the steeple-chase was to take place. The whip, splendidly mounted by Hunt and Roskell, had been brought down by one of their agents, and it was greatly admired. Some cards had been printed with the names, weights and colours of the horses and riders, for we were all bound to ride in caps and jackets, and for the manufacturing of which all the ladies'-maids had been put into requisition. The odds still kept at seventeen to one against my gallant steed Marmion; while Paul Clifford, an infinitely slower animal, was backed freely at seven and eight to one. This was a riddle I could not at first solve, until the trainer told me, in reply to my asking him who he thought would win, that "it was quite impossible to say with gentlemen jocks;" that "they were, generally speaking, such a very bad lot, all legs and arms, flying about like a Semaphore telegraph;" that "they went often much

faster themselves than their horses;" and that with "tumbling off or pumping their horses out in half the distance, it was quite a lottery. Moonraker ought to win; but Sir Francis knows no more about race-riding than my old woman does: and as for your lordship, we aint seen many foreign gentlemen distinguish themselves much upon the race course or across the country." Flattering, thought I; while the trainer continued—"Young Lord Alfred, on Paul Clifford, won't be far behind; he is an undeniable good one for a gentleman; good judge of pace, and never gets flurried. And Lord George on Pol*ker*, as they call the grey mare, will take a deal to beat him; he goes as straight as an arrow, and the heavy ground's in his favour; he gets a matter of two or three stone from some of you."

This statement was not very encouraging, still it did not unnerve me in the slightest degree; and having risen at daylight to take a gallop, just to get my hand and seat in, after partaking of a slight breakfast, I found myself at eleven o'clock decked out in a yellow jacket and cap, booted and spurred, at the starting-post. We had all previously been weighed; and when I saw the concourse of people assembled, I began to think that steeple-chase riding was a rather more nervous affair than I had anticipated. All being drawn up in line, the articles were read to us; the principal one of which was, that we were to keep within the two posts, and that upon no account were we to have a gate opened or a fence broke down for us, save and except such as might be smashed by some of those in the race. We were then led back some forty yards behind the starting-post, and having previously decided our respective places by lot, the word "off" was given, and away we went, railway pace, across the first field, at the end of which was as stiff a post and rail, with a

ditch from it, as ever I wish to encounter. But our steeds were fresh, and we were all not a little inspired by the presence of the ladies from the park, who had placed themselves near this awful ox-rail; so "screwing up our courage," as my Lady Macbeth says, "to the sticking place," we put in "lots of powder," and took it without a mistake. We now all began to settle down to our work, and Polka, with her light weight, shot a-head, followed by Nell Gwynne, Paul Clifford, Cœur de Lion, and last, not least in my own estimation, the gallant Marmion; the rest of the horses waited patiently upon us. At the fourth fence the undaunted Richard came down, floored his rider, and the lion-hearted animal was put *hors de combat*. We now approached the artificial brook, a regular yawner; and here again were a party assembled to see whether we took to the water kindly. Polka took it like a deer, followed by Paul Clifford; Marmion third, and an outsider, Bacchus, fourth. Indeed my orders at starting were to wait upon Paul Clifford until the last field, and then try my speed with him. Polka, it was imagined, would *dance* herself out with the severe play her rider had determined to make. To resume. All got well over the brook except Monkey, one of the horses not mentioned in the betting, who, on landing, missed his footing, and fell back into it. I own my courage began to ooze out a little when I first saw the water, and had it not been for the undaunted pluck of my steed I should inevitably have got a good ducking. There is a story told of Mat Milton, he of the *mews*, not *muse*, that when selling a hunter to a Leicestershire sportsman, he, after extolling his merits, said, "But, sir, he has one fault." "A fault?" responded the purchaser. "Yes, sir; if he does see water he will have it, there's no stopping him, be it ever so wide; he'll take no denial." Now, whether Marmion

was a descendant of this wonderful horse I know not, but certainly no sooner did he see the brook than he went at it with such downright earnestness that, resigning myself to my fate, I let him have his own way, and, greatly to my surprise and delight, found myself safely landed on *terra firma*. We kept our respective places for the next two fields, when symptoms of distress began to be felt by King Charles's beauty Nell, Faulconbridge, Moonraker, and the others, of whom might have been said in the betting—

"O no, we never mention them,"

Sangaree, Azalia, Abelard, and Brilliant. The race now was between Polka, Paul Clifford, Bacchus, and Marmion; the former leading at a terrible pace. There were now only two fences to be jumped before the last flight of hurdles in the winning field. At the first of these fences Polka's lungs seemed to be a little disordered by the killing pace; and although she got over it, she floundered upon landing; the gallant young jockey gave her a pull, to recover her wind. Paul Clifford then tried to take her place, but "bellows to mend" (you see I have studied your slang) was also his cry. I now made all the running I could, and was closely pressed by the Bacchanalian monarch; we took the second fence together, Polka, slightly recovered, following a few yards behind us, with Paul Clifford still going. We approached the hurdles, and whether I or my steed was flurried I know not, but he rushed through them, getting entangled in the broken bars and some furze that was placed round them; this gave Bacchus and Polka a chance, for Paul Clifford was quite pumped out. These two now set to work in earnest, and the outsider being the freshest of the two, finally won a fine race by a neck; Polka second, and Marmion third. The fun, however, was not over; for a desperate struggle took place between the

rear rank, no one liking to pay the additional penalty attached to the last horse. Cœur de Lion, Monkey, and Faulconbridge were neck and neck at the fence before the hurdles; they cleared it together; Monkey rushing through the gap I had made, was first in the winning field. The two other riders went gallantly at the hurdles; "knee to knee" they landed at the same moment, and, setting to work in real Newmarket fashion, ran a dead heat for last; thus dividing equally the penalty, and mutually sharing the disgrace. The result of this steeple-chase amazed me not a little, for the still small voice of conscience told me that had I or my horse not blundered the prize must have been mine; and I could hardly, in honesty, attribute that untoward event to my gallant steed—the fact is, for a moment I lost my head and my race. I was, however, delighted that the youngster had run second, as he pocketed the twenty-eight guineas. As a matter of course, no other conversation took place the rest of that day, or during the evening, except as to the merits of the race; and I could plainly see that the general opinion was in favour of Marmion had he been properly piloted.

No sooner had the ladies left the room after dinner than the whole race was run over again. This led to an animated discussion, which ended in a sweepstakes of twenty sovereigns each, same course and weights, between Bacchus, Marmion, and Polka; the only variation being, that the crack rider of Paul Clifford upon the first occasion, was upon the prcsent one to take my place: the other jockeys as before. Some spirited betting then took place, for there was a diversity of opinion as to the winner. Some imagined that the rider of Bacchus did not possess the finest nerves in the world, and that he had, in the early part of the race, followed some of the tail through broken gates

and fences, and that when it came to a race with three he might be found wanting. Lord Alfred, who was to ride Marmion, was an excellent workman; while his brother George was fancied by many—the continuance of rain, with the heaviness of the country, being all in favour of the light weight. After a good deal of talking, Marmion was backed as the first, Polka the second, and the late winner the third favourite. My *amour propre* would not permit me to lay out my money upon the gentleman jockey who had unhorsed me, so I took the odds to a poney on Polka, most anxious not only for the sake of lucre, but for the young Nimrod, that he should prove successful. The race was to come off in a week, and, as the wet weather continued, Polka was now first favourite. The eventful day arrived, and, as the sun shone out beautifully, we were not surprised at seeing an immense concourse of people flocking through the park at an early hour towards the course. The fences had all been made up, the gates and hurdles repaired, and the brook was somewhat swelled out by the late rains. The young jockey now appeared, mounted on his favourite mare, and there was a feeling and conviction, as well as a wish, *fere libentur homines id quod volunt credent*, that "the boy in yellow would win the day." Others were very sweet upon Marmion, as Lord Alfred cantered him past a line of carriages drawn up at the starting post. Bacchus had fewer friends than his former triumph ought to have entitled him to; with a first-rate man upon him he would have been first in the odds. "Don't take too much out of your mare at starting, my lord," said the trainer to young Lord George, as he walked by the side of him; "the country is very heavy, you must make steady running to the brook, nurse her over the two next fields, and then get home as quick as you can without flurrying her or yourself." The horses were now

drawn up in their places, the word "off" given, and away went Polka, leading at a smartish pace, Marmion waiting upon her at the distance of about two horses' lengths, and the "rosy monarch of the vine" acting as a sort of squire or follower to the "lord of Fontenaye." It was evident, from the line young Lord George took, that he had not allowed the grass to grow under his feet (as the saying is) since the last steeple-chase, for morning, noon, and afternoon had he walked over the course, selecting the lightest ground; this, then, accounted for his steed not sinking fetlock high as the others, who were not up to it, now found their nags doing. They approached the brook, and the respective jockeys collecting their horses' strength, take it gallantly; Polka still leading, the others lying close behind. And now the youthful sportsman remembers his instructions, of getting home as quick as he can, and he courses away at an awful pace. For a few fields his competitors keep still well in the race; when within half a mile from home it was quite clear that Bacchus was beat,—he had fully proved the truth of the Leicestershire saying, "it's the pace that kills:" still he went on, upon the chance of any accident happening to the leading horses. They now near the last fence, and Marmion, "wet with sweat and mire," takes it, but not without a fall; Polka is some twenty yards a-head. The hurdles alone are to be got over, and the mare flies them like a deer: shouts re-echo through the park as the young Lord George passes the winning post. But where is the flower of English land? Of him we might say, in the words of "Unnurtured Blount," "good night to Marmion;" for so dead beat was he at the last fence, that he floundered at it, fell, and was some minutes before he could recover sufficient strength even to make a walk of it. This, I am illnatured enough to admit, delighted me; for it clearly proved that

accidents will occur, not only, as the proverb says, "in the best-regulated families," but also to first as well as to second-rate gentlemen-jockeys. In the latter I class myself; I lost the first race by one fatal error towards the end; and Lord Alfred, who was No. 1, letter A, in the pigskin, was beat in the second by taking too much out of his horse at starting, thereby bringing him to a stand-still before he reached home. We were all delighted with Polka's success, and the steadiness and judgment displayed by her jockey in nursing her sufficiently to keep up her pace throughout the race.—I must here put on my seven-league boots, and step from my winter country life to the Goodwood Races of the following summer; and suffice it to say, that my anticipations were more than realized, for there I found the *élite* of horses, the *élite* of company, and the *élite* of all courses in England, both as to beauty of scenery and the excellence of the turf. There was every thing that could be wished for; a superabundance of sport for the million; and a galaxy of beauty that no other country could produce. The arrangements, too, were of the first order; there were no unnecessary delays; and at the moment fixed for the weighing and starting, woe to the trainer or jockey who was late—a heavy fine, or, worse than that, the certainty of not being waited for, attended the offender. There was something too about the noble owner's manner that delighted me: he was gracious and affable to all; from the prince of the blood to the most humble labourer the Duke of Richmond had a kind word for each. To say that his Grace is popular in his own county is to say little; he is respected and adored by every friend to the soil, and it was highly gratifying to hear his praises echoed forth wherever I went in the county of Sussex. One tribute, though couched in simple language, and emanating from a tiller of

the land, made a lasting impression upon me. Upon mentioning the name of the Duke, the peasant said, "He's a brave man; a good, generous, and liberal landlord. He fought and bled for his country when others of his class were eating the bread of idleness; and now he clings to the soil, from which he derives his wealth, like a limpet to the rock, and is as kind-hearted to the ploughboy as he is to his richest tenant." This sentiment, which, although varied in letter, is kept up in spirit throughout the county, has entitled the duke to the name of the "farmer's friend;" and never was an appellation more truly deserved. I must now return to the races, which certainly were conducted in the most admirable manner. The sport was first-rate, and could not be surpassed; while, at the same time, it concluded each day at a reasonable hour. Both the trainers and professional and amateur jockeys were kept strictly to time, and in default of which a five pound fine was exacted. Without entering into detail of the races themselves, I will merely give an abstract of the number and value of the prizes contended for:—

	Number of Races.	Number of Starters.	Value.
Tuesday	12	61	£11,850
Wednesday ...	7	59	2,335
Thursday ...	12	67	7,670
Friday.....	9	57	3,045

In the above are included forfeits, walks over, and the winners' stakes, but not dead heats, or more than one heat for the plates; amounting, in addition, to seven races. Open house is kept at Goodwood, and there are few of the ancestral homes of England where unostentatious hospitality is more carried on than at the above mansion. The noble and distinguished hostess is endowed with that natural graceful manner which wins the hearts of all, and,

added to her extreme beauty, renders her an object of universal admiration. The Duke, too, is the very essence of affability, and has a peculiar charm of interesting his hearers by discoursing to them upon subjects nearest their hearts; thus, whether the questions of racing, hunting, shooting, farming, politics, corn-laws, poor-rates, military affairs are agitated, his Grace (to use a sporting phrase) is sure to be there, or thereabouts. During this gay week covers are daily laid for sixty in the ball-room, and the manner in which the feasts are conducted reminds one of the Philoxenia of former days, with the additional refinement of those we live in. The sideboard is worthy of Haddon Hall in the olden time; the noble haunches of venison, the splendid pastries, the Southdown mutton, would gladden the heart of every *gourmet* from Apicius down to the late Dr. Kitchiner; while to those who like the "foreign aid of ornament," his Grace's culinary artist furnishes *plats* worthy a Beauvillier, Ude or Francatelli. The temporary banquet room is a noble apartment, ninety feet in length and thirty in width; the walls are covered with white silk edged with gold, and have a very chaste appearance. The marble pieces came from the palace of the modern Sardanapalus, George IV.; and, if they could speak, what tales would they tell us of the royal orgies kept up at Carlton House, by the prince—"the prince of princes at the time." But return we to the banquet. The plate is gorgeous; in the centre may be seen a superb candelabra, presented by the farmers of Sussex to the present Duke. By its side is a vase, formed of the gold snuff boxes which were given to his late noble father during his lord lieutenancy of Ireland, from the corporations of the following towns:—Bandon Bridge, Cork, Clonmel, Dundalk, Dublin, Kilkenny, Limerick, Londonderry, Youghal, Waterford, and the Goldsmiths' Company of Edinburgh.

The names and arms of the above towns are engraved

upon the vase. Among the pieces of plate that grace the table are the Orleans Cup, given by his late lamented royal highness, and which was won, 1841, by the Duke's celebrated bay horse Mus, aged; the Mazeppa Plateau won by Lord George Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady, in 1843, and presented by that truly popular and liberal nobleman to the Duke; the Goodwood Cup, 1825, won by Pantomime, ridden by the Honourable F. Berkeley, R.N.; the Goodwood Cup, 1833, given by the Earl of Lichfield, steward; the Goodwood Cup, 1826, won by Stumps, the property of the late Earl of Egremont, who presented it to the Duchess; Goodwood Cup, 1827, won by Linkboy; Goodwood Cup, 1836; Egham Cup, 1825, won by Spree; Southampton Cup, 1826, won by Toil and Trouble. The race-horses are kept not only at the stables belonging to the house, but also at the far-famed dog-kennel where John Kent now resides. It is not my intention to give a detailed account of Goodwood House and its splendid portraits, the works of Rubens, Lely, Vandyke, Lawrence, as I strongly advise every one that finds himself in the locality to judge for themselves; it being accessible at all times to the public by merely entering their names in a book kept for the purpose. I cannot refrain from noticing some sporting pictures that are in the house, or of giving a brief sketch of the *palazzo canino*, as the dog-kennel may be justly called. In the long hall and upon the staircases are some fine paintings, by Stubbs, of Lord George Lennox (father of the late duke), Charles, third duke of Richmond, and Colonel Jones, all on horseback, with dogs and servants; Mary, wife of the third duke, and Lady Louisa Lennox are in another picture, looking at some race horses; and a third with the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Holland, and others shooting. There are also portraits, by Wetton, of Sheldon, Grey Cary, Grey Cardigan, Bay Bol-

ton, Red Robin, and Sultan, which were given by Prince Charles of Lorraine to George II., in 1743. The outlying buildings are extremely well arranged; there is a tennis-court in the kitchen garden, and a kennel, supposed to be as fine as any one in the country. The front is handsome, the ground being well raised about it, and turfed. It originally cost £6,000. The third duke of Richmond, who built it, was his own architect, assisted by Mr. Wyatt; his grace dug his own flints, burnt his own lime, and formed his own wood-work in his own shops. The length of the building is 148 feet, the depth 30 feet; the height, from the crown of the arches that support it, 18 feet on the sides, in the centre 28 feet. The materials are flints intermixed with light grey bricks. The distribution of the building is into four kennels; two of them 36 by 15, two more 30 by 15; two feeding rooms 28 by 15. In each there are openings at the top for cold air, and stoves to warm them in winter. There are supplies of water and drains. Round the whole building is a pavement 5 feet wide: airing yards, places for breeding, &c., forming part of each wing. For the huntsmen and whippers-in, there is a parlour, a kitchen and sleeping rooms. The kennel, as we have before said, is occupied by Mr. Kent, the Duke's trainer; sincerely do we hope that it may again be converted to its original purpose, for a pack of hounds to the noble owner of Goodwood seems almost indispensable. But I have already exceeded the usual limit of a letter, so for the present "farewell."

LETTER III.

After a most agreeable *séjour* at —— Park, I took my departure, *viâ* the great metropolis, to Melton. London was now quite deserted, not more than half a dozen men

at Crockford's, and the Clarendon was nearly untenanted. I was, therefore, quite delighted at the prospect of leaving town, the morning after my return to it, for that *beau ideal* of a sportsman's paradise—Melton. The rail took me at a good steady pace as far as Syston, where I got into my britchka, and after an agreeable drive of an hour, reached the head-quarters of the Quorn hounds. Rooms had been prepared for me in a cheerful-looking house near the George Inn, and I had a cover laid for me every day at the residence of a noble lord, who, whether on the race-course, in the field, on the box, on the deck, or in the ball-room, is second to none as a thorough-bred sportsman and a most polished gentleman. My horses, the majority of which I had hired from Mr. Tilbury, of Mount Street, stood close by my lodgings, and, of course, my first visit was to them. Here I was joined by the nobleman I allude to, and some other gallant sportsmen, with whom I passed the afternoon, looking at their splendid studs. There are few finer sights in the whole world than the hunting stables at this celebrated place; and I know no more "green spot" in memory's waste, as your Anacreon writes, than that which is associated with my week at Melton. Hospitality shines pre-eminently forth: there was not a day in which I did not receive most kind and pressing invitations, not only to private houses, but to the clubs; and as for mounts, I was offered enough to have lasted me the whole season. There is an additional charm (to me, at least), which is—the society of ladies; for, after a day with the fiercer sex, it is most agreeable to pass the evening with those who are made to temper man. A party at *ecarté*, a struggle at chess, or even what is called in your country a round game with the daughters of Eve, are most delightful and soothing, after a blank day or hard run, where the jealous and other evil passions of man have

been excited. Of the riders I will merely offer a brief description:* "There is nobody better than Lord Wilton," every man will tell you, that knows anything of hunting in Leicestershire; and certainly for judgment, seat, quickness, and good nerve, the noble earl stands pre-eminent. Lord Gardner cannot be beaten—he goes like a bird; and, from the first day he went to Melton to the present time, there are few men who have seen more runs. Mr. Gilmore is unquestionably the best of the heavy weights: it is quite one of the wonders of the world to see the place he ever holds when business is to be done. Colonel Wyndham, late of the gallant Scots Greys, often surprises the hunting world over the fields of Leicestershire, as did his brave corps open the eyes of our Emperor on the plains of Waterloo. Captain Oliver, late of the Blues, cannot, figuratively at least, be placed amongst the "heavies" with the Quorn: he goes to work in the right form, uniting judgment, courage, and strength. His brother, late a "sodger officer," disproves the usual fallacy, that military men cannot ride. Look at Lords Cardigan, W. Beresford, Macdonald, Gifford, Sir David Baird, Honourable Augustus Berkeley, Charles Forrester, Messrs. Lovell, Vyse, Francis Berkeley, &c. Lord Howth is one of the neatest and best men over the country I almost ever saw, and is always "there or there-about." Sir David Baird can ride a bad horse with any other man in the United Kingdom; his nerve is wonderful. You see I quote some of your sporting idioms. Messrs. Leslie (brothers) are admirably mounted, and are daily earning fresh laurels. Count Batthyany is too popular a man in Leicestershire to pass unnoticed; and, as a foreigner, I have a kindly fellow-feeling towards him. Nothing can exceed his love—his ardour for the chase; and, considering that his education did not com-

* These letters were written in 1846.

mence in England, he really deserves the greatest credit for the position he now holds in the sporting world. Lord Archibald St. Maur is a thorough-bred sportsman, and, being well mounted, does the thing in quite the correct form. Lord Rancliffe, the prince of light weights, goes as well as he did in the year 1815, when, during the congress of Vienna, his lordship was always one of the first with Lord Londonderry's fox-hounds. Mr. Greene, of Rolleston, the present master, rides well across Leicestershire, and does his work in a most superior style: there are few better artists in this or any other country. Lord Cranstoun is an enthusiastic lover of the noble science. Mr. Geary has lately come out, and distinguished himself greatly: few can surpass him. Mr. Oliver Massey is always in a good place, and sees as many runs as any other Meltonian. He is one of those whose riding to hounds never varies, and he is a safe card for any novice to follow. Sir James Musgrave, though last in my list, is undoubtedly not least in the estimation of every one who knows what a thorough-bred sportsman ought to be. His health, unfortunately, has been so indifferent of late, that he has been compelled to give up hunting this season. Sincerely do I trust that with an invigorated constitution, he will shortly again return to Melton, where he has so long and so deservedly been a great favourite.

Mr. Stubbs, better known among his friends by a more spicy name, is an undeniably good one with the hounds; and there is no man that can do more in cool blood. I once saw him turn out of a road over the stiffest gate I ever came across; the hounds were not running, and the feat arose from a question as to whether the horse he rode was a good one at timber. There are a variety of other first-rate riders in Leicestershire, whom I have not time nor space sufficient to enumerate; but I may, perhaps,

in a future letter, give not only their prowess in the field, but also that of their steeds.

My first day with the Quorn was most propitious. John O'Gaunt's gorse was first tried; a fox stole away, and was hit off for a field or two, but lost near Lowesby. To Billesden Coplow, where we found reynard "at home;" away we went to Quenby Hall in double quick time, then to the right between Newton and Tilton, passed Lowesby on the left, and thence with a burning scent for Twyford, South Croxton, and nearly to Barkby; doubled for Beeby, and then to Boggrave Hall. The fox was finally killed in the village of Hungarton; distance at least fourteen miles — time, one hour and eight minutes. My next day was with the Cottesmore, who met at Leesthorpe, only three miles from Melton. After trying Buttermilk Hills, and finding the Punchbowl empty, Colonel Lowther gave the word for Ranksborough. A fine fox was speedily unkennelled, and led us off, railway speed, for the covers we had before tried: then made for Burton Lazars, crossed the Whissendine, where the courage of many was considerably damped, and among others (to my shame be it spoken), I found myself stopped by this *Rubicon*. Ignorant of the country, I knew not whither the wily animal directed his course; but, after a "home circuit" of twenty minutes, he again crossed the river, giving the *tail*ers and tailors another opportunity. A short breathing time, and away to Cold Orton; from thence to Ashby Pastures, where he tried what stuff men and horses were made of. In two hours and a half from breaking covert; a chosen nine found themselves at Burton, where, from a humane consideration both to the bipeds and quadrupeds, the pack was stopped. Colonel Lowther, Lord Wilton, Sir David Baird, the huntsmen and whippers-in, went the whole run, and showed some

splendid riding; the remaining three, of which I was fortunate enough to be one, who were stopped *in* or *at* the brook, got upon our second horses, and could, therefore, only claim half the glories of the day.

To resume, my fortnight passed most agreeably, and early in March I took my departure for Leamington, *en route* to the grand Liverpool steeple chase. The Spa is the head quarters of the Warwickshire hunt; and, for a man that wishes to unite society and hunting, there are few places equal to Leamington. The hotels are excellent, the stabling first-rate, and the meets within proper distances. There are numerous dinners, balls, concerts, public and private plays, and whist parties. Having taken up my quarters at the Bedford Hotel, I immediately sent for the local newspaper, and found that the hounds were to meet the following day at Mitford Bridge; and there, I found myself at eleven o'clock; having joined a party who were leaving the hotel at the same time I did, and who, seeing that I was a stranger, politely volunteered to show me the nearest road to the place of meeting. "A well-mounted foreigner from Melton," was very soon bruited about; and I received the greatest attention, not only from the popular master of the hounds, but also from all the principal gentlemen of the hunt. But we were not allowed any long time for the exchange of civilities; for a gallant fox was shortly found. We had a splendid run, fifteen miles from point to point, killing in the open. Five horses died during this awful run, and numerous others were put *hors de combat*.

Leaving my stud at Leamington, I proceeded by the train to Liverpool, arriving there in excellent time for dinner. Upon reaching the Waterloo Hotel, I gave the worthy proprietor of it, Mr. Lynn, an unlimited order for the best dinner he could put upon the table; being

anxious to show two of my countrymen, who had just returned from Ireland, what an excellent soup the turtle, unknown in France, produces. I then strolled to the Adelphi Hotel, where my friends were sojourning; and, after a walk through the principal streets, we, in company with one of the most sporting Liverpool merchants, to whom my friends presented me, sat down to dinner.

For comfort and good living, the Waterloo is the very best hotel I ever had the good fortune to sojourn at. The spirited proprietor, is a great promoter of sport; and to his exertions the great stride that Liverpool races have of late years made, may be attributed. Stephen Price, so well known in the English and transatlantic theatres, was wont to tell an anecdote of "mine host," which redounds greatly to his credit and liberality.

The eccentric manager always patronised the Waterloo, and upon one occasion, previous to his departure for New York, entertained a party at dinner at that house. Some excellent Madeira was produced, which, even to the taste of the prejudiced American, "flogged" all he had ever drunk in the world. "I must have a dozen of this, sir, for the passage," said the great Mr. Price. "Impossible," responded respectfully the worthy landlord. "What, sir—" and here about as great a number of oaths were about to escape the mouth of the exasperated manager, as, at the magisterial price of five shillings per oath, would have made a hole in the American's dollars, when a friend interfered, and Mr. Lynn informed the party that only a few dozen remained, which he declined selling; as he wished to keep them for those honoured guests who had so nobly and generously supported him at the Waterloo. In the meantime, Price continued to murmur something about "money was no object," "must have the Madeira, sir," "unaccommodating," &c., &c. A turn was then given to the

conversation, and nothing more occurred. The following day the manager made his exit from Liverpool, still harping on the Madeira. Before the vessel had fairly got under way, Price had despatched a messenger to the Waterloo, to say that he would give any sum for a dozen of the far-famed Madeira; but a respectful refusal was the reply. The evening passed off dully: the American was considerably "ryled" at his disappointment; and for four-and-twenty hours not a smile was seen to play on his countenance. The second day arrived, dinner was announced: at the first glass of wine, Price shook his head, as the remembrance of the "Liverpool particular" came across him. The manager was looking "wrathy," when the steward approached, and, popping his sable visage close to him, half whispered—"Would Massa Price like to hab the hamper of wine Massa Lynn sent him from the Waterloo?" "Wine! what wine?" inquired the wonder-struck manager; "I ordered no wine!" "Twelb bottle fine old Madeira that Massa Price liked so much; Massa Lynn sent him present of it." At that moment there was a dead silence, which was broken by the delighted American banging the table with his fist, and exclaiming—"That man, sir, is the finest fellow in all England; lucre would not tempt him!" The party were astounded; when an explanation took place, in which the conduct of the host in giving to a good customer, that which he declined to sell, was warmly eulogised. The donor's health was drunk with the honours, and by no one with more gusto than by Price himself, in a bottle of the old Madeira. I have digressed to give this anecdote, which has just occurred to me.

Return we to the Waterloo. To the *gourmet* it has peculiar charms; for the turtle is super-excellent, having a delicacy of flavour that I have never seen equalled.

The soup is the very essence of turtle, and free from those thick, clammy ingredients that so often spoil the taste of this occidental luxury; and which makes one fear that instead of being *real*, it is only a *mock*ery. The punch is piquant, as its witty namesake; and be it known to all *bons vivans* that Mr. Lynn sends turtle to all parts of England, at about half the price it can be procured in London.

Upon the following morning the grand national steeple chase took place; and at an early hour the whole town was in bustle and confusion. Strangers were pouring in from all quarters; and Dale-street was full of life. Here, at the club-house door, might be seen a well-appointed team, upon the box and roof of which might be recognised the *elite* of the Liverpool sporting community. Before the Waterloo Hotel appeared the Earl of Sefton with a turn-out worthy of the noble owner; and by its side was the phaeton of that truly popular Cheshire baronet Sir William Massey Stanley. His brother John, who hunts the hounds, is in a neat travelling chariot, with his young and pretty wife, and who, being a native of France, I, as a countryman, may well be proud of.

No sooner did the owner of Hooton hear that I was in the hotel, than a waiter brought in the card of Sir William, who most politely invited me to his home. After expressing my thanks, and regrets at being unable to avail myself of his hospitality, he inquired how I was about to proceed to the race-course; and, ascertaining that I had no other conveyance, save that provided by the proprietor of the Waterloo—a Liverpool fly—he immediately transferred me to the box of a coach-and-four, belonging to one of his friends. I will not attempt to give an account of the steeple chase, which has so often been described in the pages of "Bell's Life" and the "Sporting Review;" suffice it to say, it was one of the finest spectacles I ever witnessed.

As I was anxious to return to Leamington to finish the hunting season, my stay at Liverpool was limited to a day; during which time, through the kindness of one of its most popular merchants, I saw everything worthy of notice: the docks, exchange, public buildings, cemeteries, and gardens. Crossing the water, I was taken over Mr. Harold Littledale's model farm, which is the most perfect in the kingdom. The pressing hospitality of some of my new acquaintances did not allow me again to partake of Mr. Lynn's turtle; that is, at my own expense. Invitations flocked in, and if I had remained a month at this opulent city I should never have sat down once to table at my hotel. Taking leave of my kind friends, I went by rail to Leamington: as I may in another letter enter more fully into the merits of Warwickshire as a hunting country, I shall now merely say that the sport during my stay there was brilliant.

Upon my return to London, "the season," as it is called *par excellence* was setting in; and balls, operas, and dinners were the order of the day. The merry month of May arrived, and with it came many of the early race meetings—Hampton Spring and Gorhambury; both of which I made a point of attending. At the former we had some good gentlemen riders; and, for the first time in England, I appeared in the racing saddle. As I was not placed, I will not further allude to the commencement of my career as a jockey.

The Derby, which is quite a national *fete* in England, was shortly to come off; and I was about to make preparations with Newman for horses to be sent on half way, that I might not have the misery of sitting behind tired jaded steeds, when young Lord —— called upon me, and asked me how I was going to Epsom. "By the road," I responded; "and shall send a pair of horses on to

Richmond, that I may get there as free from dust and crowd as possible."

"Oh! come with us," answered the young nobleman, just emancipated from Eton, and only a month previously appointed to a cornetcy in one of the crack regiments of the household brigade; "we have a team; we start from the barracks at twelve, and have a relay at Sutton. I'll book you for an outside place, and you'll see lots of life; only, I advise you to insure your neck."

Thanking my young friend for his kind offer, which I gladly availed myself of, I promised to be at the Regent's Park Barracks the following morning at the hour named.

"You'll find breakfast from ten upwards, only recollect we start railway time—twelve precisely."

At eleven o'clock the next morning I found myself at the barracks, where a most substantial breakfast was laid out in the messroom. Two teams were to start — one belonging to an officer quartered there, to be horsed by himself and his comrades; and the other the property of a sporting noblemen of the day. A guard, or "shooter," as he was called, was appointed to each, whose business it was to blow the horn, play the key-bugle, make out the way-bill of passengers and parcels, fasten a buckle, bear up a leader, alter the curb-chain, and, as the advertisements say, "make himself generally useful."

The "shooters" on the present occasion were, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, a right good-hearted sporting baronet, formerly an officer in one of her Majesty's regiments of Hussars, and a young officer of the guards. Their costumes were quite in character with their assumed avocations—light drab coats, with huge mother-of-pearl buttons, upon which were engraved sporting of every sort,

racing, hunting, coursing, shooting, fishing, driving, and cricketing.

"I've kept the box-seat for you," said Sir St. Vincent to me, taking out a printed paper, made to resemble a regular way-bill, in the days that coaching flourished.

"Let's have it read," shouted a dozen voices.

"Here it is," responded the sporting ex-hussar. "Outsides;" and he gave a list of those who had been booked for the day. "Insides," he continued—"Three dozen of Champagne, four pails of Wenham Lake ice, five cold pies, eight tongues and fowls, two quarters of lamb, four bowls of salad, two dozen bottles of Seltzer water, four jugs of cyder cup, two of Claret ditto, four dozen plovers' eggs, two jugs of 'sherry cobler,' and mint julep."

Ample provisions, thought I, for the day, and I then began to think that my young friend's warning as to insuring my neck, might not be quite so much of a joke as I had treated it. At five minutes before twelve both teams were at the door.

"Gentlemen, take your seats," exclaimed the guard: one of the mess-waiters went inside to superintend the victualling department.

"All right," cried the "shooters;" and, as the clock struck twelve, we trotted across the yard, both guards playing, "Away, away, to the mountain's brow," upon their keyed instruments. No very hairbreadth escapes occurred upon our journey down: we now and then grazed the bars of the leaders, frightened an old apple-woman near the Vauxhall turnpike, nearly took the linch-pin out of the wheel of a cockney's dennet, almost upset a light taxed cart, and scared the wits, if he happened to have any, of a young freshman from Cambridge, with a gaudily dressed damsel by his side, who was driving a tandem with a refractory

leader; and which said leader so turned round to stare us in the face, that we gave him a broadside, and nearly threw the whole concern, Cantab and all, into a most miry and fœtid ditch. The whole road was replete with life; there was every sort of vehicle: the well-appointed, thoroughbred team, the barouche-and-four, the postboys decked out in satin jackets and white hats; the phaeton-and-pair, the light dennet, the unassuming tilbury, the snug britchka, the overloaded coach, the heavy "bus," the gaudy van, covered with green boughs, and forming a sort of perambulating laurel arbour, the "*Hansom*" cab, the new invented tribus, the tilted cart, the "phaeton chay," the cat's-meat barrow, horsed, or rather dogged by two fine specimens of the mongrel breed; while the owner fully realized the lines of the late Horace Twiss's comic song—

> "And the werry next day at Epsom he vas seen,
> In a nice new suit of welweteen;
> How vell he's dressed, so spick and span,
> My h'yes vot a svell is the dog's-meat man."

I know not if I have quoted the lines correctly; I give them from memory, having once heard them sung by the talented author, who not only possessed every requisite for a great lawyer, but who, in private society, was one of the most agreeable companions I ever had the good fortune to meet with—

> "Of most infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

Alas! he no longer lives to "set the table in a roar," with songs and "flashes of merriment."

Then we had stage coaches of every description, with every sort of horse, from the ten-mile-an-hour trotter down to the limping pacer, who was evidently making "his last appearance upon any stage," previous to a visit to the knacker's yard. Equestrians and pedestrians swarmed

along the road. There was to be seen the three-hundred-guinea park hack, his owner

> "With spur insidiously by his side,
> Provokes the canter which he seems to chide."

Then the strong cob, the rider evidently a member of Boodle's, the country gentleman's club, taking it quite easy; there dashes along a young East-Ender on a hired horse, with a blue saddle-cloth, a snaffle bridle, a nose-band. Now comes a young Life-guardsman, pounding along the road upon his high-mettled and handsome charger, with a cornet of some light cavalry regiment, fancying he is "witching the world with noble horsemanship." A stripling from Eton, with one of Tilbury's best hacks, is unable to "turn;" although, as Shakespeare writes, he has "winded" his "fiery Pegasus." A party now dashes past, consisting of three sporting-looking men, and two dashing Amazons; then a "gent" with a smart four-and-sixpenny "gossamer," and a green cut-away coat from the emporium of that poetical schneider, Moses, mounted upon (as far as knees went) a well-*broke* charger. Next comes a regular swell, with mustachios, and an Albert paletot, a "reach-me-down" article from a fashionable shop in Lombard-street; his red and black satin neckcloth ornamented with a huge diamond pin, with a pair of trowsers black and white checked, looking for all the world like a draught-board. His costume is between that of a Leicester-square lounger, and a levanting black-leg at Boulogne: he is a keeper of a roulette table. His nag is rather a spicy looking one, the present owner having taken it for a bad debt. Numerous grazier-looking men from the purlieus of Smithfield now appear, the leading one mounted on an animal fully realizing the description given by the bard of Avon—"His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred, be-

sides possessed with the glanders, troubled with the lampass, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, swayed in the back, and shoulder shotten." The pedestrians consisted of gipsies, tramps, pea and thimble-riggers; for in the days I write of, the stringent laws of Sir James Graham had not come into operation; shop-boys, cads, touters, beggars, ballad-singers, Jew-boys, citizens, ostlers, cockneys, prize-fighters, black-legs, and a class of seedy-looking sporting "gents.," always to be seen hanging about Tattersall's or Aldridge's yards.

LETTER IV.

After a rather dusty journey, we reached the course, and took up a position on the brow of the hill. Mounting our hacks, which were in attendance, we galloped off to the betting ring, where the scene baffles all description. Amidst such a confusion of tongues, it is quite a miracle how any one can make up his book. We then proceeded to the starting-post, where, as Dibdin sings, "All on the *downs* the *fleet* were met." The knowing ones now take a look at their favourites, and, shutting up their books, resign themselves to their fate. The word is given, and away start the horses to decide an event upon which so many thousands are depending; the equestrians, unmindful of danger to themselves, or to the less fortunate "trampers" on foot, gallop across the hill. Every one is in a state of breathless anxiety. "The favourite is beat," shouts one, as they pass Tattenham Corner. "He beats anything for a thousand," cries another, anxious to hedge some of his money. "Yellow wins," "There is an outsider coming up," "Peel wins," "The Duke of Richmond," "Forth a little," "Gully's beat,"

and such cries rend the air. Now they approach the distance post: for a minute there is a dead silence, which is broken by a shout from assembled thousands, as the winner passes the post. Out come the betting-books; and as the gamester runs his eye down the winning and losing sheet, he either breaks out in noisy excitement, "I win a thousand," or utters anathemas, deep not loud, against the fickle goddess Fortune, who has now left him in the lurch minus many more thousands than his exchequer holds. "Well, the Oaks will bring me home," cries the now desperate better: alas for his peace of mind, and that of his creditors, it leaves him in a worse plight.

No sooner is the race over, than the whole course is converted into one huge luncheon room. The roofs of all the coaches, the seats of all the vehicles are covered with the snowy damask, or the dirty-looking dowlas, according to the quality of the owners, and every sort of eatable and drinkable is laid out. The "drag" I was upon, furnished a fair specimen of the aristocratic meal; while a Whitechapel cart, which was drawn up next to us, gave a good idea of humble life. Whilst we were enjoying our *pâté de foie gras*, iced champagne, and claret cup, our neighbours, consisting of two swell-looking butchers, with their better halves, were indulging their appetites with a highly-garlicked polony sausage, a cold lobster and salad, and quenching their thirst by "potations pottle deep" of Barclay and Perkins's bottled stout. Eating and drinking for the million was thus carried on for a good hour, and the poor gained considerably by the quantity as well as the quality of the repast, which their richer brethren furnished them with. It was curious to see some half-starved mendicant devouring a slice of a perigord pie, to witness a tattered fortune-teller revelling in the remains of a bottle of iced champagne, to watch the countenance of a sturdy tramp

as he demolished the half of a cold fowl, *à la Tartare*, to hear the remark of an omnibus cad, on helping himself to a tumbler of cyder cup, "rayther sweetish and wishy washy stuff, and wery cold to the stomach; it an't to be mentioned the same day with a glass of gin;" and last, not least, to look at the wry faces made by some swarthy imps of the gipsy tribe, as they tasted a remnant of a *pâté de foie gras*, or sipped from a broken bottle, some Johannisberg hock of the finest vintage. To one and all of these unpampered appetites, a crust of bread and cheese, a slice of cold meat, and a glass of malt liquor, would have been far more gratifying than the choicest delicacies. One party alone seemed to thoroughly relish our scraps, and that was a band of Italian men and boys, with white mice, hurdy gurdies, and organs; who, having favoured us with all the most popular airs of the day, from "Smile as thou were wont to smile," to the serenade from Don Pasquale, were rewarded with a very handsome lunch; their countenances beaming with delight, and their eyes sparkling with joy, at the sumptuous viands. The sky was blue and serene, the sun scorching hot; and a thought of their own loved Italia came across them, as they expressed their gratitude in the following simple strain: — "*Tante grazie Signori miei.*"

As the object of our party in the two teams was to make a day of it, we did not leave the course until nearly six o'clock; during which period we indulged in the aristocratic amusements of "shying sticks," "pricking the garter," "playing at roulette," crying "seven's the main" at the hazard table, risking our capital upon the red or black, and losing our money and patience at the newly-invented game of "cockamaroo." The result was, that at the end of the day we found ourselves minus nearly all our funds, and plus some six dozen toys, consisting of wooden apples

pears, nutmeg-graters, jacks-in-the-boxes, pincushions, tin snuff-boxes, thimbles, all of which would have nearly furnished a shop for some modern Tackleton, and would have gladdened the heart of that inimitable creation of Boz, the worthy Caleb Plummer. At ten minutes before six o'clock. the "shooter's" horn gave notice that we were about to start; and in about five minutes from that time the "dragsman" cried out, "All right, let 'em go, I've got 'em;" and away we bowled across the downs at a rattling pace. No sooner had we reached the road, than we found that the fun had begun in downright good earnest; for such a scene of confusion I never before witnessed. It is no exaggeration to say that nearly every driver, and all the post-boys, were considerably elevated. The gradations from dead drunk to what is called slightly intoxicated, were fully exemplified. See that swell-looking sporting "gent." in the dennet, who has won a hundred by one of the Derby sweeps; he is as drunk as a lord (why your aristocracy are thus to be libelled I know not, but I give the phrase most frequently in use); he has got his thorough-bred looking nag into a gallop, and is recklessly dashing by everything; now one wheel is against our leaders, then the other is in the ditch; the crazy vehicle is nearly overturned, when the driver's friend, who is only ten sheets in the wind, gives the horse a pull to the right, and again lands him on the road. Now an open barouche-and-four, filled with ladies of very questionable appearance, trots by; the leading post-boy is rather the worse for liquor, while the wheel one is what Bardolph calls awfully "fap." Two horse-chaunting looking gentlemen gallop furiously past in a light Whitechapel cart, and thread the crowd with amazing dexterity; like the horses they deal in, they are considerably "screwed." Next comes a sporting gentleman, rather fresh, in a phaeton and pair, going "in and out" of the lines of carriages as cleverly as

his lordship was wont to do when taking a double ox rail in Leicestershire. A van full of Bacchanalians now grazes our bars, while our shooter, who could boast of a classical education, exclaimed, rather *dog*matically, at least as far as his Latin went on this occasion, "*Cave cui incurras inepte*"—"Mind who you run against, stupid." "Holloa, shooter," cries a young life-guardsman, "you're coming it strong with your university education." "All right, old fellow," responded the guard; "*Concessi Cantabrigium ad capiendum ingenii cultum;*" which in English means, at least according to the "Comic Latin Grammar," a book I have studied most profoundly, "I went to Cambridge to become a fast man." What with music, joke, song, and repartee, added to upsets, overthrows, tumbles, break-downs, fights and wrangles, we approached Richmond; where the shooter, having appropriately played "The Lass of Richmond Hill," gave us another specimen of his dog Latin, by exclaiming, "*Porcis volentibus, lactissime epulabimur*"—"Please the pigs, we'll have a jolly good dinner." We now drove up to the door of the Star and Garter, where the landlord and a bevy of waiters were in readiness to receive us. The pithy order, "dinner at half-past eight for four-and-twenty—price unlimited," had its due effect; and we were ushered into the large room, overlooking the river and the green meadows of Twickenham.

No sooner were we clear of the dust, which, despite of the surveyor's notice, we had carried away from the roads without permission, than the bugles played "The roast beef of Old England," and dinner was announced. Instead of attempting turtle and difficult *entrées*, the spirited proprietor of this excellent hostellerie gave us a superb plain repast—freshwater fish of every kind and in the highest perfection, stewed and spitchcock eels, water zuchet of all the different tribes of the river finny race, with every sort of

flesh and fowl, dressed in the best manner. The wines, too, were of the first quality, and I never recollect passing a more agreeable evening. After dinner, the president called upon four or five of the party for a song; and, until midnight, the catch and glee went merrily round. There was one of our party—the Honourable F..... S.....—to whom I must particularly allude, as not only being one of the most gentlemanlike, kind-hearted creatures in the world, but whose taste and voice as a singer "whips," as the Yankees say, any other that I ever met with. Who that has heard the "Bonnie, bonnie Owl," "The days that we were tipsy in," and "The Shooter's Horn," will fail to recognise the party I refer to; who, on the occasion I write of, delighted us all with his musical talents, and although no follower of Father Mathew, always keeps himself sufficiently steady to be able, at a moment's notice, to take the reins, should the dragsman happen to find himself Bacchi plenus.

At twelve o'clock, the teams were at the door, and, after an hour's drive, we were safely landed at Crockford's. The club was then in its zenith, and around the supper table were gathered all the choice spirits of the day; the Badminton, Horace Twiss's, and various mixtures, formed of all the choicest concoctions of claret, curaçoa, orange juice, and iced soda water, quite the modern nectar, passed freely round, and kept up the hearts of those who had been losers by the day; while it almost maddened with joy those who had come off winners. It was nearly daylight before I reached the Clarendon, highly delighted with my trip to Epsom.

By way of a change, I accompanied a party by the Brighton rail to the Oaks, but it was a dull, flat, and unprofitable affair; we took our hacks with us, and got out at Stoat's Nest. There was no life, bustle, or excitement;

and, instead of the humours of the road, nothing was to be seen but a dingy workman or a gaunt policeman, waving a dirt-stained red flag, as we passed the different stations. I was rather amused with an elderly gentleman who sat opposite to me, remarking that he was a great railroad traveller, and who expatiated not a little upon the charms of steam power over horse-flesh. Among other drawbacks I ventured to remark, that getting one's eye filled with iron dust was not the most agreeable thing in the world. "Wear goggles, as I do," responded the blustering *railer*, "and carry a magnet with you, which will extract every particle of metal that may happen to get within your eyelids."

The ride from Stoat's Nest to the Downs was delightful: upon reaching the course, we found the scene far different from that of the previous Wednesday; there was an absence of life, and there were fewer persons by some thousands. The grand stand, however, was well filled, and the race, although not so exciting as the Derby, was, to the mass of spectators, replete with exceeding interest. As I had an engagement to an early dinner, and the French play, in London, I lost no time in cantering to the Ditton station; the Southampton rail arriving at a more civilized part of the town—Vauxhall, instead of London Bridge: and there is certainly one thing to be said in favour of the rail, which is, that you get over your ground quickly. I left Epsom at half-past three, reached the station at half-past four; and, after having been whirled for half an hour through asparagus beds, cabbage gardens, gooseberry plantations, and the numerous patches of esculent vegetables that surround London on all sides, found myself safely landed at Vauxhall about five o'clock. Certainly there are few sights that strike a foreigner more than Epsom Races: Ascot and Goodwood are more aris-

tocratic, and it is truly pleasing to see at the former the Court honouring the people with the exhibition of its gala equipages; to witness the Queen, surrounded by elegant and lovely women, radiant in beauty; but all this falls short of the Derby, which has the power of wresting the Englishman of every degree from his lethargic gravity, and which makes him look upon this event as one that, in a national point of view, must be kept up. You may as well attempt to deprive him of his "rosbif" and plum-pudding on a Sunday, as to debar him from this annual *fête*.

Ascot races were now approaching; and, unfortunately, some legal business of importance compelled me to decline a most kind and pressing invitation to pass a week at a friend's house near Sunning Hill. I was, however, in some degree compensated for my disappointment, by receiving a command to dine with your gracious Queen at Windsor Castle upon the Cup day. I made my arrangements accordingly; and, ordering four of Newman's best to my travelling chariot, and four to be in readiness at Hounslow to take me to the course and bring me back at night, I posted at an early hour on the Thursday, so as to be in time to see the whole humours of the Cup day; and certainly my expectations were more than realized; for the weather was brilliant, the company numerous, and the racing excellent. After partaking of a most sumptuous lunch in her Majesty's stand, I proceeded to Windsor, where, after some difficulty, I engaged a room to dress in. At the time named on the card, I was at the castle; and, having occupied myself during the usually tedious half hour before dinner, as also during the evening, in looking over this splendid regal residence, I must give you a few rough notes of the impression it made on my mind.

St. George's Hall is upwards of two hundred feet in length, and is about thirty-five in width. The ceiling is

divided throughout its whole length into compartments, whereon are emblazoned the armorial bearings of all the knights of the garter, from the institution of the order. The knights on the corbels, in complete suits of mail, are Edward the Third and his son, the Black Prince; and there are portraits from the first James to the last George. Along the sides of the hall, on shields, are emblazoned the arms of the various knights; and in other spaces are large brass shields, bearing the cross of St. George and encircled by the garter and its well-known motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" A chamber more likely to revive associations of by-gone days, and bring to the mind's eye a review of the stirring times and warlike deeds of the proud aristocracy, of which your country may so truly boast, does not exist. It brought to my remembrance some bitter reflections connected with my own native land.

But to the apartment now arranged as a banqueting-hall. At each end were buffets, seventeen feet in height and forty in breadth, covered with crimson cloth, and encompassed by carved gothic framework, upon which the massive gold plate was tastefully arranged. Immediately opposite the seat appropriated to her Majesty, and within a recess, was a pyramid of plate, comprising the tiger's head captured at Seringapatam; over it the Iluma, formed of precious stones, presented by the late Marquis of Wellesley to George the Third. Above the Iluma was a cup, made out of a shell, mounted in gold and silver, surmounted by the figure of Jupiter resting on an eagle, the base supported by Hippocampi, several vases rich in precious stones and ivory; and the national cup, with figures of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, the patron saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the national emblems being formed of rare jewels. The table extended the whole length of the room, and covers were laid for one hundred. Gold

epergnes, vases, cups, and candelabras, the latter containing a profusion of wax lights, were ranged down the centre of the table. The celebrated St. George's candelabra was placed opposite the Queen's seat: it is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of plate in the world. The upper division contains the combat of England's patron saint with the dragon; the lower has four figures in full relief, supporting shields bearing the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the plume of the Prince of Wales. In speaking of the plate, I must not omit to mention the shield of Achilles, and the massive gold salt-cellar made to represent the white tower of Windsor's proud castle. The wine-coolers are copies of the Warwick and other well-known classical vases. The hall was splendidly illuminated; for, in addition to the numerous lights displayed upon the tables and sideboards, there were lamps, in sets of four, placed on each shield throughout the apartment. On duty at the entrance were the yeomen of the guard, now called "beef-eaters," derived from the word "bouffetiers;" and the bands of two regiments, cavalry and infantry, quartered at Windsor, were stationed in one of the galleries. The company assembled in the drawing rooms by half-past seven; and, from a pre-arranged and official list, made out by the lord in waiting, each person knew whom he was to take in to dinner; my lot fell to a distinguished foreign minister's wife. Precisely at a quarter before eight, her Majesty entered the drawing room; and after graciously recognizing her guests, took the arm of the Duke of Cambridge, and followed by Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent, led the way to the banquetting hall; the remainder of the company in succession according to their respective ranks. During dinner the band played some popular marches, overtures, waltzes, and quadrilles, from the works of Mendlessohn, Beethoven, Labitzky, Mozart, Ries, and

Musard. The repast was splendid, being served entirely on gold plate. The attendance was complete, and there was less bustle and confusion in this party of one hundred than I have often seen in a small circle of eight or ten. The wine of every description was handed round during dinner; while that first-rate artist Francatelli, who then presided over the culinary department, walked about to see justice done to his respective *plats*. At a quarter before nine grace was said, the cloth removed, and the dessert, consisting of every luxury in and out of season, was placed on the table. No sooner did the wine "sparkle on the board" than the official toast-master, the ord steward, gave "The Queen." All stood up except her Majesty, who gracefully bowed her acknowledgments. The National Anthem was then played. Again the lord steward rose, and gave, "His Royal Highness Prince Albert;" the toast was drunk standing, the band playing the "Cobourg March." The effect was most imposing; the martial strains of the music, a hall replete with every attribute of regal magnificence, and a well-dressed company of one hundred persons, sparkling in diamonds and other precious jewels, encircling a table one hundred and thirty feet long, produced an effect more like a fairy dream than a substantial pageant. At half-past nine her Majesty rose from table, the ladies of the company grouping round her, and proceeded to the drawing-room. His Royal Highness now again took his seat: the wine was passed briskly round, and in five-and-twenty minutes the Prince and the guests joined her Majesty. The Waterloo Chamber was thrown open for music and refreshments. Its pictorial treasures are historically connected with the deeds of your countrymen during the last fifty years. The galleries are of oak; and the furniture, of the same material, is covered with crimson plush. The ball-room is rather more than

ninety feet long, and thirty-five in breadth. It is hung with gobelin tapestry, and has a magnificent gothic window occupying the northern end. The furniture, of crimson and gold, has a very rich appearance. The north corridor is arranged with much taste; in it is a fine collection of arms, consisting of Oriental matchlocks, helmets, shields, spears, and swords. Among the latter are those worn by the Chevalier St. George in 1715, and by the Pretender in the fatal 1746. In the Guard Chamber are whole-length figures, clothed in armour. The coats of mail include those worn by Charles, Prince of Wales, in 1620; Lord Howard, in 1588; Duke of Brunswick, in 1530; Lord Essex, in 1596; and Prince Rupert, in 1635. At the south end, on part of the mast of the Victory, stands Chantrey's bust of Nelson. There are also busts of Marlborough and Wellington, with the banners from Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye; one of which their representatives are bound annually to place in Windsor Castle. In failing so to do, on the anniversaries of their two great victories, their estates would be forfeited. Over the mantel-piece is the exquisite silver shield inlaid with gold, executed by Cellini, and presented by our monarch Francis the First to Henry the Eighth of England, on the far-famed field of the "Cloth of Gold." The concert of instrumental music was all that could be desired, and consisted of the *chéf-d'œuvres* of Mozart, Beethoven, Lindpainter, Mendlessohn, and Marschner. At a little after eleven o'clock, her Majesty, bending gracefully to the assembled guests, retired, leaning on the arm of the Prince Consort; and shortly afterwards the rest of the company dispersed.

I now entered my carriage, and, throwing myself into the corner, soon fell into a profound sleep. The race for the cup, the splendid banquet in St. George's Hall, the dignified affability of your Queen "the love of millions," the

strains of Mozart, all flitted before my eyes, and sounded in my ears, when I was suddenly awakened by an altercation, carried on in a most angry tone; putting down the window, I found myself at the door of the celebrated George Inn at Hounslow.

"Ten ponds for de horses!" exclaimed my valet Hippolite; "vy dat is one grand sheet." "Cheat, mounseer!" responded a stout burley ostler; "we are not to be bamboozled by your foreigneering folks; master always charges ten pounds for horses on the Cup day." My enraged "help," as an American would say, was getting "awfully ryled," when I put my head out of the window, and called the ostler to me. "If the charge is usual," I said, "of course I have no objection to pay it; here are ten pounds." "The boys and gates are paid," chimed in Hippolite. "Please to remember the ostler," said the now humble master of the horse. I was about to give him something, when the excited valet shouted "Go on, all right, or no pay." The latter sentence seemed to act like magic upon the postboys, who started off at a rattling trot of nearly eleven miles an hour, leaving the ostler to anathematise upon "them 'ere French coves wot don't understand how to do the handsome thing."

In rather more than an hour I found myself at the door of the Clarendon Hotel, not a little fatigued with my day's pleasure, but highly gratified with my visit to Ascot and Windsor.

SEA FISHING.

" I love the sea; she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store."

QUARLES, 1630.

IN a former portion of this work we gave an article upon fly fishing and angling; we now proceed to the more noble and exciting sport of sea-fishing; and we strongly advise any of our London friends who may be desirous of a change of scene and a " sniff of the briny," to locate themselves, as the Yankees say, for a week or two in August or September, at the Portland Hotel, Southsea, the George or Quebec, Portsmouth, *the* Hotel, Anglesey Ville; and securing the services of a good fisherman, a well-found boat and gear, they may enjoy trolling, drawing the seine, and angling to their hearts' content. Should our friends wish to combine yachting with their piscatorial pursuits, it can easily be accomplished; and for the benefit of the uninitiated we will lay before them the *way* and the *how* it can be brought to bear: adding some hints from practical experience, which may guard the unwary from the attacks of the land sharks, who are to be found at every sea-port town in the United Kingdom, and whose voracity quite equals that of the monsters of the deep.

We will suppose, then, a party of three or four friends clubbing together for a month's yachting and fishing. Upon

reaching one of the above-mentioned hotels, their first object should be to make every inquiry from the boatmen respecting the hire of a craft for the period, and which can easily be ascertained. For fine weather, we should strongly recommend a wherry of about fourteen or sixteen tons, open, with the exception of a fore-cuddy, in which the men sleep, and cook their meals. A man and a boy will be ample; and the whole, including the crew, can be had for six or seven guineas a-week. A cutter of equal tonnage may be procured for the same money; but there are many advantages that the wherries possess over other vessels. There is space to move about in them; instead of lying down on the deck drenched with every sea that breaks over the bows, you may enjoy a walk free from wet; then you are not annoyed with a boom, and in points of sailing, nine times out of ten, the open boat will beat the decked one. With waterproof clothing, coat, trowsers, and boots, and a south-wester, you may defy the rain or the spray; and if a sudden squall gets up, nothing can be snugger than a wherry under a three-reefed trysail, (or mainsail as it is called), and a storm jib. A craft having then been engaged, the next step is to secure the services of a couple of fishermen with a well-found boat, including troll and seine nets, mackerel and whiting lines; fifteen shillings a day would cover this expense, especially if you did not require the fish you caught, for yourself or friends, and gave it over to the men. The next item in your accounts will be the hotel, all of which are carried on upon an excellent principle, namely, that of including all charges, except wine, in one account; and a party of four may have excellent dormitories, a good sitting-room, candles, breakfast, dinner, and tea, with the fees to the servants of the establishment, for twelve guineas a-week; all personal servants, whether in or out of livery, male and female, are charged one guinea

per week for board and lodging, an entertainment which is also carried on at the same price for horse as well as man. Wine at the usual tavern prices, with the privilege of supplying your own, by paying a corkage of eighteen-pence on sherry and port, and two shillings on claret and champagne. Our readers will then see that the sum total would amount for one month to one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, *id est*, thirty-one pounds sixteen shillings each, including yachting, fishing, eating, drinking, lodging, and sea air.

	£	s.	d.
Hire of yacht for one month, at six guineas per week ..	25	4	0
Ditto of fishing boat, at 15s. per day—24 days.....	18	0	0
Board and lodging at hotel.....	50	8	0
Wine, four bottles per diem.....	28	0	0
Rail to Portsmouth and back to London	5	12	0
	£127	4	0

The rail is a wonderful improvement upon the coaching of former days on this road; instead of being eight hours upon the journey, the fast trains do it in two, and the slower ones in four hours. Compare this to the following statement extracted from Henry Slight's "Looking Glass for Portsmouth," a most useful and entertaining volume, replete with local information. "In the year 1770, coachmen between Portsmouth and London were very boisterous, drunken personages, with Bardolph visages, and conversation full of rude oaths; guards carried huge blunderbusses loaded with triple bullets for fear of highwaymen in the forest of Bere; the road at Cosham was deep and narrow; London was seventy-three miles distant; and people made their wills before they encountered the perils of the way. The royal mail was despatched by express daily at two o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at six next morning. At length the spirit of improvement dawned, and Clarke's flying machine (in one day) set out from the King's Arms

Inn every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights at ten o'clock, returning on the alternate nights; while their other machine continued to rumble forth from the Blue Post Inn every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday nights, and returned every other night. The western and eastern mails came in three times only in the week. During the first American war, a great increase of public conveyances took place, and the road was very much improved. The coaches, however, as late as 1805, departed at five in the morning, and came in late at night."

Return we now to our estimate, in which everything has been carried out in the most liberal manner; of course, the *screw* could be applied so as to reduce the expenditure, but we do not think a month's pleasuring at all dear at the price quoted. We now proceed to the best spots for trolling, casting the seine, and hook and line angling; but here the fisherman must be guided by winds and tides. With a fine breeze off Spithead, you may catch from fifty to a hundred mackerel in the course of a morning; off Stokes's Bay, Anglesey Ville, you will indeed be unlucky if your troll does not produce you some excellent plaice, whiting, grey mullets, eels, soles, dabs, and skate; and in Stanswood Bay, near Eaglehurst, on the Hampshire coast, with the seine net you may count upon all the above fish, with the addition of salmon peal and red mullets. In the month of August last we drew the seine in this bay upon three occasions, and were amply repaid for our labour; for, with a strong tide and a fresh breeze, it is no light work to be up to your waist in water for some three or four hours, hauling a heavy and well-stocked net.

Although many of our readers may not be able to follow us in the sports we have had, and still hope to have, in deep sea-fishing, we will lay before them our personal prowess from the time we first bobbed for a whiting pout

from a summer-house in Cowes harbour, to the period we fished for cod on the submarine mountains on the banks of Newfoundland. Following the principle we laid down in our article upon fly fishing and angling, we will proceed alphabetically to work, and the cod first claims our attention. This fish is caught everywhere on the coast of Great Britain, but there are particular times for fishing in particular places. Thus, from Easter to Whitsuntide is the best season at Allonby, Workington, and Whitehaven, in Cumberland, and on the coast of Lancashire; from the beginning of April to the end of May, on the west part of Ireland; from Christmas to Michaelmas on the north and east of Ireland; and from March to August, on the north-east of England. But the chief support of the cod fishery are the banks of Newfoundland; the best fish are taken on the south side of the Great Bank, which is four hundred and fifty miles long, a hundred broad, and seventy-five from the island. The best season for fishing for them is from the beginning of February to the end of April, at which time the fish, which had retired during the winter to the deepest part of the sea, return to the bank, and grow very large and fat. Those that are taken from March to July keep well enough, but those caught in the latter and two following months soon spoil. Each fisherman can take but one at a time, and yet the most expert will catch from three hundred and fifty to four hundred in a day. They are all taken with a strong hook and line baited with the entrails of other cod. This is very fatiguing, both on account of the weight of the fish and the coldness of the climate; for although the great banks lie from forty-one to forty-two degrees of latitude, the weather, in the season of fishing, is very severe. The cod are salted on board ship in the following manner: they are cleansed, and their heads cut off; then the salter ranges them side by side at the bottom of the vessel, and *head* to tail (if

such an expression can be applied to a decapitated object). When one layer of about a fathom or two square is complete, he strews it with salt, and then adds another, which he covers as before; and thus he disposes of all he has caught, care being taken not to mix the produce of different fishings. After the cod has thus lain three or four days, they are removed into another part of the vessel, and undergo a fresh process of salting; they are then put in barrels for the convenience of carriage. The principal places for carrying on this process of curing are along the coast of Placentia, in Newfoundland, from Cape Race to the Bay of Experts; within which limits there are several commodious ports for the fish to be landed. The work is carried on in the summer season, for the convenience of drying the fish in the sun; on which account European vessels are obliged to set out in March or April. Other vessels begin their voyages in June or July, their object being to purchase the cod that has been caught and prepared by the English colonies of Newfoundland and the neighbouring parts; in exchange for which they carry them a variety of articles of clothing and subsistence. The fish which is chosen for drying is of a small sort, as the salt takes more hold of it. When the vessels arrive in any particular part, he who touches ground first is entitled to the privileges of admiral, has the choice of his station, and the refusal of all the wood on shore. As fast as they arrive, the vessels are unrigged, leaving nothing but the shrouds to sustain the masts; in the mean time, the mates pitch a tent, covered with branches of fir and sails, and erect a scaffold fifty or sixty feet long and twenty broad. While the latter is being constructed, the crew apply themselves to fishing, and as fast as they catch any cod they open and salt them on moveable benches, but the main work is performed on the scaffold.

When the fish have taken the salt, they are washed and laid in piles on the galleries of the scaffold to drain; after this, they arrange them on hurdles only one thick, head to tail, with the back uppermost. While they thus lie, they take care to turn and shift them four times in every twenty-four hours. When they begin to dry, they lay them in heaps, ten or twelve apiece, to retain their warmth, and continue to enlarge the heap every day until it is double its first size: at length, they join two of these heaps into one, which they continue to turn every day as before, and, when they are thoroughly dry, they lay them in huge piles. We have now given the practical part of cod fishing; but the delight of it can only be experienced by those who, like ourselves, have found themselves on the banks of Newfoundland after beating about with contrary winds in the channel for a week, and being then tossed about for nearly a month in the Atlantic. These feelings I experienced in a passage to Canada in H.M. frigate Iphigenia. We had quitted the white cliffs of England about the middle of June, 1818, and, with a fine steady breeze, had made Plymouth, when the wind veered round and kept us beating about the shores of Cornwall for nearly eight days. Fair and moderate weather succeeded this, but, shortly afterwards, we experienced heavy squalls of wind and rain, which ended in a tremendous gale, and lasted three days. During nearly a month of wind, wet, and a heavy swell, with an occasional calm, our passage had been tedious and unfortunate, when great was our happiness at finding, on the morning of the 13th July, that we had got soundings, and were in six-and-thirty fathom water on the far-famed banks of Newfoundland. We now rounded-to, and all hands turned up to fish; before one o'clock, we had hauled up enough fine cod and halibut to keep us for the next three days. Every one that could be spared, from the

'powder-monkey" to the first lieutenant, were anxiously and actively employed with line in hand; for it was not only the pleasure of catching the fish that animated us in our exertions, but the anticipated delight of eating them. None but those who have been "cribbed, *cabined*, and confined" within the wooden walls of Old England for any time can know the enjoyment of any fresh diet, after living so long on salt provisions or hermetically-sealed comestibles. Every mess was plentifully supplied with fish; scarcely anything else was touched; it was a regular Greenwich day at sea. We had boiled, fried, and broiled cod, and—best of all—a dish of cod fricasseed with well-dressed potatoes. No Reading or Harvey sauces were required—no soy, ketchup, or cayenne; our unpampered appetites were fully satisfied with the very best fish dinner (not even excepting those of the good Ship Derbyshire, of Greenwich, now unfortunately stranded) which it was ever our good fortune to partake of.

We now approach the herring, whose most constant abode is in the seas between the north of Scotland, Norway and Denmark, from whence they make annual excursions through the British Channel as far as the coast of Normandy. The best times of fishing on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk are from the middle of September until the middle of October. The nets used are about five yards deep and twenty-five long; occasionally they fasten as many together as will take in a mile in compass. The fishermen judge whereabout the herrings lie by the hovering and motion of the sea-birds, which continually pursue them in expectation of prey; and as soon as any boat has got its load it makes to the shore, where the fish is delivered to the men who are to wash and salt them. Herrings are divided into six different sorts—the fat herring, which is the largest of all; the meat herring, which is also of good size; the night herring, which

is of a middling weight; the pluck, which has received some damage by the nets; the shotten herring which has lost its spawn; and the capshen, which by some accident or other has been deprived of its head. All these various sorts are put into a tub with salt or brine, where they remain for four-and-twenty hours. Such as are intended for drying are taken out and put into wicker baskets and washed; after this they are perforated with wooden spits and hung up in a chimney built for the purpose, at such distances that the smoke may have free access to them all. When they have filled these places, which will hold ten or twelve thousand, they kindle billets of wood, which are laid on the floor, to dry them; this done, the air is entirely excluded, and immediately the place is filled with smoke. This is repeated every quarter of an hour, inasmuch that a single last of herrings requires a considerable quantity of wood to dry them. A last is ten barrels, each containing nearly a thousand. These thus prepared are called red-herrings or bloaters. The pickled are best done by the Dutch, who the moment they are taken out of the sea wash and place them in salt and water for fifteen hours; they are then taken out, well drained, and put in regular order in barrels with layers of salt, every care being taken to exclude the air. Herrings always swim in shoals, delighting to be near the shore.

Mackerel are found in large shoals in divers parts of the ocean, but especially on the coasts of England and France. They enter the channel in April, and take their course through the Straits of Dover, insomuch that in June they advance as far as Kent, Sussex and Cornwall, Normandy and Picardy. They are taken either with nets or lines. In the west of England they fish for them with nets near the shore, and the quantity taken upon these coasts is sometimes incredible. In angling for mackerel the best bait is a

piece of tobacco-pipe, a bit of a herring, a sixpence, or a strip of scarlet cloth; should you have taken one, their own flesh will serve you admirably for enticing their comrades. When they are angled for, it must be out of a boat or smack; and you must have what the fishermen call a mackerel breeze, to take you four or five knots an hour through the water. Your first process will be to ship a boom clear of the wash: fasten your lines to the ends. The lines should be about fifteen fathoms in length, with a round lead to sink them: allow seven fathoms to be under water. You may then place two after-lines on the boat's quarter, about nine fathoms in length, if the weather is fine, and eleven fathoms should it blow fresh. Fasten a guy to the water's edge to pull in your line with. The snood should be about three fathoms long, the weight of the lead from two to four pounds in light winds, and seven if there is a breeze.

The pilchard is a fish of passage, and swims in shoals, in the same manner as the herring. The best season for fishing is from June to September. The chief fisheries are along the coasts of Dalmatia; and so plentiful are they in those parts, that they not only furnish all Greece, but a great part of Italy with their produce. Nearer home, on the coasts of Bretagne, from Belle-Isle to Brest, and along the shores of Cornwall and Devonshire, this fish abounds. The pilchards caught in our waters, although larger, are not so much valued as those taken nearer to France; and which can alone be accounted for in their not being so well cured. Our foreign neighbours use the roes of cod-fish as baits, which, thrown into the sea, make the fish rise and run into the seine-net. The pilchard naturally follows light, and they will gather about a boat which carries one during the night-time. On the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall they set men, whom they call huers, to watch on the tops of moun-

tains and cliffs, who are able to discover when a shoal of pilchards is coming, by the black or purple colour of the water; and in the night by its shining. The fishermen then shoot the seine by the direction of the oldest amongst them, termed the king, who, should he see the fish shift, waves his hat, which is answered by the steersman. A smaller net is then worked inside the larger one, and brought into a circle; by degrees it is lessened, and occasionally a draught of many thousand pilchards is taken from it. The fishery extends from the Ram Head, Plymouth, right down to the Land's End. The nets are often six hundred fathoms in length; they are formed into a circle, and moored by stream anchors five or six fathoms deep, and buoyed up at every fifteen yards with corks and casks. The end buoys are generally formed of the skins of dogs dried and blown out. A smaller net is worked inside. The boats vary from eighteen to twenty tons, and have mostly from twenty to two-and-twenty men on board. It requires capital, to fit out a boat for the pilchard fishery, as, including the gear, it will cost six or seven hundred pounds. When the fish are taken and landed, they are put in a heap in a building upon the ground, placing one layer upon another, with a sufficient quantity of salt between each; thus they continue laying *stratum super stratum* until they are nearly two yards high. After they have remained a fortnight in this manner, and are thoroughly salted, they undergo a process of ablution, which being effected, they are pressed down into barrels with heavy weights, that force out a quantity of oil, serviceable for many purposes. The barrels are again filled, and fitted for home or foreign consumption.

Lobsters, which are found in perfection off the Isle of Wight, are taken with pots, as they are called, made of wickerwork, in which they put the bait, and they are sunk in eight or ten fathom water. As the quantity caught off the

Isle of Wight is limited, the London markets are supplied from Norway and the Orkneys.

The crab is much of the same nature as the lobster, and may be caught in the same manner. They often lie in creeks, and in the ponds formed by hollow places in the sand, where the salt water remains after the tide has ebbed, and there they may be angled for with a piece of liver, or the inside of a fowl, tied to a bit of string, and laid in their haunts. The moment a crab sees the bait he will seize it with his claws, and will not quit his hold until he is drawn up to the surface of the water, when a landing net quickly applied will secure your prize.

Cray-fish are to be found in almost every brook and rivulet in England. The usual manner of catching them is by groping with the hands, for they shelter themselves in small holes on the banks of the streams: others will use a certain number of small sticks and split them at one end, so that they may put a bait in the cleft part; these they stick in the mud at the side of a brook, and at a distance of about eight or ten feet from each other. After some time they are examined, and if they perceive any cray-fish sticking to them they slide a basket made with rushes and a long handle underneath, and so take them safely from the water, in the same manner as crabs, for they will not suffer themselves to be drawn higher than the surface.

Nets are used for prawns and shrimps; and the fisherman will do well to provide himself with a pair of Peal's waterproof boots, which will keep him thoroughly dry for any number of hours. While upon this subject, we cannot refrain from giving a practical joke which was played at Cowes. It was a regular pouring wet day, and a drenched tar asked one of the watermen to lend him his tarpauling coat. "I can't do that," said the latter; "but

if you'll stand two-pence I'll buy you that which shall keep you dry all day." "Done!" said Jack, handing out his coppers. "Here, missus," responded the wag, "give Jack two of those red-herrings. If they won't keep him *dry* all day, I don't know what will." We hope this jest has not appeared in the "Works of Joe Miller," "Punch," or the "Man in the Moon," as we looked upon it as a downright genuine article, "neat as imported."

Oyster-dredging has charms for some; and if we are allowed knives, vinegar, pepper, bread and butter, and London porter, we own the amusement of devouring our prey would be most agreeable to our palates. The dredging or drudging (as the case may be) we would leave to others.

Fishing for whitings in a boat is diverting enough, because they bite very freely and require no very nice tackle to catch them. A paternoster line, with half-a-dozen hooks, eighteen inches distant from each other, baited with small smelts, muscles, the hairy lob, or marsh worm will answer the purpose as well as the most expensive tackle. The line may be made fast to the boat, so that the only trouble is drawing up your fish and putting on fresh baits. You may know where to cast anchor by the sea-gulls, for they invariably hover over the place where the whitings lie; and if they dip into the water now and then, you may be sure of good sport.

We have now laid before our readers a few facts founded upon our own experience in sea fishing, and shall conclude with an observation upon the bounty of Providence in the lavish supply of such wholesome and palatable food to all classes of the community; and what enhances the value of the gift is, that every season furnishes new delicacies; that such fish as are nutritious and agreeable to the taste are exceedingly prolific, and are within our reach, or pay us an

annual visit in great multitudes; while the monsters of the watery regions are comparatively few in numbers, and are kept at a distance from our shores. In our sea-girt island, grateful ought we then to be for such a profusion of provisions and delicacies; and sincerely do we trust that our sister country—Ireland—will rouse itself from its lethargy, and devote the time of its coasting inhabitants to the profitable occupation of fishing; then should the land fail in its produce, the treasures of the deep would serve in some degree to alleviate, if not avert, those dreadful national calamities—dearth and famine.

THE END.

J. Billing, Printer and Stereotyper, Guildford, Surrey.

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